

U.S. Department of Justice

Federal Bureau of Investigation

Washington, D.C. 20535

MR. WILLIAM J. MAXWELL
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN
608 SOUTH WRIGHT STREET
URBANA, IL 61801

June 13, 2008

Subject: NEGRO DIGEST

FOIPA No. 1110007-000

Dear Mr. Maxwell:

The enclosed documents were reviewed under the Freedom of Information/Privacy Acts (FOIPA), Title 5, United States Code, Section 552/552a. Deletions have been made to protect information which is exempt from disclosure, with the appropriate exemptions noted on the page next to the excision. In addition, a deleted page information sheet was inserted in the file to indicate where pages were withheld entirely. The exemptions used to withhold information are marked below and explained on the enclosed Form OPCA-16a:

Section 552

- ☐ (b)(1)
- ☒ (b)(2)
- ☐ (b)(3) _____
- _____
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- ☐ (b)(4)
- ☐ (b)(5)
- ☒ (b)(6)

Section 552a

- ☐ (b)(7)(A)
- ☐ (b)(7)(B)
- ☒ (b)(7)(C)
- ☐ (b)(7)(D)
- ☐ (b)(7)(E)
- ☐ (b)(7)(F)
- ☐ (b)(8)
- ☐ (b)(9)
- ☐ (d)(5)
- ☐ (j)(2)
- ☐ (k)(1)
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- ☐ (k)(4)
- ☐ (k)(5)
- ☐ (k)(6)
- ☐ (k)(7)

160 page(s) were reviewed and 160 page(s) are being released.

☐ Document(s) were located which originated with, or contained information concerning other Government agency(ies) [OGA]. This information has been:

- ☐ referred to the OGA for review and direct response to you.
- ☐ referred to the OGA for consultation. The FBI will correspond with you regarding this information when the consultation is finished.

☒ You have the right to appeal any denials in this release. Appeals should be directed in writing to the Director, Office of Information and Privacy, U.S. Department of Justice, 1425 New York Ave., NW, Suite 11050, Washington, D.C. 20530-0001 within sixty days from the date of this letter. The envelope and the letter should be clearly marked "Freedom of Information Appeal" or "Information Appeal." Please cite the FOIPA number assigned to your request so that it may be easily identified.

☐ The enclosed material is from the main investigative file(s) in which the subject(s) of your request was the focus of the investigation. Our search located additional references, in files relating to other individuals, or matters, which may or may not be about your subject(s). Our experience has shown, when ident, references usually contain information similar to the information processed in the main file(s). Because of our significant backlog, we have given priority to processing only the main investigative file(s).

If you want the references, you must submit a separate request for them in writing, and they will be reviewed at a later date, as time and resources permit.

☒ See additional information which follows.

Sincerely yours,



David M. Hardy
Section Chief
Record/Information
Dissemination Section
Records Management Division

Enclosure(s)

The enclosed documents were processed in response to your FOIPA request to FBI Headquarters (FBIHQ), and were contained in FBIHQ file **100-71654**.

Due to the age and condition of the original documents, we have found that some of the copies reproduced therefrom have been extremely difficult to read. While we realize the quality of some of the documents are poor, every effort has been made to obtain the best copies available.

EXPLANATION OF EXEMPTIONS

SUBSECTIONS OF TITLE 5, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 552

- (b)(1) (A) specifically authorized under criteria established by an Executive order to be kept secret in the interest of national defense or foreign policy and (B) are in fact properly classified to such Executive order;
- (b)(2) related solely to the internal personnel rules and practices of an agency;
- (b)(3) specifically exempted from disclosure by statute (other than section 552b of this title), provided that such statute (A) requires that the matters be withheld from the public in such a manner as to leave no discretion on issue, or (B) establishes particular criteria for withholding or refers to particular types of matters to be withheld;
- (b)(4) trade secrets and commercial or financial information obtained from a person and privileged or confidential;
- (b)(5) inter-agency or intra-agency memorandums or letters which would not be available by law to a party other than an agency in litigation with the agency;
- (b)(6) personnel and medical files and similar files the disclosure of which would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy;
- (b)(7) records or information compiled for law enforcement purposes, but only to the extent that the production of such law enforcement records or information (A) could be reasonably be expected to interfere with enforcement proceedings, (B) would deprive a person of a right to a fair trial or an impartial adjudication, (C) could be reasonably expected to constitute an unwarranted invasion of personal privacy, (D) could reasonably be expected to disclose the identity of confidential source, including a State, local, or foreign agency or authority or any private institution which furnished information on a confidential basis, and, in the case of record or information compiled by a criminal law enforcement authority in the course of a criminal investigation, or by an agency conducting a lawful national security intelligence investigation, information furnished by a confidential source, (E) would disclose techniques and procedures for law enforcement investigations or prosecutions, or would disclose guidelines for law enforcement investigations or prosecutions if such disclosure could reasonably be expected to risk circumvention of the law, or (F) could reasonably be expected to endanger the life or physical safety of any individual;
- (b)(8) contained in or related to examination, operating, or condition reports prepared by, on behalf of, or for the use of an agency responsible for the regulation or supervision of financial institutions; or
- (b)(9) geological and geophysical information and data, including maps, concerning wells.

SUBSECTIONS OF TITLE 5, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 552a

- (d)(5) information compiled in reasonable anticipation of a civil action proceeding;
- (j)(2) material reporting investigative efforts pertaining to the enforcement of criminal law including efforts to prevent, control, or reduce crime or apprehend criminals;
- (k)(1) information which is currently and properly classified pursuant to an Executive order in the interest of the national defense or foreign policy, for example, information involving intelligence sources or methods;
- (k)(2) investigatory material compiled for law enforcement purposes, other than criminal, which did not result in loss of a right, benefit or privilege under Federal programs, or which would identify a source who furnished information pursuant to a promise that his/her identity would be held in confidence;
- (k)(3) material maintained in connection with providing protective services to the President of the United States or any other individual pursuant to the authority of Title 18, United States Code, Section 3056;
- (k)(4) required by statute to be maintained and used solely as statistical records;
- (k)(5) investigatory material compiled solely for the purpose of determining suitability, eligibility, or qualifications for Federal civilian employment or for access to classified information, the disclosure of which would reveal the identity of the person who furnished information pursuant to a promise that his/her identity would be held in confidence;
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- (k)(7) material used to determine potential for promotion in the armed services, the disclosure of which would reveal the identity of the person who furnished the material pursuant to a promise that his/her identity would be held in confidence.

Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice

New York, N. Y.

GSJ:PAS

January 29, 1942

Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C.

RE: "NEGRO DIGEST"

Dear Sir:

There are herewith forwarded to the Bureau the November 1940 and December, 1940 issues of the "NEGRO DIGEST".

This periodical was published by the "NEGRO WORLD DIGEST" at 1 West 125th Street, New York, New York. The NEGRO WORLD DIGEST is no longer listed at the address given, 1 West 125th Street, New York City.

Inquiry was made by telephone of the NEGRO PUBLICATION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, located in that same building and it was learned that the periodical, "NEGRO DIGEST" had definitely ceased publication some time ago and the publishers of NEGRO WORLD DIGEST had passed out of existence.

Very truly yours,

P. E. Foxworth
P. E. FOXWORTH,
Assistant Director

Encls. det.
2-5-42
Pub. files
K.R.M.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RTH/jm

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100-71654-1
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
16 JAN 31 1942
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
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CONFIDENTIAL

WAR DEPARTMENT

Army Service Forces

Headquarters First Service Command

Boston 15, Massachusetts

16 August 1943

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b7C

TITLE: SHOULD JEWS AND NEGROES UNITE? - BY LOUIS HARAP and L. D. REDDICK

Summary of Information:

Subject is a twenty-eight page pamphlet written by Louis HARAP and L. D. REDDICK, and is published by THE NEGRO PUBLICATION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, 308 Lenox Avenue, New York, New York. The pamphlet consists of two sections: the first is ANTI-NEGROISM AMONG JEWS by Louis HARAP - the second is ANTI-SEMITISM AMONG NEGROES by L. D. REDDICK.

In ANTI-NEGROISM AMONG JEWS, the author deplores the fact that Jews generally dislike Negroes, and recommends that the two groups combine so that, through their increased strength, they may get for themselves some of the social and economic privileges which are now denied them.

The Fair Employment Practices Committee, HARAP states, has found that Jews and Negroes are the two most oppressed groups in the United States. By oppressed, the author explains that he means that they are the groups which live under the greatest economic handicaps.

Unfortunately, the author continues, the Jews and the Negroes have failed to realize that they have a battle to fight together. They have stayed apart because there have been many causes of friction between the two groups.

In New York City, for instance, there are a number of causes for anti-Semitism among the Negroes. In the Bronx, Jews in the past have frequently hired Negroes at substandard wages. Jewish store owners in Harlem have refused generally to hire Negro clerks, and the Negro in Harlem has often been compelled to pay his exorbitant rent to Jewish agents who were only representatives of the landlords.

Until lately, the author points out, the Jew has not realized that he had, in America, a great deal in common with the Negro. The American Jew has occupied an economic position far better than that of the Negro; in addition, the Jew has been able to rise to economic and social positions always barred to the Negro. However, with the rise of anti-Semitism in Europe and in this country, the Jews have at last an opportunity to realize that their problems are different only in degree and not in kind from those of the Negro.

"Persecutions are akin," the author concludes. Further action should be taken: "An extensive educational program undertaken by Jewish organizations of this question would advance this co-operation. In the interests of that democracy in which their mutual interests lie, Jew and Negro should act together."

Source: HFSC

Previous Distribution:

None

Distribution (see last page)

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ON 8-20-80

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LETTER DATED 8-8-80

Army Evaluation

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ANTI-SEMITISM AMONG NEGROES by I. D. REDDICK, deplores the fact that Negroes dislike or openly hate Jews; explains the feeling on the basis of economic competition; and recommends that the two groups combine for their mutual benefit.

The author begins: "To a man from Mars, it must seem strange... that the Jewish and Negro peoples on planet Earth are not allies. The Martian observer sees the Jews kicked about in Germany and the Negroes kicked about in Georgia..."

REDDICK finds, moreover, that there is virtually no literature which discusses the problem of relationships between Jews and Negroes. It is necessary that the question should be brought into the open in order that the two races may cooperate.

The author finds that there is hatred in each race for the other; among the Negroes, certain causes can be found for their dislike of the Jew.

For the most part, in the United States, anti-Semitism among the Negroes is an urban phenomenon; it is in the cities that the greatest economic clash occurs between the two races.

In New York, for instance, anti-Semitism among Negroes arises frequently from contact with the landlord, the merchant, the employer of domestic help, and the professional man. In Harlem, the housing is, the author points out, atrocious. Rents are, considering the size and quality of the apartments, the highest in the city. Frequently, the story gets started in Harlem that houses are owned by Jews. The author remarks that it is most difficult to find out whether Harlem real estate is predominantly Jewish-controlled. However, he doubts that it is, but at any rate, many Negroes have come to believe that they are being fleeced by Jews who own their houses.

Similarly, the merchant in Harlem, if he is a Jew, is blamed on the basis of his race for discrimination which all white merchants practice. It is true that prices of food and clothing are slightly higher there than they are elsewhere in the city.

Again, the "Bronx slave market" has caused the Negroes in Harlem to hate the Jews of the Bronx. Negroes seeking domestic work used to stand on street corners and accept jobs at as little as fifteen cents an hour. Fortunately, "employment stations" have been set up by the city, and the worst of the abuses have been done away with.

Finally, in various professional fields, the Negro has come into competition with the Jew. In the Harlem Hospital, for instance, Jews hold many of the internships, and Negroes find it most difficult to complete their medical training if they have been so fortunate as to be able to get any.

The Author concludes that the only solution for the problem is a

16 August 1943

continued

double attack on both groups. The Jews must be convinced that their problem is very similar to that of the Negroes. Similarly, the Negroes must be persuaded that they can gain much strength by joining forces with the Jews. Their problems must be discussed in a frank and open manner.

The pamphlet ends with laudatory letters from the NEW YORK AMSTERDAM STAR NEWS; THE NEW YORK AGE; THE JEWISH SPECTATOR; THE CALIFORNIA EAGLE; THE NASHVILLE GLOBE AND INDEPENDENT; THE BOSTON CHRONICLE; INA LOWTHORP of Brooklyn, New York; CHARLES COGEN, Bronx, New York; and BERTHA SZOLD LEVIN of Baltimore, Maryland.

DISTRIBUTION:

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WAR DEPARTMENT
Army Service Forces
Headquarters First Service
Boston 15, Massachusetts

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b7C

17 September 1943

RECEIVED FROM
MIS 9-17-43
SPBID

Subject: ARTICLES APPEARING IN NEGRO DIGEST AND THE NATION

Summary of Information:

The NEGRO DIGEST is a magazine of comment relative to the Negro and his problems and is published monthly by the Negro Digest Publishing Company, 3507 South Parkway, Chicago, Illinois. Though in its initial stage of growth, the magazine has a wide circulation throughout the eastern states among Negroes.

The NATION is a magazine of liberal opinion widely circulated throughout the country. It frequently states the opinions of some of the country's most outstanding Communists. It is published weekly by the Nations Associates, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, with Margaret Marshall as its literary editor.

Africa At The Peace Table - by W.E.B. DuBOIS
NEGRO DIGEST - August 1943

DuBOIS, a Negro, is considered one of the foremost scholars in America. He was editor of THE CRISIS, official organ of the NAACP, during the hectic days of World War I. He organized an effort to win Negro representation to the Versailles Conference, and at present, is editor of THE PHYLON, Atlanta University quarterly.

In this article, the writer makes a plea for a new deal for the approximately 125,000,000 people who live in Africa. It is pointed out that during comparatively modern times, Africa has played a very important part in two great world movements which benefited other continents exclusively. These movements were:

1. The African slave trade which transferred perhaps ten million laborers from Africa to America and played a major role in the establishment of capitalism in England and Europe based on sugar and cotton.
2. The partitioning of Africa after the Franco-Prussian war which, with the Berlin Conference of 1884, brought colonial imperialism to flower.

DuBOIS contends that this means that the trade in men gave way to a trade in raw materials and that the political domination which involved a monopoly of raw materials to the various contending empires was predicated on the exploitation of African labor inside the continent. It is stated that the land was taken away from the natives without compensation and that they

Source: HFSC

Previous Distribution:

None

Distribution: (See last page)

Evaluation
of source of information

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ON 8-20-80

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Letter DATED 8-20-80

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were forced to move to the poorest land on the continent.

It is the author's belief that this question of racial status is frankly and intelligently faced but will not only be confined to Africa but will affect the whole world. He believes that more than the welfare of the African is involved. It is pointed out that "as long as there is in the world a reservoir of cheap labor that can raise necessary raw materials, and as long as arrangements can be made to transport these raw materials to manufacturing countries, this body of cheap labor will compete directly or indirectly with European labor". The power of investors and employers over the political organization of the state will increase, says DuBOIS, and this will lead to agitation and revolt within the state on the part of the laboring classes and to wars between states which are competing for domination over these sources of profit. The author writes, "and if the fiction of inferiority is maintained, there will be added to all this the revolt of the suppressed races themselves, who because of their low wages, are the basic cause of the whole situation. It would be a grave mistake to think that Africans are not asking: 'Is it a white man's war?'"

It is pointed out that one would think that Africa would be carefully considered today in any plan for a postwar world, but it has not. This fact the writer considers very unfortunate because "after this war, the United Nations will be almost irresistibly tempted to consider Africa from an industrial and commercial point of view as a means of helping pay war costs and re-establishing prosperity". It is charged that the assumption among the white races is that the only problem, so far as Africa is concerned, is that the various dominating nations of the world must henceforth be treated equitably in sharing the material and the labor. There is no thought concerning the aspirations of the peoples of Africa.

In closing his article, DuBOIS sets out five objectives of post-war planning for Africa:

1. A renouncing of the assumption that there are a few large groups of mankind called races who are, because of certain hereditary differences shown by color, regarded as incapable of useful lives and effective progress.
2. A repudiation of the feeling widespread among white peoples that the dark peoples of the world exist not for themselves, but for their uses to white Europe and America.
3. A universal agreement that in Africa, the land and the natural resources belong primarily to the native inhabitants and that necessary capital for the development of the continent's resources should be gradually and increasingly raised from the savings of the natives which a higher wage and a just incidence of taxation would produce.
4. A systematic effort to train an educated class among the natives who would be allowed to express its opinions and

the same be given due weight.

5. Take the political control away from commercial and business interests owned and conducted in the foreign nations and vest this control provisionally in an international mandates commission.

The Deep South Looks Ahead - Condensed from FORTUNE
NEGRO DIGEST - AUGUST 1943

This article sets forth, in a sketchy manner, the racial problem as it exists in the South today and points to the possibility of even greater complications in a postwar South. It is pointed out that the average Southerner just doesn't think at all about the Negro other than that he is inferior. This attitude of superiority was conferred on him by slavery and was cemented by the Civil War and the North's tragic mishandling of the postwar period. Quoting from the article, "A few Southerners who fought the war between the States are still living; millions of their children and grandchildren are. Their still glowing resentment far surpasses their ability to reason about the Negro".

It is stated that were it not for the fact that demagogues are constantly harping on white racial unity, there would probably be greater harmony between the races, especially in the South. The belief is expressed that only a minority of the white Southerners believe that economic and political equality is bound to end in social equality and "mongrelization". Hence, it is stated that the bulk of the whites have no objection to the Negro's attaining a greater degree of economic and political equality. It is stated, "But they are against social equality, or the right to mingle with the other race. Unfortunately, they really don't think much about it. Sometimes, their demagogues denounce social equality when they are really bucking political and economic equality, and the people don't bother to think through the distinction". It is pointed out that what the Negro wants and hopes for is the right to take jobs for which he is qualified and the right to vote, some of the things that both white and black men are fighting and dying for at present. The Negro has neither, so he is either very cynical, very discouraged, or very indignant.

"The contradictions of the war, in other words, have naturally made the body of Negroes restless. Their leaders reflect their restlessness in various degrees. Many do what they can within the rigid framework of southern customs. In order to get other equalities, they tactfully avoid discussions of the social equality issue. This is the tradition of schools like Tuskegee and Atlanta University".

In closing, it is suggested that today's racial troubles are "nothing beside what may well occur if Negroes and whites must go back to their old status after the war, for postwar dispersion and displacement are bound to follow race lines. Unless more plans are now made, there will be few jobs

and whites will probably hang onto most of them. Returning white soldiers will have a high priority, and returning Negro soldiers will at least expect a job".

Some Notes On Harlem - by Margaret MARSHALL
THE NATION - 21 August 1943

The author believes that simply because the recent trouble in Harlem is generally felt not to have been a race riot, there is a tendency "to heave a sigh of relief, compliment the New York City administration for handling it so efficiently, and forget the whole thing". The writer condemns this stand and cautions that what has happened in Harlem is only a prelude to what might happen and should serve as a sharp warning. In spite of the praise heaped upon the city administration for its handling of the outbreak, it is pointed out that many Negroes feel that the riots were in part due to the far too lenient handling of day-by-day infractions of ordinary civic decency. The author states, "It is common knowledge that on the streets of Harlem filthy language, the peddling of dope, the depredations of 'baby thugs', sidewalk crap games, the molestation of women who live there, and all the other manifestations of hoodlumism go on continuously, and are largely ignored by policemen who have been told to 'go slow' in order to avoid any charge of discrimination or who share the minority psychology that it doesn't matter as long as Negroes are only invading the rights of other Negroes".

MARSHALL contends that the fundamental cause of the riots can be summed up in one word - segregation. She believes that the immediate as well as the remote causes of the outburst can be traced to the Jim Crow mentality which had its birth in the South and has now spread to the whole country. It is pointed out that "In normal times segregation breeds a defensive attitude among Negroes that ranges from the militant advocacy of equality to black chauvinism and plain irresponsibility. The war has accentuated these tendencies. It has dramatized for the Negroes their position as a minority, creating fresh resentment against all the disabilities of segregation. And these disabilities are glaringly pointed up by the constant discrimination and frequent violence meted out to Negroes in the armed forces of a country that is fighting in the name of democracy".

The writer states that all people in America who believe in democracy should understand with their minds as well as their hearts that segregation must be eliminated and policies advocated towards that end. In Harlem, it is suggested that these policies should include equality in housing, employment and wages, an intensive program of social education and rehabilitation and respect for the rights of the individual.

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NEGRO DIGEST
3507 Parkway
Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Ill.,

December 5, 1943.

The Negro Digest has recently started an advertising campaign that has undoubtedly increased its national circulation and is in a position to influence a considerable number of Negroes. The publication attempts to simulate the Reader's Digest.

An examination of the contents of the publication causes doubt that it will be helpful in leading to more harmonious race relations. Negroes reading the Negro Digest are likely to become more agitated after reading numerous articles in the publication. It is believed that this publication handled properly could do much to help prevent racial friction.

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DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJO/ML

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NEGRO DIGEST

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5619 SOUTH STATE STREET
CHICAGO 2, ILL.
Telephone: Englewood 8900

70528

August 9, 1944

100-71654-80
100-238787-274
61-1563-274

Honorable Sir:

We have written to the AMERICAN MAGAZINE asking their permission to reprint the section of your article on Nazi spies which deals with the Negro. The article appears in the August issue of their publication.

We are writing now to ask your cooperation in granting us permission to reprint the article, and we would appreciate it very much if you would urge AMERICAN MAGAZINE to do likewise.

Enclosed is a copy of our publication for your inspection.

May we have your answer today by wire collect?

Respectfully yours,

John H. Johnson
Managing Editor

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DATE 6-18-88 BY SP-5 RJA/TW

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Handwritten notes:
14
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Handwritten notes:
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Handwritten notes:
100-71654-5
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the Old Jerusalem Baptist Church was dedicating its new building that evening and naturally we felt that we had to go.

This was of course a great occasion. The church was filled to overflowing with the pious while you could hardly see the pulpit for the pastors who had come from everywhere to rejoice with the people that they had forged a new weapon with which to fight Ole Satan.

We were received with great courtesy, were given a place in the front row, and were soon hearing the Reverend Perkins deliver his stirring sermon, "No Boll Weevil in Heaven." He was followed by a number of visiting pastors until finally, at midnight, the pastor of the local church stood up, and said, "Won't one of the white gentlemen say a few words?"

Naturally I wanted to talk myself but, since I was among a people who have natively good manners and therefore had to be manne'ble myself, I arose and said that my distinguished friend, Mr. Bradford, would speak for us.

Much surprised, Mistuh Royce got up and walking slowly backward and forward in front of the pulpit, began to talk about what a fine thing it is to worship the Lawd in a beautiful building; about King Solomon's temple, and columns of porphyry and onyx and ceilings of gold and marble. He continued in this vein for some minutes and then

he abruptly changed the tenor of his talk.

"Friends," he said, "I just want to tell y'all that there's an old Greenville boy in this congregation tonight, Mr. David Cohn. (Congregation: Do tell!) He grew up in this town, hunted rabbits on the protection levee, graduated from that high school down there by the Leavenworth sawmill, and could have got him a job right here in town. But, oh no. The town wasn't big enough for *him*! So he went down to New Awleens where he got so rich that he bought out the biggest bank in town!" (Congregation: Well suh!)

As I beamed on the congregation and they beamed on me, Brad went on:

"But Mistah Dave is a man that's hard to please. So one day he got on that Panama Express train, went clean up to Chicago, Illinois, got him a taxi, and told the man to take him out to Sears and Roebuck. There he saw Mister Julius Rosenwald, the boss man. 'Mr. Julius, how much do you want for this business?' asked Mr. Dave. 'Two million dollars,' said Mr. Julius just like that. So Mr. Dave reached in his pocket, handed him twenty thousand one-thousand dollar bills and said, 'I'm the boss man from here out.'"

This caused an immense stir in the church. Folks shuffled their feet, said, "Well, Lawd," and indulged in exclamations of delight-

ful surprise because they all knew Sears, Roebuck and here was a boy born and brought up right there in Greenville who had risen to such eminence that he could just walk in and buy out its boss man. While I revelled in my rise to fame and riches, Brad continued:

"But even that didn't satisfy Mr. Dave," he said. "Next thing he did was to go up to New York City where he got on one of those steamboats that cross the Atlantic Ocean and he got off in Paris, France. There he bought a house with a hundred rooms. And he had him a lady and a case of drinking whiskey in every room!"

The sensation caused by this announcement was so great that it was some minutes before quiet was restored. The men laughed aloud in delight. The ladies fluttered their palmetto fans with Finlay's Drug Store Advertisement stencilled on the back, modestly hung their heads, and said "Lawd, he'p us"; everybody was pleased that a Greenville boy had gone out and conquered the world.

"Well, there he was with all those ladies and all that whiskey when, one night, he looked up on the wall and there it was in letters of fire ten feet tall: 'Minny, Minny, Tikel, Tikel.' Then he heard a Voice coming from the ceiling. It said: 'You are doing the wrong thing. You are wasting your substance in sin and losing your chances of glory up yonder. You

ought to go back to the town where you were born and give all your time and *all your money* to the church.'" Brad suddenly stopped—"And that's what Mr. Dave is doing here tonight!"

He sat down. The congregation whispered excitedly. The forty visiting preachers on the pulpit looked at one another significantly. Brad smiled a smile of deep satisfaction. He knew what was coming and so did I as I slumped in my seat.

Then the Reverend Arbuckle, a pastor of engaging charm, arose, put his hands on the Book, and gazing benignly at me said: "Mister Dave, I'm coming aroun' to see you fust thing in the mawnin' and I know I'm gonna write you' name behin' a hundred dollar bill."

Now Brad looked at me as I had looked at him the day I had caught the catfish. No one knew better than he that long before the services were over that night the glad news would have spread by the grapevine all over the Mississippi delta that the Lawd had told a rich man to come home from sinning and give all his money to the church.

There is indeed no day in that area when preachers, deacons, and plain pulpit-hands are not out asking their white friends to give them something to help repair the church or reduce the mortgage. And here was a rich man who would spend his time handing out folding money

to the folks who were doing the Lawd's work. I would become the target of hundreds of pastors, whether ordained or jackleg, from Rolling Fork to Rena Laura, from Itta Bena to Hushpuckana, and as far away as Lake Village, Arkansas. I would never again be able to tread the ground of my beloved hometown in peace.

My course was plain. Common decency required that I give \$100 to the Reverend Arbuckle. But self-protection demanded that I flee the region at once. I put my check in an envelope and asked The Queenly Woman, Mr. Will's cook, to give it to the pastor.

The Outdoor Age

AN OLD SOUTHERN NEGRO was undergoing a thorough physical examination by a city doctor. Amazed to find the old man in such excellent condition, the physician asked incredulously, "How old did you say you were?"

"Eighty-seven," was the firm reply.

"In all my years of practice, I have never seen a man even 15 years younger than you in such perfect condition. To what do you attribute such long life and good health?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Doc. When me and my wife got married we made sort of an agreement not to argue. If she ever got mad around the house, she promised she wouldn't say anything but just go back to the kitchen until she calmed down; and if I ever got mad I wasn't to say anything but just walk right out the back door and into the backyard and—"

"Yes," interrupted the puzzled physician. "But what has that got to do with it?"

"Well, Doc," drawled the mountaineer, "as a result of that agreement, I reckon I've led what you might call somewhat of an outdoor life."

Sally Brooks

Then I arose early and was up and away in Brad's car bound for New Orleans with him, he grinning all the while like a catfish stealing bait. As we drove through the sleepy towns and hamlets, I saw dozens of rickety churches whose pastors even now were dreaming of shining new tin roofs and gallons of paint bought as emblems of my repentance of a life of sin.

To this day I have never been able to revisit my home town except under cover of night. And that old pulpit orator Roark Bradford often reminds me: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he hooks the catfish of a friend?"

¶ A catfish story that ended up in a Mississippi Negro church

Roark's Revenge

Condensed from Saturday Review of Literature

By David L. Cohn

ROARK BRADFORD, the author of distinguished novels and books of short stories including *Ol Man Adam* and *His Chillun* from which *The Green Pastures* was made, is a man of many talents. As an orator in the Negro pulpits around Plain Dealing, Louisiana, he rivals the famous Reverend Childress, the Albino Preacher.

But, above all, he is a catfishing man out'n the book who can do more with a cane pole and a dime's worth of hooks and string than most folks could do with all the tackle in Abercrombie & Fitch.

Mistuh Royce (as the colored folks call him) is a slow-and-easy man, as kind and gentle as his own Angel Gabriel who passed out ten-cent seegars to de Lawd. Yet this

is the story of how he wreaked an awful vengeance for a wrong I had done him.

It all began one day when we went fishing along the banks of Deer Creek in Mississippi. On this occasion we were especially anxious to catch an elusive catfish of giant size known to the countryside as "Ole Tom."

My fishing skill and piety are far less than Brad's, but just before that evening sun went down, I caught Ole Tom who weighed nearly five pounds, and as he flopped upon the bank Brad gazed unhappily on my prize. Then he said: "Boy, I'm going to get revenge on you for doing me bad."

If I had known what was in store for me, I'd have left the country—as I was eventually compelled to do.

A day or two later, we went to Greenville, the Mississippi Delta town where I was born, to spend a few days with our mutual friend, William Alexander Percy, who was then writing *Lanterns on the Levee*. From him we learned that

DAVID L. COHN is a native-born Mississippian who has written *God Shakes Creation*, *Picking America's Pockets* and *Good Old Days*. He wrote the provocative *How The South Feels About the Race Problem* in a recent issue of the Atlantic Monthly.

Copyright, Saturday Review of Literature
(June 24, 1944)

Will The Peace Bring Racial Peace?

By Wallace Lee

(Director, Negro Digest Poll)

VERY FEW Americans, either white or Negro, believe that post-war U. S. A. will enjoy an era of racial peace.

Canvassed in the Negro Digest Poll for August, a cross-section of the American people have a defeatist, fatalistic attitude toward racial violence and see no chance that present advances in racial relations will mean an end to color wars on the home front.

Most in fact expressed the opinion that the armistice would mean a fresh outbreak in racial clashes. Reasons for this belief ranged from outright expressions like "We've got to put Negroes back in their place" to calmer opinions such as "Too many folks just won't do anything about the bad boys in our midst."

The question asked was: "Will The Peace Bring Racial Peace?" and the results were:

	Yes	No	Undecided
North	11%	73%	16%
West	14%	68%	18%
South	10%	78%	12%

Most Negroes queried in the poll declared that the Negro would not stand for backward, reactionary steps that would mean the loss of gains made during wartime. They felt that determination of many whites to push them back in their places would lead to outbreaks. The tally among Negroes showed:

	Yes	No	Undecided
North	9%	76%	15%
West	10%	71%	19%
South	15%	66%	19%

Feeling among whites seemed to be more heated in many instances than among Negroes. The "back to normalcy" argument seems to prevail among many. Results in the vote showed:

	Yes	No	Undecided
North	14%	70%	16%
West	20%	63%	17%
South	7%	83%	10%

The high percentage of those undecided seems to indicate that a great deal of doubt on the question in many minds although those with opinions seems to hold them quite strongly.

¶ Prejudice not inherent in America, but a product of economic order

The Economic Roots Of Race Hate

Written Expressly for Negro Digest

By Carey McWilliams

IF I WERE a Negro living in America, I would strive unceasingly for the fulfillment of the promise of American democracy and I would never permit myself to lose faith in the eventual achievement of this goal.

I would constantly remind myself, and others of my race in America, that the great basic documents of American democracy, such as the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, do not use the word "white" and are wholly free of race bias. That discrimination exists in America must be accounted for quite apart from these basic documents, for American institu-

tions, as such, are free from racial discriminations. In this fact, I believe, consists the surest proof of the eventual achievement of ethnic democracy.

The whole weight of the American tradition supports the Negro in his fight for racial equality. It is true that a dual tradition has grown up in America: an older tradition of equality, of fair treatment, of liberalism, and a more recent tradition (dating from about 1876) of bigotry, intolerance, and racial arrogance. But the latter is not the real American tradition and it finds no sanction in American institutions, nor is it consonant with the finest—the enduring—expressions of that tradition, as in the works of Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Hawthorne, and Lincoln.

If I were a Negro, I would recognize that there can be no solution of the racial minority

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problem in this country in a world in which insecurity and fear oppress the people. If the world that emerges from this war is a world which breeds hatred and distrust as between nations, peoples, and classes, then we may well expect that these same hatreds and fears will prevail as between various ethnic groups inside the United States.

I would also realize that if we fail to maintain full industrial employment and consumer purchasing power in the post-war years, then nothing that can be done to improve race relations now is likely to represent permanent improvement. I would also recognize that the South is, as President Roosevelt has stated, our Economic Problem Area No. 1, and that any improvement in race relations must presuppose a general improvement in the economic life of the area for all of the people of the area, white and black.

Recognizing these considerations, I would seek, by every possible means, to strengthen the alliance between the Negro minority and the forces of organized labor in America; between Negroes and the liberal and progressive movement. I would never permit this alliance to be broken or disrupted.

I would also show a lively interest in the plight of other racial, national, and cultural minorities in the United States. I would interest myself in the problems of the Jew, the Indian, the Filipino, the

Chinese-American, the Japanese-American. And I would seek to establish inter-racial rather than mono-racial forms of social organization. That is, I would ask other groups and individuals to join in whatever organizations or programs are set up for the improvement of the position of Negroes in American life.

At the same time, I would insist that it is the responsibility of the federal government to maintain the integrity of federal elections; to protect all citizens of the United States in the free exercise of their constitutional rights; and to see to it that no citizen of the United States is denied, solely by reason of race, the opportunity to become a responsible citizen.

Where states, for example, deny Negroes free and equal access to educational institutions and cultural facilities or where states deny Negroes (or any other racial group) access to medical and public health facilities; where states or localities make it impossible for Negroes to obtain adequate housing or employment; in all such cases, I would most strenuously insist that it is the responsibility of the federal government to provide the remedy.

I would insist that the racial problem is essentially a national problem, and that the federal government must recognize its responsibilities toward racial minorities. I would fight for the establishment of a Fair Racial Practices Act; for

they will ask social equality for civilized human beings the world over.

There is a similar attitude with regard to health; we want white people to be well and strong, to "multiply and replenish the earth"; but we are interested in the health of colored people only in so far as it may threaten the health and wealth of whites.

Thus in colonies where white men reside as masters, they segregate themselves in the most healthful parts of the country, provided with modern conveniences, and let the natives fester and die in the swamps and lowlands.

It is for this reason that Englishmen and South Africans have seized the high land of Kenya and driven the most splendid of races of East Africa into the worst parts of the lowland, to the parts which are infested by the tsetse fly, where their cattle die and they are forced laborers on white farms.

Perhaps in no area of modern civilized endeavor is the matter of race revealed more startlingly than in the question of education. We

have doubts as to the policy of so educating the colored races that they will be able to take part in modern civilization.

We are willing to educate them so that they can help in our industrial development, and we want them to become good workmen so long as they are unorganized. But when it comes to a question of real acquaintanceship with what the more advanced part of the world has done and is doing, we try to keep the backward races as ignorant as possible. We limit their schools their travel, and their knowledge of modern tongues.

Beyond this we have only mention religion. There is no denying that certain missionaries have done fine work in ameliorating the lot of backward people, but at the same time there is not a ghost of a doubt that today the organized Christian church is unfavorable toward race equality.

It is split into racial sections and is not disposed to disturb to any great degree the attitude of civilization toward the Chinese, the Indians, and the Negroes.

It's In The Bag

ONLY NEGRO bagpipe player is Harry Madden, with a Canadian regiment. His father, Corp. Joseph Madden, recently was awarded the British Empire medal by his King. Squeamish by nature, Corp. Madden triumphed over himself when a buddy was badly hurt—amputated his leg with a pocket knife, and applied a tourniquet.

Ed Sullivan, New York Daily News

war; (3) eventual fair distribution of both raw materials and manufactured goods; (4) abolition of poverty; and (5) health.

To anyone giving thought to these problems, it must be clear that each of them, with all of its own peculiar difficulties, tends to break asunder along the lesions of race difference and race hate.

When we discuss any of the listed problems, we usually see the solution within the frame of race and race difference. When we think of defense against aggression, we are thinking particularly of Europe, and the aggregation which we have in mind is not simply another Hitler but a vaster Japan, if not all Asia and the South Sea Islands. The "Yellow Peril" as envisaged by the German Emperor William II has by no means passed from the subconscious reactions of Western Europe. That is the meaning of world police and "our way of life."

When we think of the problem of unemployment, we mean especially unemployment in the developed countries of Western Europe and America. We do not have in mind any fundamental change so far as the labor of the darker world is concerned. We do not think of full employment and a living wage for the East Indian, the Chinese coolie, and the Negro of South Africa or even the Negro of our own South. We have little or no thought of colored labor, because it is dis-

franchised and kept in serfdom by the power of our present governments.

In both the United States and the Union of South Africa it has been the organized white laborers who have systematically by vote and mob opposed the training of the black worker and the provision of decent wages for him. In this respect they have ranged themselves with exploiting investors and disseminators of race hatred like Hitler.

Our attitude toward poverty represents the constant lesion of race thinking. We have with difficulty reached a place in the modern white world where we can contemplate the abolition of poverty; where we can think of an industrial organization with no part of its essential co-operators deprived of income which will give them sufficient food and shelter, along with necessary education and some of the comforts of life.

But this conception is confined almost entirely to the white race. Not only do we refuse to think of similar possibilities for the colored races but we are convinced that, even though it were possible, it would be a bad thing for the world.

We must keep the Negroes, West Indians, and Indonesians poor. Otherwise they will get ambitious: they will seek strength and organization; they will demand to be treated as men, despite the fact that we know they are not men; and

the enforcement of the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment; for legislative sanction for the FBPC; and for similar measures.

I would fight discrimination wherever it exists and in whatever form, not just in those instances where discrimination affected the Negro; but all types of racial discrimination. I would be unalterably opposed to segregation in all its forms and however manifested.

I would insist that I opposed discrimination and segregation because they threaten the continued existence of American democracy; and I would couple all such campaigns with a reiteration of my abiding faith in American democracy.

I would be an anti-fascist, not a passive but a militant anti-fascist; not a summer soldier in the fight against fascism but a regular campaigner. As an anti-fascist, I would support the war as vigorously as I knew how; and insist that the peace be a real peace and not another breathing space between wars.

Lastly I would never permit the rantings of the Rankins, Bilbos, and such bigots, to weaken or to impair my faith in American democracy, for I would realize that these men do not represent the real American tradition nor do they speak for a majority opinion in this country.

I would also recognize that, as the industrial revolution spread

throughout the world, the individuals and social classes who found themselves in control of the new means of production, sought to use this control as a means of exploiting other people. That as part of this process, groups without previous industrial experience were constantly drawn into the orbit of industrialism but were consistently forced into the lower brackets of employment. Wherever this situation existed (or still exists), the newest group was invariably characterized by certain social stereotypes and myths.

In America, the Irish, the Slavs, the Italians, the Greeks, the Russian Jews, and many other groups, were all victimized by this same situation. Where race has been an added factor in the process, then adjustment has been retarded longer than in cases where race was not a factor. I would recognize, therefore, the economic and social roots or sources of what are called "racial antagonisms"; and I would always remember that the feeling of racial antagonism is not inherent in people, but that it arises out of situations which are created by the character of our economic order.

Race prejudice, in other words, is a manufactured product. I would not expect the liquidation of the last vestiges of prejudice and discrimination until an economic order had been established upon some basis other than private profit for a limited number of individuals.

Origin Of 'Strange Fruit'

Condensed from PM

ON THE FLY-LEAF of Lillian Smith's Boston-banned novel, *Strange Fruit*, appears the following: *Title from song of same name by Lewis Allan, courtesy of Edward B. Marks Music Corp.*

We had heard Billie Holiday sing *Strange Fruit* at the Onyx Club and in the Commodore recording. The lyric goes:

*Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root.
Black body swinging in the southern
breeze,*

*Strange fruit hanging from the poplar
trees*

*Pastoral scene of the gallant South,
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth.
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh,
And the sudden smell of burning flesh.
Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck,
For the rain to gather, for the wind to
suck,*

*For the sun to rot, for a tree to drop,
Here is a strange and bitter crop.*

It is a haunting song. We got to wondering what kind of mind it had come out of, so we went to see Lewis Allan in his pink-walled apartment on Gerard Avenue, the Bronx. We had to go late in the afternoon because Abel Meropol, which is Lewis Allan's real name,

is an English teacher and doesn't get home till after 4. Here are some of the things he told us:

"I have always felt that Tin Pan Alley could say much more in its lyrics. *Strange Fruit* was originally written as a poem. Then I wrote the music for it—a song protest against lynching.

"As a human being," he said, "I'm moved as most decent human beings are by any form of oppression or discrimination. . . . One day someone showed me a photograph of an actual lynching. Imagine that—a lynching of a human being. It helped crystallize my feelings. I suddenly saw all lynchings—as strange, very strange fruit.

"When Billie Holiday introduced the song at Cafe Society there were several what you might almost call incidents. Some Southern women tried to prevent her from singing the song. One woman went so far as to go to her at the piano and take hold of her dress, telling her over and over—'You don't want to sing *that* song.'

"More and more people in Tin Pan Alley are doing that kind of song today. More and more should."

Copyright, PM
(May 19, 1944)

In the United States the race problem is peculiarly important just now. We see today a combination of northern investors and southern Bourbons desiring not simply to overthrow the New Deal but to plunge the United States into fatal reaction. The power of the southerners arises from the suppression of the Negro and poor-white vote, which gives the rotten borough of Mississippi four times the political power of Massachusetts and enables the South through the rule of seniority to pack the committees of Congress and to dominate it.

Nothing can be done about this situation until we face fairly the question of color discrimination in the South; until the social, political, and economic equality of civilized men is recognized, despite race, color, and poverty.

In the Caribbean area, in Central and South America, there has been for four hundred years wide intermixture of European, African, and Red Indian races. The result in one respect is widely different from that of Europe and North America; the social equality of Negroes, Indians, and mulattoes who were civilized was recognized without question.

But the full results of this cultural liberalism were largely nullified by the economic control which Western Europe and North America held over these lands. The exploitation of cheap colored labor through poverty and low prices for

materials was connived at as usual in the civilized world and the spoils shared with local white politicians. Economic and social prestige favored the whites and hindered the colored.

A legend that the alleged backwardness of the South Americans was due to race mixture was so far stressed in the world that South America feared it and catered to it. It became the habit to send only white Brazilians, Bolivians, and Mexicans abroad to represent their countries, to encourage white immigration at all costs, even to loss of autonomy, to draw color lines in the management of industry dominated by Europe and in society where foreigners were entertained. In short, to pretend that South America hated and distrusted dark blood as much as the rest of the world, often even when the leaders of this policy were known themselves to be of Negro and Indian descent.

The Atlantic Charter as well as the agreements in Moscow and Teheran have been practically silent on the subject of race. It is assumed that certain fundamental matters and more immediate issues must be met and settled before this difficult question of race can be faced.

If we measure the important matters by current discussion, we may range them somewhat as follows: (1) defense against aggression; (2) full employment after the

be channelized, exploited, and fed by an ambitious group here and there, by the deliberate agitator, or by a corrupt municipal machine.

Before they have spent themselves the disorders will become more widespread, more ambitious. National organization will provide the literature, direct the drives for membership, systematically feed the furnaces of antagonism. The independent groups will then join hands in a "coordinating committee."

The Klan may prove small fry compared to some Exalted Order of

the Hooded Knights of the White Camellia. Certainly there is reason to anticipate organizations of real magnitude. The prejudice and vehemence of the antagonisms will outstrip those which existed after 1919.

Many of our uprooted and delinquent youngsters will live in a daydream world of the old Wild West or seek to emulate the more recent jungle fighting in the Solomons. In the absence of Redskins or Japanese, they will find their own neighbors more accessible to attack.

Condensed from American Journal of Sociology

By W. E. B. DuBois

NO.

I DO NOT see after this war, or within any reasonable time, the possibility of a world without race conflict. This is true despite the fact that race conflict is playing a fatal role in the modern world.

The supertragedy of this war is the treatment of the Jews in Germany. There has been nothing comparable to this in modern history. Yet its technique and its reasoning have been based upon a race philosophy similar to that which

W. E. B. DUBOIS is editor of the quarterly magazine *Phylon*. He was one of the first Negroes to win a Ph.D. from Harvard, was for many years editor of *Crisis* and is author of a number of books.

has dominated both Great Britain and the United States in relation to colored people.

Not only does Western Europe believe that most of the rest of the world is biologically different but it believes that in this difference lies congenital inferiority; that the black and brown and yellow people are not simply untrained in certain ways of doing and methods of civilization; that they are naturally inferior and inefficient; that they are a danger to civilization as civilization is understood in Europe. This belief is so fundamental that it enters into the very reforms that we have in mind for the post-war world.

Copyright, American Journal of Sociology
(March, 1944)

SUCCESS STORY

¶ Muriel Rahn, 'Carmen Jones' star, pays off her manager-husband in love

Carmen Pays Off In Love

Condensed from Baltimore Afro-American

By Michael Carter

WHEN her contract with Billy Rose expired in June, Muriel Rahn quit *Carmen Jones*. Miss Rahn had looked at her title role in this Broadway hit show as a stepping stone to even greater heights. So, she stepped out.

"My ambition is to be on the stage as a concert singer, not as an actress in performances like *Carmen Jones*. I have achieved what I consider necessary to take the next step, and I'm simply taking it."

Aside from her personal ambitions, which necessitated her leaving the show, Miss Rahn had several gripes against Billy Rose, producer.

"My number one gripe was unequal publicity. Rose failed to exploit me because I was not his personal discovery. I was a singer before I came to *Carmen Jones*, and I'm still a singer.

"Because I worked my way up by

hard study, Rose avoided giving me publicity. He says that I don't have the Cinderella angle and that people like to think that colored actors are just lucky finds, picking cotton or washing dishes today and a Broadway star tomorrow.

"That's not so. We study and work like all other actors and singers, and, if we are lucky enough and good enough, we get the breaks."

There are two Muriel Rahns. One is simply, Muriel Rahn, star of *Carmen Jones*, terrific soprano, and you think, a woman of the world.

The other woman is Mrs. Dick Campbell, who can't exactly cook, but who devotes all her time to her husband. It is difficult even to get her to talk about herself, or *Carmen Jones*.

She will say, "I played my one hundredth *Carmen* on the same day I celebrated my eleventh wedding anniversary."

Copyright, Baltimore Afro-American
(May 27, 1944)

When Muriel was tapped for *Carmen Jones*, she had already been in Broadway and European plays, and had worked on WPA and taught school too.

In manner she is quiet, until she becomes excited. Then she talks a great deal.

She has had sufficient experiences in life to portray almost any role. "We went to Europe on our honeymoon. It was mixing business with pleasure, because I sang in Paris and other places, but the pleasure ran out when America went off the gold standard.

"We went broke and rushed back to America tourist class. We did not have any money. I mean that. We were broke."

Muriel Rahn says, "All I am I owe to my husband. He's really a Paul Muni. I was in the theatre with a pip squeak soprano voice, and when he came along, I fell in love.

"I am his exclusive property and I always say he married me to protect his interests. He developed me as a singer, as an actress and as a woman—I mean I understand about life now.

"I mean that from him I learned how to walk across a stage, and also how to walk across life, which is more important. Most of all I learned how to live as a colored woman, in a hostile world."

Campbell, who is, as she says, a good looking man, manages her.

"He's my personal representative and I pay him off in love."

The only contract that exists between these two people is the one they signed when they were married. Campbell, who has an important job booking colored shows with the USO, subordinates his job to Muriel, and she subordinates her job to him.

In a sense they are the Lunt and Fontaine of the Negro race.

Muriel's real name is Muriel Battey. She was born in Boston, but her family moved to Tuskegee, where her father was in charge of the photography department and her mother worked in an administrative post.

She took her middle name, Rahn, because "Mother did not want to take our family name on the stage."

Before her stage career she attended "good old Tusky high and went two years to Atlanta and two years at the University of Nebraska."

Later she taught school in Winston-Salem, N. C., at Alabama State, and in Dover, Del. All the while the urge to sing grew. Finally she broke loose from school teaching and joined "Eva Jessye's choir at \$50 a week. I sang in the chorus of Uncle Tom's Cabin and have been singing ever since then."

When the depression hit "I could not go back to the South. I had to make my own way here in New York." It was then that she

reluctant to harness the Negro's energy at the workbench even in its manpower crisis will certainly press for a surrender of his new status when his presence becomes competitive. If we resented the Negro when we needed him, how will we feel when we don't need him?

"Watch out for the first symptoms of a shrinking economy," Dr. Louis Wirth, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, warned the National Urban League. "Race tensions today are as nothing compared to what we may expect when the sirens blow and bells ring and peace comes again."

The problem will rack the nation and bring confusion even to those who seek to attain full citizenship for the Negro. The conflict between the "all-or-nothing" group and those who seek "one step at a time," the issue of gradualism or revolution, may, on its own level, develop a violence that will merely feed the larger social problem.

During World War I, one and a half million Negroes came North and never went back. During World War II, in an atmosphere hardly as sanguinary, that number is almost certain to be exceeded.

One of the surprising developments has been a narrowing of the gap between Northern and Southern attitudes toward the Negro. A survey made by the United States Employment Service in January,

1942, six months after the President's executive order prohibiting discrimination in war industries, indicated that 51 per cent of American industrialists did not and would not employ Negroes and that only a minor difference in percentages distinguished the employers of the North and South.

The relations between whites and Negroes in the United States will not remain purely a domestic issue. Hemispheric unity may be involved.

In 1941 the then President of Haiti visited this country. After official receptions in Washington, the Marine Band was asked to give him a farewell salute at the railway station. The Southern leader of the band refused to be present but instructed the band as to what they were to play.

He probably assumed that the "ignorant islander" wouldn't know the difference, and the President of Haiti, entering the train to the tune of *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*, gave no sign that he did. But throughout the countries of Central and South America, the story is mentioned whenever relations with the United States are discussed.

Here at home racial antagonism will at first lead to accidental outbreaks, appearing in some communities as naturally as weeds in an untended garden. It will not be long, however, before the organizer appears. The local propaganda will

racers. This group includes Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University; R. F. Clement and Ira de A. Reid of Atlanta University; F. D. Patterson of Tuskegee, and many other Negroes. It includes editors and publishers like Virginius Dabney of Richmond; Ralph McGill of Atlanta; Mark Ethridge of Louisville, and many others among the whites. John Temple Graves, Birmingham columnist, is a sympathetic observer who insists on making haste slowly. Credit for important, if less conspicuous, work belongs to newspaper men in smaller cities.

Jim Crow practices are yielding in labor unions. Negroes have become members and officers of the Southern Sociological Society, councils of social agencies, and organizations of social workers.

NO.

Condensed from the Book, "The Rest of Your Life"

By Leo Cherne

AS TENSIONS grow and the resulting bitterness takes root, new racial disorders, of which we've had a foretaste in war, will disfigure the American scene. But the baiting of all other minorities will

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Between World Wars I and II yeoman work, largely through educators and church workers, was performed by the Commission on Interracial Co-operation, which Will W. Alexander directed dynamically from an Atlanta office. This organization has recently gone out of existence to give way to a set-up of larger scope, the Southern Regional Council, with Howard W. Odum, North Carolina sociologist, as president.

In *Race and Rumors of Race*, Odum and a group of associates have run down and exposed a carload of wild reports, exaggerated facts, and plain lies about racial strife. Incidentally, many of these rumors have perished, with an accompanying reduction in wartime racial tension.

be overshadowed when we confront the most vulnerable target for violence in America—the Negro.

The frayed temper which emerges from war, the will to retreat, the need for escape, the inquisitor's comfort in finding a scapegoat, will provide the fagots, but economic conflict will light the fire.

The war has done more than the Emancipation Proclamation to give the Negro an economic place in America. But a nation which was

worked on the WPA, and with her husband, appeared in night clubs. Later she played in Broadway dramatic productions, and was doing concert work when she started in *Carmen Jones*.

She thinks that in *Carmen Jones* the colored performer has reached a new high. "Hammerstein has taken the colored player out of the bandana and put him in costume. It's a step towards a better future. From it and other plays colored

performers will learn that they can do better roles and demand them.

"Broadway does not yet like educated colored actors; even my going to college was resented. It's all part of the 'great democracy—rags to riches myth' that just is not so. But this ends on a high note.

"I'm looking towards a bright future for the whole race." Looking at her husband she added, "And for the Campbells, too."



Ballot Blues

THE RICHEST NEGRO in Mississippi, brown, freckled Dr. S. D. Redmond of Jackson, says that registration laws, even more than the poll tax, prevents Negroes from voting in his state. White registrars, says Redmond, are permitted to turn down any applicant who cannot answer "intelligent questions."

When a Negro comes to apply, the registrar will ask him:

"Boy—do you know the meaning of *delicut status quo rendum hutt?*"

As the bewildered "boy" begins fumbling with this phrase the registrar continues:

"Well, maybe that's too hard for you. Here's a simple one. If the angle plus the hypotenuse equals the subdivided of the fraction—then how many children did your mother miss having?"

And if by some miracle the applicant answers this tongue-twister successfully, the registrar will say, "Boy—since you're so smart . . . tell me what's going to happen to you if you don't get the hell away from here?"

Richard Durham, Chicago Defender

Senators who are planning to vote for this appropriation (FEPC funds) had just as well get ready to select one of these mulattos or high-brown yellow girls as their stenographer, because Dr. Ross and his organization will be serving notice on them that Senators are discriminating against the colored girls of the nation; that Senators ought to have Negro girls in their offices. It is coming, and I assure them that when they get one all the B. O. powders on earth will not dissipate the odoriferous aroma they will find permeating their offices day by day.

Sen. Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi

We in the South have never discriminated against the colored race as to employment. There are certain types of employment for which they are superior, and for which we would prefer them to white employees. On the other hand, there are other kinds of employment in which we prefer the whites.

Sen. Tom Connally of Texas

When in any governmental agency white women and Negro women are compelled to use the same toilet facilities, it is an encroachment upon the constitutional liberty of both the races when they desire or when either desires to be segregated.

Sen. John McClellan of Arkansas

We count it more important than any presidential election to maintain white supremacy.

Sen. John H. Bankhead of Alabama

If suffrage should be granted in the District of Columbia, the Negroes would soon have control of the city and the alleys would be completely outvoting the avenues.

Sen. Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi

The Roosevelts, the Ickeses, the MacLeishes, the Guffeys and the Wagners believe that the power of the federal government should be employed in forcing white men and women to use the same washbasin facilities, the same toilet facilities in our industrial plants as Negro men and women. They are the Washbasin Democrats. The Roosevelt wing of the Democratic Party is the Washbasin wing.

The Southern Watchman

What the people of this country must realize is that the white race is a superior race, and the Negro race is an inferior race. Social equality is growing in this country, and in addition to teaching the white race the importance of racial purity, we must prevent racial intermingling by law.

Sen. Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi

ROUND TABLE

Will The Peace Bring Racial Peace?

Condensed from Virginia Quarterly Review

By H. Clarence Nixon

YES:

INFORMED observers see a postwar crisis in race relations in the South. But in spite of demagogic storm clouds, the South can weather the racial crisis.

Negroes can point to significant social gains in the last six years, thanks to Negro leadership, the Supreme Court, the New Deal, the CIO, and the war, with its manpower needs affecting all races and with a United Nations' emphasis on interracial democracy. This development has put much of the white South in a paradoxical dilemma, with forward thinking in in-

ternational affairs and backward thinking in interracial affairs.

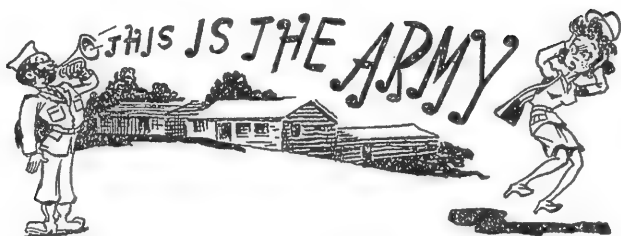
One horn of the dilemma will have to go. Science, statistics, and ethics oppose extravagant assumptions of "white supremacy." The Southern cultural pattern will have to change, as has the American constitutional system, to permit more economic, educational, and political opportunity to Southern Negroes, whose Northern brothers have an important strategic voting power. There is no hope for a prewar status quo through either national political party.

There is no permanent solution or fixed pattern for race relations in the South. But there is a good prospect for adjustments between the limits staked out by the two sets of extremists, white and colored.

Such an approach is being sought by able Southern leaders of both

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Copyright, Virginia Quarterly Review
(Summer, 1944)



ON THE NORMANDY beach-head a chaplain and a detail of Negro orderlies were digging graves for those who had recently fallen in battle. Soon Nazi planes droned overhead and dropped their bomb load.

When the attack was over, the chaplain crawled out of his foxhole. His detail was nowhere in sight. After a quick search he found the men in the graves they had dug.

Glad to see them alive, he asked: "Aren't you superstitious about using a grave for protection?"

"We'd rather be in a grave temporarily than permanently," was their quick reply.

John Gardner

RETURNING to camp one evening, a two-star general couldn't produce his identification, and the Negro rookie on guard refused to let him pass. Exasperated, the general leaned forward, pointed to the stars on his shoulders and bellowed, "Do you know what these mean?"

"Sure," popped the Negro youth. "You got two sons in the service."

Deton Reynolds

A NEW Negro cavalry recruit at Fort Reilly was given one of the worst horses in the troop.

"Remember," said the instructor, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders."

The horse bucked, and the recruit went over his head.

Yelled the instructor, "Did you have orders to dismount?"

"I did, sir."

"From headquarters?"

"No, from hindquarters."

Martin Dowd

OFFICER: "Orderly, bring me another knife. This one is dirty."

ORDERLY: "It can't be dirty, sir. The last thing I cut with it was a bar of soap."

Monroe Wells

AFTER A SCHOOL session preparatory to the first practice leap at a U. S. paratrooper base, a newly arrived Negro soldier asked his sergeant, "Now what if I'm up there and the chute doesn't open?"

"That," snapped the sergeant, "would be called jumping to a conclusion."

Marshall Warren

¶ Detroit still tinderbox town
one year after disastrous race riot

Anniversary Of Hate

Condensed from Newsweek

A YEAR had passed—but time alone could not blunt the memory of Bloody Monday in Detroit.

Through the war arsenal of the Midwest still stalked the nightmare of June 21, 1943, when a brush between whites and Negroes at Belle Isle recreation park touched off a citywide conflagration of racial hatred—a 24-hour-long paroxysm of knifing and beating that took 35 lives and injured hundreds.

And on the anniversary of that civic blood-letting, Detroit walked on eggs. Despite the promise of Mayor Edward J. Jeffries: "We do not expect any recurrence of the rioting," thoughtful citizens admitted that the basic causes of the flare-up still smoldered.

Carefully charted at the desk of John Ballenger, soft-spoken Detroit police commissioner, was a succession of inflammatory encounters less publicized than last year's riots: fights on streetcars, rowdy raids on neighborhood gathering spots, and run-ins at factory gates. (Daily, huge mobs of Negro and white war workers raced each other to

waiting cars and buses with police squads standing by).

The pattern bore an uncomfortable resemblance to the pre-riot period of 1943, and many a well-intentioned try was made at prevention. Ballenger added six hours of "sociological study" to the police-school curriculum and enlisted Negro leaders in an advisory committee on Police Department matters involving race issues.

Earnest church, school, and welfare groups preached tolerance. The Greater Detroit Inter-Racial Fellowship, outgrowth of the post-riot Mayor's Committee, worked for months on a long-range program. Its findings were less a progress report than a list of projected goals, merely calling on citizens to help the situation by "good personal conduct and example."

The practical roots of racial ill-feeling flourished nonetheless: bad housing (10,000 units were still needed to bring Negroes up to the standard housing level), bad transportation, bad recreation facilities, bad liaison (unlike other cities where the Negro upper stratum, dependent on whites for economic

Copyright, Newsweek
(June 26, 1944)

security, shushed protests of their own race, the entire Detroit Negro community tended to be aggressive, even belligerent, in its attitude).

While Detroit Negroes bought "less housing and less comfort for more money" and all Detroiters uneasily pondered a critical postwar future in which industrial realignments and fewer job opportunities would create new resentments, the city took no chances on a second edition of Bloody Monday.

As loitering youths of both races watched in awed silence, "police commandos" traiped on Belle Isle, carrying riot guns, bayonets, machine guns, and tear-gas bombs. A brand-new, comparatively huge riot squad, the commandos were versed in military mob-handling tactics.

Backing them up were the 31st and 34th regiments of Michigan state troops and conveniently located in River Rouge Park, the Army's 728th Military Police Battalion.

In readiness was a plan for deploying these forces in case of a major emergency: First riot call to police headquarters brings out police commandos; state troopers and MP's are simultaneously alerted.

Immediate liaison over a special phone and radio network is set up between the riot scene, the police commissioner's office, state armories, and MP headquarters. The mayor calls the governor for state-troop aid. In less than fifteen minutes, the initial striking force of the 31st regiment is on its way in full battle dress. Within three hours, some 2,275 men of the 31st and 34th are mobilized and ready to go. MP's probably "parade" into city with complete battle equipment, available for immediate action.

Should this impressive array not suffice, city fathers planned for additional battalions of 2,000 men to be rushed in from Fort Custer.

Haven't You Forgotten Someone?

A RABID DOG belonging to D. N. Cunningham, who lives near Purcellville, after biting two children and a colored man on Friday, attacked a horse and a hog before it was killed. The dog's head was examined and found positive. According to officials, the dog had not been vaccinated against rabies. The children are receiving the anti-rabies treatment. It was learned here that the horse will also be given treatment against the disease.

Loudoun (Va.) News

lunchroom were the twenty German prisoners. One of their guards was at the door with his carbine slung over his shoulder, the other was talking to the cashier. The other diners were staring at the Nazis in fascination. The prisoners sat relaxed and easy at the tables, lighting cigarettes, drinking water, taking rolls from the baskets on their tables, and munching them unbuttoned, their eyes incurious, their attitudes casual.

"God damn! Look at that," said Butterfield. "We don't amount to as much here as the men we're supposed to fight. Look at them, sitting there like kings, and we can't get a scrap to eat in this place without bending our knee and sneaking out to the kitchen like dogs or something."

The cook said severely, "Where you from, boy?"

"He from Trenton, New Jersey," said Brown.

Butterfield stared around at them and saw that only Randolph and the cook even knew what he was talking about and that they were both looking at him with troubled disapproval. Brown and Jerdon and the girl just didn't care. He turned and crossed the kitchen and went out the back door.

The cook said to Randolph, "I'll wrap some sandwiches for him and you give them to him on the train." He shook his head. "All the white folks around here is talking about all the nigger killing they going to do after the war. That boy, he sure to be one of them."

Randolph cracked his big knuckles unhappily. "We all sure to be one of them," he said. "The Lord better have mercy on us all."

Cheer It, The First Lady's Coming!

LEGENDS of Eleanor Roosevelt's tour last year circulate around the Pacific. One day a party of Negro soldiers was bathing in a creek on Guadalcanal. An MP drove by and shouted, "Get out of there quick and put your clothes on. Mrs. Roosevelt is going to pass down this road in a few minutes."

The soldiers thought the MP was ribbing, and amiably shouted back, "Go pound sand up your back." When Mrs. Roosevelt did drive by a few minutes later it was hard to say whether she or the soldiers were more surprised by the spectacle each presented to the other.

Noel F. Busch, Life

followed him in. There were five or six tables and a lunch counter and, although it was around twelve, only a few diners. A cashier's desk and cigarette counter was by the door, and seated behind it was a gray-haired woman, stout and firm-chinned and wearing glasses.

Butterfield went up to her, rested his hands on the edge of the counter, and then hastily removed them. She looked up.

Butterfield said quickly, "Is there any place we could get something to eat, Ma'am?"

She looked at him steadily, then her eyes shifted to the others, who were looking elaborately and with desperation at their shoes.

"This all of you?" asked the woman.

"Yes, Ma'am, there's just us four."

"All right," she said. "Go out to the kitchen. They'll feed you."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

Butterfield, trailed by the others, started back toward the kitchen.

"Just a minute," said the woman. "Go out and around to the back."

They turned, bumping each other a little, and went back out the door.

Brown said, when they were outside, "Mr. Butterfield, he sure do it."

"That's right," said Jerdon. "You want to look out, Corporal. That Butterfield, he'll be getting your stripes."

Butterfield and Randolph didn't answer, didn't look at each other.

In the kitchen they found a thin, aged colored man in a white apron and a young, thick-bodied colored girl, who was washing dishes.

"What you want?" asked the cook.

"Something to eat."

"Man, we're hungry," Jerdon told him. "We ain't put nothing inside us since before sunup. Ain't that right, Brown?"

"Since before sunup yesterday," said Brown.

"The lady say you come back here?" asked the cook.

"That right."

The cook took their orders and, as he worked, asked them what camp they were from, where they were going, how long they'd been in the Army. He told them about his two sons, who were in the Engineers at Fort Belvoir.

"Labor troops," said Butterfield. "A bunch of ditch diggers and road menders."

The cook stared at him. "What the matter with you, man?"

Butterfield didn't answer. He lit a cigarette and walked to the serving window, looking out at the woman at the cashier's desk.

Suddenly Butterfield threw away his half-smoked cigarette and called to the others, "Come here and look at this."

"What?" said Randolph.

"You come here and see this."

They all came over, the cook, the girl, the three other soldiers.

Sitting down at the tables in the

¶ Much-travelled Mrs. Paul Robeson finds America will always be home

Othello's Lady

By Olive Pearson Rice

Condensed from Christian Science Monitor

THIS IS IT, decided Mrs. Paul Robeson, wife of America's foremost Negro singer and actor, with characteristic aplomb, as they drove into the spacious grounds of "The Beeches" at Enfield, Connecticut, in search of a home two years ago.

"I was very sure," she explains with her warm, eager laugh, "because the house was so big and had such huge, high-ceilinged rooms. I knew Paul could relax here, the whole six feet three of him. He's so big he dwarfs the average room."

Mrs. Robeson is a gracious hostess, speaking fluently on many subjects from her wide experience both here and abroad. But Paul, their strapping, 16-year-old only child, is the subject nearest her heart.

As a big, happy, brown baby he grew to look so absurdly like his famous father—even his baby voice was deep, recalls Mrs. Robeson, laughing infectiously—that no one ever asked his name, just naturally called him Paul. He graduated from Technical High School in

Springfield, Mass., and will go to Cornell University in the Fall. Yes, he likes music very much, but he wants to be an electrical engineer!

That's like his mother. When her music teacher urged her to develop her lovely contralto voice, this Harlem girl, then Eslanda Cardozo Goode, decided she'd rather specialize in science. To this end she majored in chemistry at Columbia University and became a surgical technician in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

It was while taking an extra year in medicine at Columbia that she met Paul Robeson who was attending Law School there after graduating, cum laude, from Rutgers.

After they were married, Paul decided against law as a profession for himself as he soon saw that he was limited in this field because of his race, so he turned to the stage where he felt the sky was the limit.

"Essie" Robeson took a course in the theater to help him. Then he became a famous singer over night. His wife took this in her stride,

Copyright, Christian Science Monitor
(April 21, 1944)

too, and promptly became his efficient manager.

"I have had such a wonderful life," she says happily as her expressive face lights with a sort of inner radiance. "We went to London in 1925 and there, for the first time, we could be unselfconscious about our race. We were welcome everywhere.

"We lived in many countries and then went to Russia where there is no racial problem at all. We loved Russia and put Paul, then nine, into the model Soviet School in Moscow.

"We would like to have stayed forever, but first of all we are Americans and Paul felt that his son should be brought up in his own country. So we returned to America in 1939."

While abroad, Mrs. Robeson studied anthropology at London University. She hopes to receive her degree this summer after a final year of study at the Hartford Theological Seminary.

Her cultured voice deepens, "I had been told that I, as a Negro, was inferior, and I wanted to know why. I found nothing in my many years' study of anthropology to support this theory."

Paul Robeson is proud of being a Negro and he wanted his son to see Africa. "I want him to have roots. To know and feel that he is a Negro."

Partly for this reason, and partly to do field work for a thesis for her

doctorate, Mrs. Robeson took Paul to Africa for four months.

While there, she kept a voluminous diary and took many pictures (she is a semi-professional photographer) which form the backlog of the book on Africa she is now rushing for a deadline. Her first book, *Paul Robeson, Negro*, was published both in London and New York.

What must have been the feeling of the wife of the greatest Negro Othello since the days of Aldridge, a century ago, when she heard roll after roll of applause on the New York opening night?

"Relief was my supreme feeling," acknowledges Mrs. Paul Robeson with seriousness in her face. "We had worked so hard up to that point, our immediate feeling could only be relief."

Today, Mrs. Robeson is an ardent lecturer and worker for the cause of her race. "The Negro problem is not so much of a problem as America believes.

"It can be handled through legislation," she assures her audiences, "then one can approach the subject, not from the viewpoint of the individual, but from the principle of the thing."

As she slipped into her Red Cross motor corps coat, Mrs. Robeson added in adieu, "There are 13,000,000 of us in America backing the attack. Arbitrary color separation is unimportant—we are all Americans."

they sure no place for colored around here."

Butterfield said sourly, "We'll just go to the U.S.O."

"Oh, man, that's rich," Brown said, and he and Jerdon laughed.

"They got a U.S.O. in this here town?" Jerdon asked the baggageman.

"Not for you they ain't," said the baggageman.

"Man, ain't that the truth," replied Jerdon.

Randolph said stubbornly, "We got to get something to eat."

The baggageman said, "You want to walk to Rivertown you get something. That the only place, though."

"Where's Rivertown?" Butterfield asked.

"Take the main road down past the mill. It's about three, four miles."

"Hell, man," said Jerdon, "I'm hungry now. I don't have to walk no four miles to get hungry."

"You stay hungry then," said the baggageman, and went off.

"Well, ain't this just dandy?" said Brown.

The men all looked at Corporal Randolph, who transferred the manila envelope from one hand to the other, his heavy face wearing an expression of indecision.

Butterfield said, "There's a lunchroom in the station. You go tell them they've got to feed us."

Randolph said angrily, "You

heard the man. You heard him say there's no place to eat."

"You're in charge of us," Butterfield said. "You've got to find us a place to eat."

"I can't find nothing that ain't there."

"You're just afraid to go talk to them," said Butterfield. "That's all that's the matter with you."

Brown said, "Corporal, you just let Mr. Butterfield handle this. He'll make them give us something to eat." He and Jerdon began to laugh.

"O. K.," said Butterfield. "I'll do it."

Brown and Jerdon looked at Randolph.

"My God," said Butterfield, "you even afraid to come with me while I ask them?"

"You're awful loud-talking—" Randolph began, angrily but defensively.

"You coming with me or not?" Butterfield asked.

"We're coming with you," Randolph said.

The four soldiers went into the colored section of the station and walked through it and into the passage that led to the main entrance. The lunchroom was right next to the white waiting room. The four men moved up to the door, bunching a little as though they were soldiers under fire for the first time.

Butterfield opened the screen door of the lunchroom and they

Brown said, "That what they are?"

"Sure," said Butterfield. "See what they've got on their backs? 'P.W.' That means 'prisoner of war.'"

The four soldiers moved forward. They stood on the fringe of the crowd, which was mostly white, looking at the Nazi prisoners with wide-eyed curiosity. There were twenty Germans standing in a compact group, acting rather exaggeratedly unconscious of the staring crowd.

A small mound of barracks/bags was in the centre of the group, and the eyes of the prisoners looked above and through the crowd in quick glances at the station, the train, the seedy town beyond. They were very reserved, very quiet, and their silence put a silence on the crowd.

One of the guards spoke to a prisoner in German and the prisoner gave an order to his fellows. They formed up in a rough double column and moved off.

Little boys in the crowd ran off after them and the knot of watchers broke up.

When the four soldiers were alone again, Brown said, "They don't look like much. They don't look no different."

"What did you think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked.

"I don't know," said Brown.

"Man, you just don't know noth-

ing," said Jerdon. "You're just plain ignorant."

"Well, what did you think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked Jerdon.

Jerdon shifted his feet and didn't look at Butterfield or answer him directly. "That Brown, he just don't know nothing," he repeated. He and Brown began to laugh; they were always dissolving in laughter at obscure jokes of their own.

A trainman got up on the steps of one of the coaches, moved his arm in a wide arc, the pant of the locomotive changed to a short puffing, and the train jerked forward.

The colored baggageman came trundling back in his empty truck and Corporal Randolph said to him, "There any place we can leave these bags?"

The baggageman halted, "You taking the one o'clock?"

"That's right."

"Dump them on the truck. I'll keep them for you."

Randolph said, "Any place we can eat around here?"

"No, they ain't."

"Where we have to go?"

"They ain't no place," the baggageman said, looking at them as though curious to see how they'd take it.

"Man," said Jerdon, "we're hungry. We got to eat."

"Maybe you get a handout some place," said the baggageman, "but

IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN

¶ South presents best opportunity for solving Negro problem

The Challenge Of The South

Written Expressly for Negro Digest

By James E. Shepard

IN ONE of Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales* the characters wished for an opportunity to live their lives over. They were sure that they, in the light of their experiences, could direct their destinies and master life's uncertainties to the end of having a better and happier life.

However, when it so happened that a magic elixir was concocted and drinking it they became young again, they found themselves doing the self-same things they had done as they trod the primrose path of youth the first time.

Many people during all ages have had the strange desire to live their lives over again. I have usually considered such persons to be those who have squandered

their opportunities, or who have made regrettable mistakes, or who have unfulfilled desires. The chances are that, like Hawthorne's characters, a second go at life would lead to the same place for them.

It is nevertheless true that today we live in an age full enough of wonders to make poets of us all, and in such an age it is better to be a youth of 10 or 20 than an old man of 80 or 90. For the youth of 10 or 20 standing, so to speak, upon the shoulders of the accumulated wisdom and experience of the older man will be able to see more and go farther.

If I were this youth, my wish would not be to live a different life from what I have lived in the sense of doing different things, but my wish would be to do more of the things I have tried to do in my God-given span of life and to do them better.

JAMES E. SHEPARD is president of the North Carolina College for Negroes in Durham, N. C., and one of the foremost educators of the South.

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I make this statement not in the sense of smug satisfaction with my life as lived, for every man sees, or thinks he sees, many mistakes that he could avoid by the previous experience of making them; but I make it because I have tried to live by certain fundamental principles of life which, if they may not be classed among the eternal verities, are still good guide posts for life's journey.

If I could live my life over, and the circumstance of place were mine to determine, I would elect to live in the South, and to be more specific, in North Carolina. It is in the South that the need, the challenge and the opportunity are still greatest for all of the things that I should want to do in a new life-time.

The South is where the largest number of my people live; the South is where the largest number of Negro and white people live in ignorance and poverty; the South is the focal point of the race problem; and in the South the sensible cultivation of good race relations will be productive of the greatest good in solving this problem.

I should prefer to live a new life in the South because the South is the land of tomorrow's promise. Observe, if you will, the increasing expenditures of public funds for the education of the Negro and white youth. Watch the steady growth of home ownership, of invested capital, of insurance and success-

ful businesses owned and controlled by the people of the South, Negro and white. Consider, too, the purposeful concern on the part of Southern leaders for the future of this section, and the plans that are being formulated to guarantee the progress of the South in the post-war world.

We are not unmindful, of course, of the fact that a few Southern politicians still make capital of the supposed threat of Negro domination, but therein lies the challenge of the times, or the "cross that raiseth me," to the high ground of striving to prove to white men and black men that the framework of American democracy is broad enough for all citizens to live within it and enjoy its blessings and protection.

As a young man again, I would certainly go to college to broaden my knowledge and understanding of things, of men, and of events. In addition to expecting college to provide me with a better understanding of my world, I would expect college to give me some of the skills and tools for more adequately doing my chosen work. I should wish, however, to avoid that kind of education in college that would make me vainglorious, or wise in my own conceit, or in plain words a "smart aleck." I should wish, too, to escape the kind of education that would insulate me from understanding the common people.



Condensed from New Yorker

By Robert McLaughlin

THEY CAME into Forrest Junction at eleven-thirty in the morning. Seen from the window of their coach, it wasn't much of a town.

The station was bigger than you would expect; it was of dirty brick and had a rolling, bungalow-type roof adorned with cupolas and a sort of desperate scrollwork.

Corporal Randolph, a big, sad Negro, said, "Here we is."

Private Brown, his pink-palmed hand closed over a comic book, looked out the window. "How long we here?" he asked.

"Until one o'clock," said Randolph, getting up. "Our train west is at one o'clock."

The two other privates—Butterfield and Jerdon—were taking down their barracks bags from the rack.

Their coach was up by the engine, and they descended to the platform into a cloud of released steam, with the sharp pant of the engine seemingly at their shoulders.

The three privates, with their

bags slung over their shoulders, stood watching the corporal. He was checking through the papers in a large manila envelope marked "War Department, Official Business." It contained their railway tickets and their orders to report to a camp in Arizona.

"Man," said Brown, "you better not lose anything. We don't want to stay in this place."

"This don't look like any town to me, either," said Jerdon.

Butterfield, slim, somewhat lighter in complexion, and a year or two older than the others, looked around him. "Hey," he said, "look what's up there."

The others turned. Down the platform they could see two white soldiers armed with carbines and what appeared to be a group of other white soldiers in fatigues. A crowd was forming around them.

"They're prisoners of war," said Butterfield. "You want to see some Germans, Brown? You say you're going to kill a lot of them; you want to see what they look like?"

Copyright, New Yorker
(June 17, 1944)

By Richard Burns

'Man' And Supermen. In Washington, Mississippi's Sen. Theodore "The Man" Bilbo was asked by a Negro reporter whether he thought Nazi soldiers superior to American colored soldiers. He replied: "The Nazis are white men, ain't they?"

Death Takes A Democrat. In Charleston, S. C., Mayor Henry W. Lockwood told his constituents that he'd rather die than see Negroes voting in the Democratic primary. A month later he died.

Be Sure With Pure. In Richmond, Va., a white baby was abandoned at a Negro family's doorstep. A white housewife wanted to adopt the baby — but first insisted on a blood test to determine whether the child had colored blood.

Barratry Or Bias? In Colorado Springs, a Japanese-American protested discrimination against two Negroes at a local movie, was arrested, charged with "barratry" (inciting quarrels), and fined \$50.

Color Card. In Washington, a light-skinned girl still carries a card given her by a Southern town police chief certifying she is colored. Her husband is dark and she must show the card to whites when they try to start trouble over "social equality."

Price of Prejudice. In Providence, R. I., Negro members of the AFL Boilermakers' union must pay twice as much for insurance as white members.

Naughty, Naughty. Somewhere in the South, Negro members of the First Caribbean Regiment of mixed soldiers from the West Indies were warned never to attempt any friendship with a white woman, whether she was willing or not.

White House Shadow. In Washington, a Negro soldier who lost a leg in Italy was refused service of a cup of coffee in a Thompson's restaurant two blocks from the White House.

Kitchen Cleanser. In Washington, a white woman was fired as kitchen supervisor of the elite Hotel Statler because she ate with some of the colored help.

Invitation to Insult. In Chicago, William L. Hutcheson, Carpenters Union president, aspired for the vice-presidential nomination at the GOP convention. At a press conference, he was asked how he would handle the racial problem. He replied: "The same way as we always have in our union." Queried on how the union treated Negroes, he answered: "Why, we just say, 'Nigger come in.'"

A Negro college would doubtless give me a better perspective for the work that I should want to do, for in spite of the many hardships and struggles that I have experienced in my efforts to establish a worthwhile educational institution for Negroes, I am sure that I would undertake the same task again. For to me it appears that nowhere in the history of the world has the transforming effect of education upon the life of a people had a greater test of its power or been more clearly demonstrated than in the case of the American Negro.

When I was a boy the advice given to young men was to join the church, get a job, get married, and join the Masons. I think that advice is still good today, and I would be inclined to follow it again. In addition, I would add my membership to those organizations that strive within the principles of democracy to bring about an improvement in the condition of mankind in general, and of the Negro in particular.

To give my thoughts concerning the future of the Negro in business and politics, I must leave the pleasant speculation of living my life over and return to my present state of maturity and experience, for I believe that prophecy is safest when based upon history. The history of the Negroes' advancement since slavery gives us every reason to believe that Negro business will grow commensurately with his constant development in education, wealth and racial pride.

The Negro will eventually cease to be politics but will get into politics on an intelligent, independent and honest basis, in the sense that he will have and exercise the privilege of casting his ballot according to the dictates of his political understanding; and without special restrictions because he is a Negro. I believe the groundless fears that prevent this in the South will soon be removed.

I would always keep before me as inspiration the thought that "over the roughest spot on earth there is a patch of heaven's blue."

He Made The Grade

DURING THE RUSH for gasoline ration coupons in a Chicago high school, a Negro teacher registering applicants recognized one as a former student of hers. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Well, Sam," she said, "to think that after all these years I'm finally able to give you an A!"

Caroline Stamps

Hate mongers, who spread ideas and patterns which provoke disunity should be treated with as much seriousness as those with communicable diseases.

*Elsie Austin
President, Delta Sigma Theta*

We cannot defeat inhuman ideas underlying the Axis until we accord proper treatment to the 30 million of our citizens in our country who are our so-called minorities.

*Malcolm Ross
Chairman, FEPC*

Any form of racism, any form of deep disunity within any one of the great nations, means a weakening of the battle against Fascism. The racial issue in any corner of the U. S. is part and parcel of the major fight against Fascism.

Lisa Sergio, radio commentator

Labor unions are doing more than any Protestant church in America to abolish racial discrimination.

Dr. Ernest F. Tittle

We cannot hate people of other religions, races, languages or nations without expressing contempt for God.

Vice-President Henry Wallace

Racial and religious intolerance in the United States is a malignant disease. If we continue in this practice, we are surely contributing to the downfall of our freedom, to the end of democracy, and to the creation of a tyrannical dictatorship.

Pinckneyville, Ill., Democrat

Segregation is not merely a Southern tradition. Segregation is an ancient, psychological mechanism used by men the world over, whenever they want to shut themselves away from problems which they fear and do not feel they have the strength to solve.

Lillian Smith

It's like scraping your fingernail on a blackboard to talk too much about economic justice for the Negro. But it's another one of those domestic problems we keep deferring, just as one postpones a trip to the dentist, and our very unwillingness to discuss it freely is a substantive part of the indictment against us.

Edwin A. Labey

To say to a Negro that no matter what his competence, and no matter what his personal worth, he is not to be permitted to have a part in the processes of citizenship seems to me a cruel and a shameful thing.

*Mrs. Dorothy Q. Rainey,
Georgia Democratic Leader*

We cannot have a first-class democracy with second class citizens.

D. R. Sharpe

After the war the Negro must again face the stark reality that in many sections of America "the four freedoms" were never meant for him.

Benjamin E. Mays

Chano composed three years ago for the annual "Cumparsa" street carnival, the Cuban Mardi Gras.

Muna Sanganfimba has a weird but catchy melody, plus a comedy patter and a wham trick finale.

Every now and then the Vedado longhairs try to suppress Afro music on the grounds that it does not represent the best in Cuban tastes, but it always bobs up again in the jam-packed bistros of Marianao, where the best citizens stay up all night to enjoy it. It's as much a part of the Cuban scene as rum and sugar.

This new vogue is so pronounced that the Cuban Tourist Commission is already huddling over plans to finance an Afro-Cuban revue on Broadway next winter, figuring it will build up more postwar tourist interest than the usual budget devoted to posters.

In World War I at Aix-les-Bains, the late Jim Europe, the real originator of jazz, predicted that, because of its pure melody and hot rhythm, Afro-Cuban music would some day spread throughout the world.

Copyright, Variety, July 5, 1944

Teachers Triumph

Condensed from Newsweek

FOR THE FIRST TIME, a Southern state has agreed to pay Negro teachers the same as whites.

Prompted by Gov. J. M. Broughton's personal intercession, the North Carolina State Board of Education approved plans to eliminate salary differentials. (Example: Class-A white teachers get \$96 a month, Negroes \$92.)

Thus North Carolina more than made good on its 1943 pledge to equalize teachers' pay in three years. Thanks to a school-budget surplus, the board decided to take on the \$201,000 extra cost in one lump.

Actually, North Carolina's differentials have been smaller than those elsewhere (Southern average three years ago: 50 per cent). And although other states are moving toward pay equalization, North Carolina has the advantage of a school board that foots all school bills.

Elsewhere state-board allotments are supplemented by county and city funds, hence local action is required for equal pay. Among cities planning such moves are Houston, Texas, Knoxville, Tenn., and Norfolk and Richmond, Va.

Copyright, Newsweek, July 3, 1944

dolls, and would like to keep them for longer periods.

If a girl's name appears on the Honor Roll, she may borrow any doll she chooses, and keep it for six weeks. Every two weeks she brings the doll back to the Toyery for inspection. At the end of the six-week probationary period, if the record shows that the child has given the doll good care, the Toyery issues an "adoption paper" indicating that the doll belongs to her permanently.

Since its establishment two years ago, the Toyery has registered more than 700 children, and has lent fully a thousand toys. At Christmas time each year, and on birthdays, each child receives a toy of his own as a gift.

Copyright, Toys and Novelties, June, 1944

Southern Sanctuary

Condensed from Pittsburgh Courier

By Joseph D. Bibb

quiet and relaxation. Those who return from the "Halls of Montezuma" report that they are treated "like human beings" in the gateway to Latin America.

Talk about Mexico has become the consuming obsession of colored visitors and with voices welling with enthusiasm and excitement, they narrate how the color line fades away when they cross the border at Eldorado and set feet on the soil of the Aztecs, Madero, Villa and President Cardenas.

"We stopped at the finest hotels, dined at the most fabulous and exclusive restaurants, lingered at the fashionable resorts and unflinchingly returned the frozen stares and piercing gazes of white Texans," say some of the American colored people on their return to the States.

Copyright, Pittsburgh Courier, June 24, 1944

Watch For Afro

Condensed from Variety

By Edward Perkins

ing the republic via radio, night clubs and records, and will soon have potent effect in the United States, Mexico and throughout Latin America. It's a postwar natural.

It all stems from *Muna Sanganfimba*, an Afro rumba which

▶▶ **THOSE OF DARK SKIN** in the United States, with sufficient wealth and means, have been quietly stealing away to Mexico for short spells of peace,

▶▶ **CHANO POZO**, Cuba's ace Negro composer-musician-singer-dancer, has created an amazing new trend of original Afro-Cuban music that is sweep-

¶ **Ol' Satchmo at 38 still**
biggest diamond attraction

Baseball's Biggest Drawing Card

Condensed from PM

By Joe Cummiskey

WHO IS the biggest drawing card in baseball? Joe DiMaggio? Teddy Williams? Bobby Feller? Could be. But I doubt it.

I'd say offhand, and from the record, it's a big gangly guy known as "Big Boy"—Old Leroy (Satch) Paige. And he's also—and has been for years—baseball's top paid star.

Ol' Satchmo—179, 6 feet 3, size 14 brogans—is with the Kansas City Monarchs, and he's just past his 38th birthday.

Fellows like Leo Durocher and Dizzy Dean who have seen Satch work will scoff at the age of 38 and swear he's better than 45 but that draft board card kinda convinced me.

How many games have you pitched, Satch?

"Hard tellin'. Better'n 2000 I guess. I got five scrapbooks filled with pictures and more than 2000 little items. It takes time to clip all those. Last season on a trip from Kansas City to Boston I threw at

least one inning for 29 straight nights, rain and thunder."

Pitching over the recent 10 years, has averaged him about \$40,000 a season—a season starting down in the tropics country and probably ending before 47,000 at Comiskey Park in Chicago in the East-West Negro game.

Satchel has invested his earnings, operates a big apartment building in Kaycee, raises flocks of hens and hobbies in antiques and photography.

His money arm? Well, in the major leagues—if they had a work-horse anything like the Satch—he'd probably be kept under glass and coddled. Not Satch.

He does have a personal trainer named Frank Lloyd who has been with the Monarchs for 20 years, the last six of them exclusively as Satch's rubber. No fancy stuff on the Satch's soupbone. Just large applications of plain olive oil.

Ever seen Satch pitch? Well, sir, he really puts on a show. Who ever heard of a pitcher deliberately loading the bases to lend a little

Copyright, PM
(July 2, 1944)

drama to a strikeout? He did it in Pittsburgh last season.

"There were two away and I was getting ready to leave the game. I go four, five, maybe six innings now. Josh Gibson, the Homestead Grays homer hitter (the Babe Ruth of Negro baseball) was slated to hit, providing three men came up ahead of him.

"Josh's Dad had bet me \$5 I couldn't strike Josh out. I walked those three guys and by golly, I got that Josh on three straight pitches. Josh is a great hitter, but I got his number.

Paige likes to boast about the season he played in Puerto Rico, winning his 23 straight and hitting .401. When he lost his 24th game by 3-2, the fans wouldn't speak to him.

"They said I musta been out drinkin' the night before."

Paige is as unusual as he is great. Before all his games he takes part in the pepper drill and often works out at third base during infield practice. He wears two pair of heavy stockings because his legs are so pipe-stemmy.

The other night at Griffith Stadium in Washington, he set a new

night record when 26,000 fans turned out. He has drawn 50,000 to Briggs Stadium in Detroit and has gone over 40,000 several times in Chicago. Likewise in New York.

Paige was sick the night the record was set in Washington. His mates said he'd better see a doctor and that he probably couldn't play. Satch would have none of that.

"See all those people?" He said, pointing. "They're here to see Satch pitch and Satch will pitch." He did too, for five innings.

Clark Griffith, looking at the turnout in his ball park said:

"Amazing. I don't know what to make of it."

Satch does though. He makes a lot of money and is satisfied with his lot. He would like to see the Negro players get a chance at the major leagues, but for Satch, he says:

"What club in the majors could pay me the kind of money I earn pitching this way?"

What club indeed, Satchmo!

Paige thinks he has four or five more pitching years left. Could be. He's truly an athletic phenomena of our time—and our Dads before us.

Diplomatic Dilemma

A SOUTHERN WHITE asked an Englishman how he liked Americans in Britain. The Britisher replied that he found them courteous, well-behaved, friendly and generally desirable, "but," he concluded, "those white Americans they brought with them are impossible."

Charley Cherokee, Chicago Defender

believable. I've been around fighters for a long, long time. I've looked over hundreds of experienced boxers and hundreds of youngsters; but never have I seen any human being who approached this kid Nuttall in God-given natural ability. He's positively uncanny."

Did Armstrong say that this young Nuttall was a white boy? a reporter asked.

Yes, indeed, Hammering Henry emphasized. And for that reason Armstrong is convinced that he will become the first Negro manager ever to guide a white fighter to a title—"perhaps three titles—featherweight, lightweight and welterweight."

The youngster's father, Morris A. Nuttall—a Brigham baker and former professional middleweight scrapper—asked Armstrong to become manager of his boy after refusing an offer of \$10,000 to tie up with another manager. The elder Nuttall figured Henry was the pilot he wanted for his son because of Armstrong's reputation for square dealing and because he had been triple champion.

Copyright, United Press, June 14, 1944

Harlem Toyery

Condensed from Toys and Novelties

By Leopold Lippman

►► THE HARLEM TOYERY is a toy loan center, set up much like a library, where children from 2 to 12 years of age can borrow toys without charge. It

is a completely non-commercial project, created by the Juvenile Welfare Council, to help meet the needs of the children of Harlem.

Children often gasp in amazement the first time they visit the Toyery, and many of them browse delightedly for hours among the varied toys.

Any child who lives in the immediate neighborhood can apply for a loan card, which entitles him to select a toy and take it home for a week. At the end of the week, the toy must be brought back, but if it is in good condition, it may be renewed or exchanged for another.

Children who consistently take good care of the toys can earn the title of "Honor Borrower," a privilege which entitles them to choose the most desirable toys in the Toyery.

Some children become closely attached to the toys they have borrowed. Girls, particularly, develop a genuine affection for

A Black Among Reds

▶▶ THE 11-YEAR-OLD SON of an American Negro father and a white Russian mother, has recently been accepted as a cadet in a branch of the Suvorov,

Condensed from Chicago Defender

famous Soviet Union military school.

He is Jimmie Patterson, whose father, Lloyd Patterson, died of a spinal ailment in Moscow more than a year ago.

The elder Patterson, who was born in South Carolina, had been living in Harlem.

Patterson had been trained as a painter, but had never had a chance to use his skill. In Russia he was commissioned to decorate the walls of the noted Hotel Metropole in Moscow.

Both Lloyd and Jimmie appeared in Soviet movies, the father in "Tom Sawyer" and other films with American themes. Jimmie, as himself, played in a picture called "Circus," the story of an American woman who found freedom for herself and her child in the Soviet Union. The boy became famous throughout the USSR for that role.

As a student at the Suvorov, Jimmie will be trained as a commander in the Red Army.

Copyright, Chicago Defender, July 1, 1944

Hank's 'White Hope'

▶▶ BROWN-SKINNED Henry Armstrong, the poetical pugilist, dreams of the wonderful world of tomorrow in which he will be building his young

Condensed from United Press

white "miracle fighter"—Keith Nuttall—to ring championships and fabulous wealth, assisted by television.

Armstrong, former triple champion, is enthused about young Nuttall: "I want to fight as long as I can store up a war chest with which to back young Nuttall, the most amazing youngster I ever saw."

"This Nuttall kid is only 13—or maybe 14—now. He lives in Brigham, Utah. He weighs only about 90 pounds. He's still an amateur. But what he can do with his fists is absolutely un-

Color Line In The News

By Marshall Field

THE DISCRIMINATIONS and indignities to which Negro soldiers and sailors have been subjected not only rankle deeply in the hearts of all Negro Americans, but are a source of shame and concern to many white Americans.

I do not know, frankly, whether we should castigate the army more or civilian Americans more. Negro soldiers have found they could get only limited transportation from camp to town; when they got there could find only limited recreation, housing and entertainment facilities. If they got into difficulties—as who might not under those circumstances—Negro soldiers have too often found that wearing a uniform was no protection against police brutality.

These things cannot be corrected by civilian or military authorities alone. Joint action is required, but it will not come until these facts are made known to white

Americans as well as Negro Americans.

Americans generally don't know these things. Why not?

The American people's knowledge about the contributions all Americans are making toward the war effort comes from news sources—the press, radio, and newsreels and from films, books and magazines. The Negro as a soldier and a war worker seldom appears in these channels.

Many white Americans have no idea even of the number of Negroes in the armed forces, let alone what their role has been. The bulk of news stories in the daily press about Negroes is not connected with the war. Even now Negro crime stories are more frequent than Negro soldier stories.

There are exceptions to this newspaper treatment. I wonder how many noticed the episode from "Terry and the Pirates" in which Terry was flying from China to India. On the way he passed by the point at which Negro combat engineers are building the Ledo road and fighting off Japanese patrols. Milton Caniff's drawing showed

MARSHALL FIELD is editor and publisher of the Chicago Sun and publisher of the newspaper PM. He also owns the syndicated Sunday magazine Parade and several radio stations.

the Negro engineers. There was no comment, and no tag-line, but it was plain to everyone that these were Negro troops. This is the sort of thing that is needed to break down the Negro stereotype.

A number of nationally circulated magazines have carried stories about Negroes recently, some with pictures. But none has attempted an over-all assessment of Negro contributions to the war; and few have dealt with Negroes as war workers.

After the 99th fighter group brought down 12 Focke-Wulfs in one day the newsreels carried the story. Up to this time there had been no combat or serious soldier shots in the newsreels since the beginning of the war.

On the radio, with the exception of a few special feature programs and the current "New World A'Comin'," most Negro programs have been religious or musical features with little or no news comment.

This being the case, there is little wonder that the National Opinion Research Center at Denver recently found in a nation-wide poll that most white people held the view that Negroes were not contributing much to the war effort.

So much lack of information leads beyond ignorance to hostility. From "do not contribute" it is only a step to "cannot contribute," and from there it is only a step to "should not contribute." It is not

guess work that these opinions are held by many white people. The same poll showed it.

Negro news is segregated just as much as any other aspect of Negro life.

The segregation of Negro news lends weight to Gunnar Myrdal's judgment that "to get publicity is of the highest strategic importance to the Negro people." We all know that the race problem is a problem of the mind. Publicity and information alone will not lead us to a solution of the American dilemma, but they are the necessary first steps to a solution.

Prejudice feeds on misinformation. The protective veil of ignorance is abetted by the segregation of Negro news.

Only an informed and aroused public opinion which sees the danger to our democracy in the waste of manpower and the bitterness which accompanies discrimination can begin to approach a solution.

In this the Negro press and correspondents play a part, but not the whole part.

To my mind the greatest of all Negro editors was Frederick Douglass. This man, who was born a slave and was taught to read and write secretly by the wife of one of his owners, was one of the leaders in arousing public sentiment against American slavery not only in this country but in the British

result of residential segregation in northern cities, such as New York and Chicago. When Negroes migrated from the South to northern cities by the hundreds of thousands during and after the First World War, they were segregated in the least desirable sections and prevented from moving in many instances because of real estate covenants and other restrictive measures.

The fact that they lived together in "black belts," however, made them easily accessible as a group to politicians, who usually appealed to them for their votes on racial lines. Thus Negroes were taught to think of their votes as a quid pro quo, and

that is how many of them use them today.

Actually, however, Negroes have no real status in either major party nationally, although during the campaigns both parties employ a few would-be Negro leaders to electioneer among the colored voters for their support at the polls.

Many Negroes are well aware of this fact; and so the party that nails a real plank into its platform concerning the Negro this year, and then enlists the co-operation of first-class colored citizens to work as equals with other party leaders to put over its candidate, will go a long way toward winning the Negro vote.

War Woes From FIT to HCL

A SOUTHERN NEGRO just off a farm went to work in a large war plant and was surprised when he got his first pay envelope to find a deduction with the notation "FIT." Returning to the paymaster, he asked for an explanation. "I don't remember having a fit," he said.

"Oh, yes," said the paymaster. "Everybody has fits every pay day. FIT is for Federal Income Tax."

Jack Pope

A NEGRO FAMILY MAN who had a good-paying job in a war plant kept borrowing money from his friends. Finally one of them asked him what he did with all his money.

"Oh, about 40 per cent for food, 30 per cent for rent, 30 per cent for clothes, and 20 per cent for amusement and incidentals."

"But that adds up to 120 per cent."

The other sighed. "And don't I know it."

William Church

gets going along about September," they say.

Furthermore, in Governor Dewey the Negro voters have a Republican candidate at whom they will certainly level devastating broadsides. For they hold three specific things against Dewey: first, his failure to back a state fair-employment-practice bill last winter—a measure which had been introduced by a Republican state senator and would have passed if the Governor had supported it; second, what they consider his double-talk about the anti-poll-tax bill (he said he was in favor of it, but refused to ask any Republican senator to vote for cloture); and third, his refusal to favor the Green-Lucas soldier-vote bill, which they supported solidly.

There are other factors, too, which will probably produce Democratic votes. In Harlem the congressional candidacy of the Rev. Adam C. Powell on the Democratic ticket—with solid Communist support—will have its effect, for although the Rev. Mr. Powell is a preacher-demagogue he is popular with the Harlem masses.

If the CIO Political Action Committee prosecutes a doorbell-ringing campaign in the colored sections of the large cities, it will win thousands of valuable votes for Roosevelt, and the influence of pro-Roosevelt unions on their Negro members will probably be strong.

Finally, the Negro population still admire Mrs. Roosevelt fervently for having the courage to stand up and fight their battles for them, and they will remember this when they go to the polling booths next November.

Though these factors will certainly cause many Negroes to vote for President Roosevelt if he runs again, and may, in fact, swing a majority of them back into the Democratic column, it is now equally true that the reasons why they have supported Republican candidates since 1940 will cause them to support them this year. As matters stand now, the Democrats have more worrying to do about recapturing the colored vote than the Republicans have about keeping it.

Moreover, the colored voters cannot be wooed any more by either party through payoffs to a few Negroes near election day or even during the heat of the campaign. It certainly will not help the Administration to appoint some Negro to high office between now and November 6th, for this would be interpreted as a purely vote-seeking gesture and be discounted.

If by chance a serious race riot were to break out this summer, or if there were grave trouble in an Army camp involving Negro soldiers, the movement toward the Republican column would become much more pronounced.

The so-called Negro vote is the

Isles. At the same time he was a Negro leader of great judgement and clarity of thought who understood fully the need for a national solution of the race problem of his time. Against a good deal of opposition he spoke out strongly for an avoidance of sectionalism on the slavery issue.

When Garrison wanted to take a stand against dealing with slaveholders—a solution which would have amounted to promoting northern secession—Douglass spoke out against him. Without ever ceasing to protest by word and deed, Douglass counseled against the John Brown uprising. And Douglass never lost sight of the final objective—full participation by men of all races in local and national life.

He was the first editor to suggest the use of Negro troops in combat during the Civil War, and he urged it not only to whites but to Negroes. He wrote: "Men of color, to arms! . . . Slowly and reluctantly that appeal is beginning to be heeded. Stop not now to complain that it was not heeded sooner. That it should not, may or may not have been best. This is not the time to discuss that question. Leave it to the future. When the war is over, the country saved, peace established and the black man's rights secured, as they will be, history with an impartial hand will dispose of that and sundry questions."

And again he says: "There are weak and cowardly men in all na-

tions. We have them amongst us. They tell you this is the 'white man's war'; 'that you will be no better off after than before this war'; 'that the getting of you into the army is to sacrifice you on the first opportunity.' Believe them not; cowards themselves, they do not wish to have their cowardice shamed by your brave example. Leave them to their timidity, or to whatever motive may hold them back. . . .

"The case is before you. This is our golden opportunity. Let us accept it and forever wipe out the dark reproaches unsparingly hurled against us by our enemies. Let us win for ourselves the gratitude of our country and the blessing of our posterity through all time."

The time and circumstances of Douglass' appeal do not limit its significance to slavery days or to men of any particular race. In Douglass' time this country was engaged in a war over a national versus a sectional solution of a vital social problem. One part of that vital problem involved the freedom of an important part of America's people.

Today, we are engaged in a war in which the freedom of all men is at stake—men of all races and all nations. Negroes have a natural and legitimate interest in the fate of oppressed peoples everywhere—the people of occupied Europe and Asia are under the yoke of the Nazi and Japanese militarists with their

theories of racial and national supremacy.

In this situation it seems to me the Negro press and writers might examine more closely the principles which guided Frederick Douglass. The Negro press has rightly been concerned with the Negro's stake in democracy at home and in Negroes' right to participate fully in the struggle to preserve it. But Negroes share with all Americans a stake in the problem of worldwide democratic order.

If the Negro press is to lead opinion, its columns should not stop short at urging Negro participation in America's war job; or in discussing the fate of the peoples of the Caribbean, of India and the Colonial problems of Africa and the East Indies. Wherever the struggle for freedom goes on—the struggle for political and economic rights and opportunities, whether at home or abroad, black or white, on the farm or in the factory—that struggle should have news value for the readers of the Negro press.

In short, the Negro press has all the rights of a minority, protest press. But it has the responsibilities that go with those rights. In the narrowest sense those responsibilities require that the Negro press should follow the ordinary canons of good journalism—to tell the whole story accurately. In the widest sense those responsibilities require that the Negro press should inform its reading public about the issues of democracy abroad as well as at home.

The masses of people everywhere are engaged in a struggle to broaden the base of economic opportunity and political rights and to secure the fundamental freedoms of free speech and worship. This is the true meaning of democracy. The fight to win it abroad cannot be separated from the fight to win it at home. Let the white press tell its readers more about the fight at home; let the Negro press tell its readers more about the fight to win it abroad.



Color Bar On The Bar

TWO-THIRDS of the 1,200 colored lawyers in the U. S. reside outside of the South as against 23 per cent of the colored population which lives outside of the South.

In Mississippi alone in 1930, there were only six colored lawyers as against 1,200 white lawyers, who neither understand nor care about the justice of black Americans.

President Mordecai Johnson of Howard University

migrating to that city in order to prevent more racial trouble. They felt that the President himself should have made a radio address to the nation condemning race riots and assuring the general public that the government was taking resolute steps to prevent them. When he failed to do this, many colored leaders predicted that he would pay for it at the polls if he ran again.

3. *The failure of the government to enforce the President's executive order prohibiting discrimination in war industries and government departments.* Though the President set up the Fair Employment Practice Committee to see that his order was carried out, it had no power, and Negro opinion regards its performance as having been little better than a farce. When, for instance, the FEPC found that Southern railroads were discriminating against Negroes in the employment of firemen, and ordered them to hire Negroes, the railroads refused to do so, the problem was dumped in the President's lap, he appointed another committee to "investigate" the situation, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

4. *The numerous attacks on the colored population by Southern orators in Congress, and the new campaign for "white supremacy" in the South.* Since the authors of these attacks have been Democrats, there has been an inevitably adverse effect upon the Democratic loyalties of Negro voters—an effect summed

up in the recent statement of Earl B. Dickerson, a Negro leader in Chicago and former member of the FEPC: "Though I have long been a Democrat, I cannot go along with the party and maintain my self-respect. . . . I am now convinced that the Negro can never get anywhere in the Democratic Party as long as it is dominated by Southerners."

In addition to these four chief reasons for the swing toward the Republican side, there is of course another. Negroes seldom vote along racial lines unless the records of candidates compel them to. Like other citizens they vote as they do for a variety of reasons; and their shift since 1940 has not simply been due to their reactions on racial issues but has also been a part of the general nationwide drift toward the G.O.P.

All this is not to say that the vote is in the bag for the G.O.P. Many Negroes will undoubtedly vote the Democratic ticket again this year—if Mr. Roosevelt runs again. (If he does not, the Democrats may just as well say good-bye to the colored vote.)

Some Negro leaders who have been among the severest critics of his Administration are ready to back him again because of what he has done in their behalf in the past, and argue that when he begins to campaign he will certainly woo colored voters back into his fold by the thousands. "Just wait till he

ber, 1943, by contrast, the Republican candidate for governor, Simeon E. Willis, declared after the election—which he won by the narrow margin of less than 5,000 votes—that he owed his victory to the Negro voters; and Mrs. Willis said that as far as she could figure every Negro in Kentucky who had ever voted the Republican ticket did so on that occasion.

In a special election held last March in the Second Congressional District of Pennsylvania, which is located in the colored section of Philadelphia, a Republican won for the first time since the New Deal; 58 per cent of the colored voters voted for him, though they had previously gone Democratic by as much as three to one.

In Baltimore last year, Negroes gave a majority of their votes to Theodore J. McKeldin, Republican candidate for mayor, and aided measurably in his election.

In the meantime a majority of the colored voters in New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, West Virginia, and other states have either registered as Republicans or supported Republican candidates in the past year or two. In Cleveland more than 80 per cent of the Negro voters are said to be registered in the Republican column.

Nor is that all. Though the colored vote is important in at least seventeen Northern states, its greatest significance lies in the fact that it constitutes a balance of power in eight big ones. These

states are New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Indiana, Missouri, and Michigan. They have a total of 202 electoral votes—and it takes only 266 to win. No man has ever been elected President without carrying at least some of them, particularly the first four. And these states have more colored voters than any others. That is why the current shift may be of pivotal importance.

What is behind the shift? The following are the chief reasons:

1. *The outraged feeling of many colored citizens over the way Negroes are treated in the Army.* Accustomed to hearing the President champion the rights of the underprivileged during the depression, colored people have expected him, as Commander in Chief, to do something about the numerous cases of intimidation, discrimination, and segregation which have been reported both in letters written home by Negro soldiers from Southern camps and in stories played up in the Negro press. These reports have probably done more than anything else to dampen the ardor of the colored folk for President Roosevelt.

2. *The scars left by the race riots last summer, and the fear that more riots may break out this year or later.* Many Negroes felt that the President let them down last summer. They deeply resented Attorney General Biddle's recommendation, after the Detroit riot, that Southern Negroes be stopped from

MY MOST HUMILIATING JIM CROW EXPERIENCE

Written for Negro Digest

By Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.

ON NOVEMBER 23, 1942, I was in the nation's capital . . . that bulwark of democracy and demagoguery, of the free white and the fettered black. With me were my fellow warriors and constant companions, Ben Richardson and Joe Ford. Others, including clergymen and laymen, made up the little party of citizens who had journeyed to our national seat in the interest of good government.

We had come to share the fight for the abolition of the virulent poll tax. I was an expected guest in Washington. The police expected me. They had received notice of my coming. They met my train and undertook to escort me to the Senate building, but I demurred, choosing instead the company of people like myself—representatives of democratic America. Together we walked in the drenching rain to the building within

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whose walls southern fascists and their northern ilk were then aborting all that America stood for.

Because of my fair complexion there was some uncertainty among the guards as to just which man was "that damn n . . . r Powell." The doubt was soon cleared up—I was plainly pointed out.

"That's him—the yaller one. Watch him, he's a trouble maker." A semi-illiterate guard said these things loudly enough for all to hear. All of us did—and understood. That's why we were there.

Every possible means of keeping me out of the Senate gallery was devised by the armed Senate police force. Long needless delays were deliberately created to prevent my hearing the vote on cloture. These ruses worked but for a moment. I knew my way around. I saw an honest Senator and gained admittance.

Before entering the gallery I was duly searched by a guard who had the crass stupidity to say, "Got any lick or a razor on you, boy?" My sudden display of contempt, disgust, and no little anger caused him to hasten on to search those who followed me.

Once inside the gallery I found hundreds of seats vacant and knew the guard had lied when he said there was no more room inside. But he was right in a sense. There is little or no room for justice-demanding white people in the na-

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tion's capital—and absolutely none at all for outraged Negroes. But we were there to make room—for both.

I noticed as I took my seat that a uniformed guard came and stood alongside me. He stayed there as long as I was in the gallery. When the infamous deed was done, when the poll taxers won for the moment and democracy lay raped before the world, I moved toward the door leading from the gallery. The officer moved with me. I walked down the steps, and he remained at my side. When I came to the main corridor I paused to talk with my friends—to plan our next move. We were not defeated, merely set back. We all knew we would eventually win—right always does. As I stood there talking the officer approached me and snarled, "Move on you—keep goin'".

I asked if I was obstructing the passageway. He assured me I was. The group obliged and we moved.

This did not satisfy the guard. He came over to me and said loudly, "I told you to move on, now keep movin'". I told him I had a perfect right to be in the building.

The guard said no more, but instead made a convulsive lunge at me, yanked his holster around, unlatched its flap, jerked his pistol half out of it and barked, "I said git out of here—now git!"

I looked at the guard with the pistol. He was wizened and ill fed. He looked hungry and brittle. I

knew his gun alone gave him what little security he could muster up in the face of my six feet four inches of height and over 190 pounds of weight. I wasn't afraid. It was a crisis, but those of us who want to live to fight on at times have to let reason supercede wrath.

I walked firmly from the building. My footsteps were hard and noisy—noisy like the exultant clamor of the oppressed on their day of victory. My face was flushed. My eyes glowed with the light of a man seeing visions, visions of a day when I would return to fight, change or unseat these, the mighty—when I would be sent by believing people to challenge these who prostitute our government. In this hour when I had come to the headwaters of my nation to help stem the tide of garrulous self-defilement, I had been driven from her halls of law. In this hour when it seemed that my humiliation was unmatched—I was unashamed because as I walked away I turned to look back on the gold domed symbol of a nation a black man, Crispus Attucks, had died to make possible—to scan a city a black man, Benjamin Banneker, had helped to lay out—and thought on the national security and integrity black men even then were dying to preserve.

I looked back and pitied my country because as I looked I saw America hang her head in shame.

¶ Negro vote seen shifting
to GOP—but New Deal still strong

'Ifs' And 'Buts' Of '44

Condensed from Harpers

By Earl Brown

THE NEGRO vote—about two million strong—is shifting back into the Republican column.

The shift began soon after the presidential election of 1940 and it hasn't stopped yet.

In 1942, Negroes gave a majority of their votes to Republican candidates for congressional and state offices almost everywhere north of the Mason-Dixon line. It was the first time since 1932 that they had done so, for in 1936 and 1940 they had abandoned their traditional Republicanism to swing heavily behind President Roosevelt.

Now they are swinging away from the Democratic Party; and the change is important not only in itself but because, if it continues, it may prove a deciding factor next fall in case the presidential race is otherwise close.

The recent shift in some localities has been very revealing. Take Harlem, for instance—one of the

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few Negro communities in the country that was Democratic before the New Deal. In the 1938 election Governor Herbert H. Lehman, Democrat, carried Harlem by four to one against Thomas E. Dewey. In that election Lehman carried the state of New York as a whole by only 64,000 votes; if Harlem had gone against him he would have been defeated.

In 1942 Harlem swung the other way, contributing to Dewey's election. And in a special election held last February in the Twenty-first Congressional District of New York, a large part of which is in Harlem, the colored people again went Republican—a fact which is said to have caused President Roosevelt deep concern.

Or take the state of Kentucky. There are more than a hundred thousand Negro voters in Kentucky, and they hold the balance of power in Louisville, where state elections are often decided.

In 1936 and 1940 the colored voters in the state went Democratic by about two to one. In Novem-

Copyright, Harpers
(July, 1944)

bring about fair play for the Negro. But in the main the above statement is correct.

Usually a Negro makes the first page of a newspaper only if he commits a heinous crime. It is true that a handful of Southern newspapers have of late years found that they can increase their circulations by devoting some space to happenings among the colored people. But for generations the press has followed the color line religiously and ignored or misrepresented happenings among the Negroes.

The colored people say with reason that many injustices and many terrible events are suppressed or ignored because of the dependence of the Associated Press upon its Southern members for its news.

A terrible example of misrepresentation was an Associated Press report dealing with the murder by white men of some Florida Negroes whose sole crime was that they tried to vote. It utterly failed to tell its readers that American men, women, and children were burned alive by the white mob in this election.

Had the situation been reversed, had a number of Negroes thrown white women and children on the pyre, the story would have reached the front pages of every newspaper served by the Associated Press.

One more case must be cited in this connection. During the first World War the Associated Press was the medium of wholesale lying and crass misrepresentation in re-

porting a race conflict in Phillips County, Arkansas. This it portrayed to the American people—in wartime—as a "Negro rebellion," "of more than a local nature, possibly planned for the entire South."

Now, the truth was that a group of white landlords deliberately attacked a meeting of colored tenant farmers held, under the guidance of a white attorney, to formulate the innocent demand that they receive written settlements of their accounts from the white landlords who were systematically plundering them by refusing ever to render a written statement of their business relations.

This is as far from a Negro rebellion as anything could possibly be. Yet that reflection upon the patriotism and loyalty of the colored people, which have never been exceeded by those of the white people, was spread all over the United States.

Fortunately the facts were later established in the Supreme Court of the United States, which saved from hanging some of the innocent Negro victims of that landlord conspiracy to keep black sharecroppers in complete subjection. But the Associated Press, despite my and other protests at the time, never apologized for the wrong it had done, or sought to rectify its misrepresentation, or even to print the whole story when the vindication by the highest court in the land occurred.

¶ Josh White's 'fighting blues' tell more than any speech

Troubadour For Tolerance

Condensed from New York Post

By Dorothy Norman

JOSH WHITE claims that he has to sing his "fighting blues," with his guitar in hand, in order to express what he really wants to say. He cannot say what he wants through the spoken word alone.

So you find him with his guitar, singing his incomparable ballads nightly, at Cafe Society, Downtown, in New York—holding his audiences spell-bound. For that is where he has the greatest freedom to sing what he wants to say.

Famed as a singer of traditional spirituals and blues, he is not satisfied with singing in these forms alone. He cannot see why the Negro must be represented only by Tin-Pan Alley, or by Uncle Tom's cries to Heaven. He likes best to sing out directly and clearly against Jim Crow practices, as against everything else under the sun that stands in the way of democracy, equality and justice for everybody. No night-club can dilute his fervor. Nor will he take jobs where they try to do so.

There is plenty of irony about

Josh's life: He has sung his "socially conscious" songs by invitation, before the President of the United States three times. He has given six concerts in the Library of Congress. He was sent to South America as a good-will Ambassador.

But just let him try to get a cab in Washington, or eat a meal with white friends in a normal way—right after he has been honored by the highest leaders of our land: It can't be done! Or let him try to buy medicine in the nearest drug store to the Library of Congress, if he happens to be taken ill during one of those request concerts. That can't be done either.

Josh feels that what happens to Negroes in Washington is one of the saddest things in America: "If our Government officials, living right in the capital of our land, where an example should be set for the rest of America, cannot practice what they preach a little better, then so much the worse for everybody!"

Born of religious parents in

Copyright, New York Post
(June 22, 1944)

Greenville, S. C., 28 years ago, Josh was christened "Joshua Daniel."

"My mother named me like that," Josh explains, "because she said she expected great things of me. When I was seven years old I saw a blind man cross the street one day. I helped him across. I was sure this was the great thing I had been born for, and that it was why my mother had named me 'Joshua Daniel.' I rushed home to tell her what had happened."

"My father had been ill for years. There were eight of us in the family, and we were terribly poor. The blind man asked if I could lead him around every day after school. I was to be given \$4 a week for doing it. Since we needed the money so badly, my mother consented. This led to my traveling from city to city, leading blind men around after school hours, until I was seventeen."

Josh would sing spirituals and play the tambourine, while the blind men he led around would sing too, or play some instrument such as the guitar. Pretty soon Josh became national tambourine champion, and also began to be known as the "Singing Christian." He made his first recordings of spirituals when he was eleven.

Finally, on his travels, he found himself in New York one day, where he and his blind companion of the moment were asked to make recordings for a big company. For seventeen recordings of spirituals,

made in two days, Josh received \$100, which he sent home to his mother. Despite the wide sale of these recordings, that is all Josh ever received.

Because the "Singing Christian" could also sing blues so well, he was subsequently signed up to make records of blues, too. Confusion followed.

Churches began ordering all recordings made by the "Singing Christian," mainly because so many people joined the church because of his records, only to find themselves playing blues at times. As a result of complaints, Josh's name was changed to "Pinewood Tom" for his blues recordings to avoid further confusion.

Things were just beginning to go well for Josh during those months, when he happened to walk down the street one day clutching his favorite beverage, buttermilk. He slipped. Afraid he might lose the bottle's precious contents, he held on to it tightly only to fall and crush his right hand against its broken fragments.

When he reached Harlem Hospital he was told that three fingers would have to be amputated, or else his hand might be permanently paralyzed. Frantic at the idea that he might never again be able to play his beloved guitar, he protested, begging the doctors to take a chance that his hand might heal and not to cut off his fingers. They agreed.

Associated Press found guilty of flagrant racial bias in news stories

The Case Against AP

Condensed from the Book, "The Disappearing Daily"

By Oswald Garrison Villard

NO THOUGHTFUL Negro expects any justice at the hands of the Associated Press or thinks that there will be the slightest effort on AP's part correctly to report and interpret the tremendous upsurge among our Negro fellow citizens, than which there is no more extraordinary development in this most extraordinary of wars.

At this writing the Associated Press does not employ a single colored reporter. Yet there are 13,000,000 colored Americans, constituting perhaps the gravest domestic problem under the American flag, who are becoming more and more determined, as they grow in means, influence, and political power, to insist upon having their constitutional rights.

There is plenty of spot news developing every day among these

people, but it does not find its way into print through the service of the Associated Press, whose Southern bureaus conform absolutely to local prejudices, so that, for example, on its Southern wire Negroes are never designated as Mr. and Mrs. but only by their full names.

The greatest weakness of the Associated Press comes from its reliance upon its members for reports of local happenings. Many of the worst injustices perpetrated by it are due to this fact.

Here my clearest example is the reporting of matters affecting the colored people, notably in the South, where the members of the Associated Press do not employ any colored men, are served by reporters imbued with every local prejudice and bent, consciously or unconsciously, on always presenting the white man's side of any race trouble in the most favorable light.

There is no such thing as a square press deal for the Negro citizen in the South, although there are differences in the attitudes of the white journals. There are some papers, like the Louisville Courier-Journal, that are really trying to

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bia's most illustrious families, was a white Arab. He and Marzook were the best of friends, and when off duty, inseparable companions. One day Muhammad refused to go to the movies because Marzook could not accompany him.

The first time I met Marzook was at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York, where he occupied a spacious suite next to that of Amir Feisal, who, aside from being King Ibn Saud's second son and Viceroy in the Hejaz, is the Saudi Arabian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

On a number of occasions the Amir invited me to have dinner with him in the Wedgwood room at the Waldorf. Marzook sat at table with us and other guests. He was the only Negro that could be spotted in that exclusive dining place. I observed him very closely to see whether he was suffering from any embarrassment or self-consciousness over being the only

colored person at the many banquets and receptions he attended in this country. I invariably found him at ease and unperturbed.

A few American whites looked at him with an air of curiosity. I heard one of them whisper to another: "Why on earth did Amir Feisal choose a Negro to accompany him on his trip to America? He could, like his brother, have brought along a white attendant." The other American shrugged his shoulders. This conversation reminded me that there was still an acute color problem in this country.

Marzook was ignorant of any color problem in America. If he had known about it, I wonder whether he would not have had an additional reason for loving Arabia, preferring not to return to America, the country he called great, at least until the color problem was equitably solved.

An American Dilemma

ONE OF THE FINAL ball games of the Broadway show-league was between the "Othello Otherwisers" and the all-Negro cast of *Carmen Jones*.

With the score 7-6 against the Othello team, and two out in the ninth inning, Paul Robeson came to bat. He hit a long fly, which was caught for the final out . . . "I really meant to get a hit," said Robeson later, "and when I saw that fellow running for the ball, half of me kept rooting 'Drop it, for the ball game' and the other half of me kept rooting 'Catch it, for racial solidarity.'"

Leonard Lyons, New York Post

But it was three years before his hand was normal again. This was in the early '30s. Times were hard. The only job he could find at this time at which he could earn a living for himself, his wife and child was as an elevator boy.

Then came the time when the play, "John Henry," starring Paul Robeson, was being cast. Its author, Roark Bradford, who had met Josh on his travels through the South, had written a character into the play called "Blind Lemon," based on one of the blind men Josh had led around. Bradford was convinced that Josh White was the only person in the world who could play that role. But no one seemed to know where Josh was.

One evening while Josh was with some friends, Leonard DePaur, who was to direct the singing in "John Henry," happened to walk into the room. Josh was practicing on his guitar. His hand was just beginning to heal enough so that he could do this.

As he was strumming along, DePaur asked him if he had ever heard of the "Singing Christian." Josh replied that he was the "Singing Christian." And so Josh found himself on Broadway.

But he won't take just any part in any play or film if he thinks it hasn't a healthy attitude toward the Negro. Last year he turned down \$87,000 because he refused to take parts in films in which he would have had to portray Negroes in a manner he felt to be degrading or non-constructive.

Because he is so generous in giving his time and talent to good causes, he is known as the "Benefit Kid." He also broadcasts for the BBC and the OWI, and is as popular overseas as at home. He broadcasts over WNEW every Sunday at noon.

Like all true artists, he has a quality that no one can imitate. If you want to know how the Negro feels, listen to Josh White sing. He will tell you — with music.

Meat The Missus

THERE WAS a crowd in the meat market but a Negro woman rushing in called quickly to the butcher: "Give me ten cents worth of cat meat." Then turning to other customers, she said lamely: "I hope you won't mind my being served before you."

One woman lifted her eyebrow coldly and replied: "Not if you're as hungry as all that."

Ralph Cunningham

MAN OF THE MONTH { *Coast Guardsman Saves 100 To Win Navy Medal*

Condensed from Chicago Defender

A 26-YEAR-OLD Coast Guard mess attendant, Charles W. David, Jr., who heroically faced death in the icy waters of the Atlantic to save the lives of perhaps a hundred men on a torpedoed transport, was posthumously awarded the Navy and Marine Corps Medal in a simple ceremony at Coast Guard headquarters in New York.

Coast Guardsman David's widow, Mrs. Kathleen W. David, received the medal from Rear Admiral Stanley V. Parker, district Coast Guard officer. She held her 3-year-old son, Neil Adrian, dressed in a Navy play suit, in her arms as Admiral Parker read the citation.

Coast Guardsman David was mess attendant aboard a Coast Guard cutter that went to the rescue of a torpedoed transport in near-freezing temperature in the Atlantic. The Coast Guard reported that countless times David dived overboard to rescue men struggling in the icy waters. He kept diving, despite his own waning strength until nearly a hundred men had been saved.

When the rescue operation had been nearly completed word came from the cutter's bridge that Lieutenant R. W. Anderson, of Brooklyn, executive officer of the cutter, was exhausted and in danger of drowning. Lieutenant Anderson was on a life raft at the side of the cutter helping rescue operations.

David dived once more. He rescued his commanding officer, but died soon afterward of pneumonia induced by exposure.

Lieutenant Anderson was present at the ceremony, and said: "David's bravery under the most hazardous conditions and his unselfishness in sacrificing himself was an inspiration to every officer and man on the cutter."

*Copyright, Chicago Defender
(July 1, 1944)*

¶ Color line unknown in Mecca
where all races are welcome

Black Arabian Knights

Condensed from Asia And The Americas

By Jamil M. Baroody

IN ARABIA there is no color or race distinction.

A Muslim, whatever his origin, is a brother and enjoys the same basic rights, embodied in the Koran, which not only is the source of religious tenets, but also lays down the foundation upon which the Islamic social structure is built.

Color bears no social stigma in Arabia, nor does it create any class barrier. African Negroes, dark-skinned Indians and Malaysians, yellow Chinese, white Caucasians and Europeans, if they profess Islam, are on an equal footing.

Every year Mecca welcomes thousands of pilgrims of various colors and races from practically all the Muslim world, which is estimated at about two hundred and fifty million people.

Last autumn, a specially detailed

U. S. government plane brought a royal Arabian party on an official visit to this country.

When the royal party, consisting of Amir Feisal, his brother Amir Khaled and a retinue of aids and attendants, alighted from the plane at Miami, onlookers who had expected to see Hollywood sheikhs were impressed by the outmost poise and dignity with which these Arabs carried themselves. They were all white, or rather suntanned, except a stalwart man dressed like the rest in Arabian garb and headgear and walking immediately behind Amir Feisal.

This was Marzook, a pitch-black Negro. Tall, lean, sinewy, with eyes on the alert and a constant grin betraying an even set of flashing white teeth, he was more than a servant, as one might have gathered from his stately gait and the familiar ease with which he spoke to the Amir and other members of the royal party.

Marzook was Feisal's bodyguard, valet and friend in one. On the other hand, Muhammad, Khaled's attendant, belonging to one of Ara-

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*Copyright, Asia And The Americas
(June, 1944)*

four Negro police on the regular force; they operate only in Negro districts where their work has been very satisfactory in relieving the race tension. The Negro officers are paid \$110 a month compared to \$165 a month paid white officers but equalization of salaries has been promised. In addition, Charlotte employs two Negro police-women to handle Negro juvenile cases.

High Point, North Carolina, has two Negro policemen in the Negro section; the one Negro policeman in Winston-Salem works mainly with juveniles.

In Texas, Austin has three Negro patrolmen who are assigned to one-way radio police cars; Beaumont has two; Houston four; San Antonio seven, and Galveston 13.

Daytona Beach, Florida, has employed four Negro policemen for the past 10 years; they work in the Negro section and are not permitted to deal with any situation in which a white person is involved even though the offense occurs in the Negro section.

In Lexington, Kentucky, three Negro patrolmen operate as plain-clothesmen in a police car in Negro districts. In addition the city has one Negro policewoman. Of

the 18 Negro policemen in Louisville four are in plain clothes.

Other cities which have Negro policemen are Muskogee, Oklahoma, two in plain clothes; Tulsa, Oklahoma, eight, only one of whom is in plain clothes; and Knoxville, Tennessee, five. Negro police have been employed in Tulsa for more than 15 years and are selected through the civil service system.

In St. Louis, Missouri, Negro policemen have been employed for 42 years. There are 24 policemen, nine uniformed men who patrol beats, nine special officers, one sergeant, one lieutenant, two police-women, and two prison guards.

Macon, Georgia, has no regular Negro police but has 70 Negro auxiliary police who work two nights a week under white officers and furnish their own equipment and uniforms. While criticism has been dissipated as far as the Caucasian population is concerned, the Negro population has not fully accepted the Negro officer. The superintendent of police recently wrote that he is "convinced that in the course of time the colored officer will become a fixture. . . . Their work generally speaking has been most satisfactory."

Quiz Answers

- | | | |
|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1. New Orleans | 4. Detroit | 7. Pittsburgh |
| 2. New York | 5. Los Angeles | 8. Atlanta |
| 3. Memphis | 6. Chicago | |

¶ American Negro Theater
builds a new conception of race

Dark Drama

Condensed from Theatre Arts Monthly

By Claire Leonard

SCORES of Negro theatre groups spring up and snap back each year. But the American Negro Theatre takes up its fourth year in New York with new life instilled by a sprightly production experiment, *Anna Lucasta* by Philip Yordan.

"The old portrayals of the Negro's way of life have had their day of fantastic caricatures," says Abram Hill, regisseur of the American Negro Theatre. "With few exceptions, plays about Negroes have been two grades above the minstrel stage—the cork is missing but the spirit is there. This has created an apathy on the part of the Negro, who is averse to patronizing the theatre which reveals him as a happy-go-lucky race in rompers. We of the American Negro Theatre are trying to present a true conception of our lives and to emulate, if we can, the integrity and dignity of artists who have reached out for us: Paul Robeson, Marian Anderson, Richard Wright, Dorothy Maynor, Canada Lee, Langston Hughes and others."

Scripts by Negro playwrights

present interesting material but lack skilful preparation—due to the lack of a workshop—due in turn to the lack of an outlet for realistic Negro plays—a vicious circle. Confronted with that need and with the repeated, ironic advice that he get some practical experience, Mr. Hill reflected—and then went into action. That is how the American Negro Theatre was born.

Most of the members of the American Negro Theatre came from universities. Too "green" to hit big-time, yet above the amateur status, they found no intermediate theatre to groom them for Broadway. The American Negro Theatre provided an outlet.

The members of the American Negro Theatre are seeking to discover a basic "something" inherent in the Negro's native qualities that can be expressed through the theatre. They don't know what it is, nor how it will reveal itself. When they recognize it, they will explore and build on and around it.

Audience response to the American Negro Theatre has been spon-

Copyright, Theatre Arts Monthly
(July, 1944)

taneous; the public has been patronizing the plays it liked and staying away just as briskly from those it didn't. Expressions of opinion are invited through forums for each production, and written comments are turned in at each performance. A young professor, for instance, questioned the mirthful strafing of *On Strivers Row*, which evoked some resent-

ment. Mr. Hill's answer was: "When a race can laugh at its own foibles, it has really become civilized."

A civilized theatre, in all its activities and offerings, is what the American Negro Theatre is trying to establish as a cultural vanguard in a community of 350,000—the largest Negro community in the world—which is Harlem.



Calling His Shots

ONCE, when booked to fight a famous white heavyweight, Sam Langford's guarantee was not in writing. Just before the fight, the promoter told the famous now-blind Negro boxer that the house was a disappointment; there was only \$2800 to pay the two fighters. The white man had his guarantee. Sam would get only the \$300 that was left. "But make it a good fight, Sam," the promoter added. "Chief," Sam said earnestly, "this is gonna be the shortest fight you ever did see."

With the gong, Sam came out of his corner like a sepia panther, knocked out his opponent with one punch.

In another bout with a top-flight light-heavyweight named Jack Lester, at the opening of the fifth round Sam came out of his corner, his gloves extended. Lester looked at him in bewilderment. "What's the idea? This ain't the last round."

Sam grinned. "Boy, that's what you think." The fight ended a minute later with Lester flat on the canvas.

Bertram B. Fowler and Al Laney, *Baltimore Sun*

¶ Total of 110 Negro police on duty in 18 Southern cities

Coppers In Color

Condensed from Public Management

By Charles S. Johnson

AT LEAST 18 southern cities of more than 20,000 population employ a total of 110 Negro policemen, ranging from one such officer in each of the cities of Raleigh and Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and Owensboro, Kentucky, to 24 in St. Louis, Missouri.

In most instances Negro officers patrol only Negro sections and are limited to Negro arrests.

Negro police form a small percentage of the total police force in the 18 cities except in Galveston, Texas, where there are 13 Negro policemen (10 uniformed and 3 plain clothes) who compose one-sixth of the force and in Daytona Beach, Florida, where four officers compose one-seventh of the total force.

The work of the Negro policemen has proved generally satisfactory and recently there has been in-

creased interest in several other southern cities with large Negro populations in employing several Negro officers.

Little Rock, Arkansas, put eight Negro policemen on the regular force after an unfortunate incident in which a Negro Army sergeant was shot to death by a city policeman who was subsequently exonerated. However, the Negro population was aroused and a number of Negro M.P.'s were assigned to patrol the Negro business district.

At the request of the city government the Urban League of Little Rock submitted the names of 10 Negro men they recommended for the police force and after special training eight were appointed to the force without examination and at regular salary. Since their appointment crime has been greatly reduced in the Negro section, there have been no racial clashes, and public pride in policemen of its own has brought effective cooperation from the Negro community.

Charlotte, North Carolina, has

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All-American Family

By Nat Low

IF PAUL ROBESON JR. fulfills his rich promise, the Robesons, Senior and Junior, may well take their place as the most splendid father and son team in American athletic history.

Paul Robeson won 14 letters at Rutgers, made All-American in football two years running and was recently called by none other than Lou Little, "the greatest football player of all time."

Paul Robeson Jr., more intimately known as Pauli, is 16 years old, stands an even six feet and weighs 185 pounds.

In June he graduated with honors from Springfield Technical High School in Massachusetts, the principal declaring, "It was the greatest honor to have Paul Robeson Jr. as a student of our school."

He won four letters in school, excelling in football, basketball, baseball and track. He was one of the leaders of the student body, won innumerable scholastic awards including the Rennselaer Polytech science and mathematics scholarship.

Next month he enters Cornell University where he will study engineering, besides playing football

and "going out for indoor and outdoor track."

This is the same Paul who spent his childhood in the Soviet Union, returning to the United States in 1940.

Participating in his first AAU junior championship recently, Pauli finished in a tie for third in high jump, clearing the bar at 6 feet 4 inches (the best he's done to date).

Although he failed to clear 6 feet 5 inches he showed enough to guarantee he will be fighting for the American championship within a few years. He's an enormously big fellow for 16, with great shoulders, a tapering waist and strong lithe legs.

He's a magnificent jumper but is a far more promising football player. "I play fullback and am used mostly as a plunger on offense while backing up the line on defense."

He is very fast as well as powerful and will probably be a terror in the Cornell backfield this year or next despite his age.

Wouldn't it be something for the Robesons to be the only father and son All-Americans in grid history?

THE FINEST WHITE PERSON I'VE MET }

By Rufus E. Clement

Written Expressly for Negro Digest

NOT LONG ago, I was driving a visitor to our campus back to his hotel when the conversation somehow turned to a discussion of a mutual friend who had recently passed away in his sleep. The visitor spoke of the deceased man as "one of the finest of all the men I've known." I heartily seconded the statement.

My mind flashed back to the day some sixteen years before when I had seen Dean Raymond A. Kent of the College of Liberal Arts of Northwestern University, mowing the front lawn of his Evanston home. With no false dignity to uphold, this learned man calmly cut his own grass while students passed on the way back to the library for evening study.

I did not meet Dr. Kent until I went to Louisville three years later to talk about the proposed Municipal College (for Negroes) of the University of Louisville.

With characteristic forthrightness, Dr. Kent after accepting the presidency of the oldest municipal

university in America, set about to do something with respect to the university board's promise to open a college for the Negro people—whose taxes helped support the university, but who, up to this time, received no direct educational benefit from it. I accepted his offer to be head of the new college.

I was associated with Dr. Kent for five and one-half years. I came to know him as an honest, fearless, kind and scholarly Christian gentleman. I never once saw him trifle with the truth, nor hesitate to do the thing he felt was right. He respected all men, yet was never a respecter of persons. He led the city of Louisville into an acceptance of the Municipal College as a co-equal school on the same level as and with the same status of the other schools of the university. He saw to it that there was one salary schedule and one standard of excellence in the university.

Forced by the law to operate a segregated institution for the Negro students, he never by word or deed accepted racial segregation as being fair, democratic or Christian. Appointed on a state committee to

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study the question of graduate education for Negroes (following the Gaines decision), Dr. Kent was one who saw to it that the committee's report recognized that anything short of opening the state university to all citizens was but a temporary settlement of the question.

Dr. Kent belonged to the increasing number of real Americans who

actually try to practice the religion to which they subscribe and who believe that the ideals upon which our government is based are attainable. I shall always know that color of the skin and racial ancestry in themselves place no limits upon a man's fairness, intelligence and honesty because I have known Raymond Asa Kent.



Electoral College Daze

IN THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE, the South is able to vote its Negro population even though the Negroes themselves don't vote.

In other words, the twelve Southern states now have 25.2 per cent of the nation's vote in the Electoral College. But, since Negroes don't vote, those same states have only 22 per cent of the popular vote of the nation.

Thus, in the last election, the twelve Southern States cast 135 votes in the Electoral College, which was 25.2 per cent of the total. But in the popular vote, they cast only 5,642,000 out of 49,766,000, which was only 12 per cent of the total.

Prior to the Civil War, the Constitution recognized the fact that Negroes did not vote in the South by giving the Southern States a smaller proportional vote in the Electoral College. Since the Civil War, however, the South has got 100 per cent credit for its Negro population in the Electoral College, even though they don't vote.

Drew Pearson, Louisville Courier-Journal

John McCloy, Brigadier General Davis.

Another member, William Henry Hastie, Negro ex-U. S. district judge, now dean of Howard University School of Law, resigned because he said the War Department failed to live up to its promises to give Negroes more vital jobs to perform, especially in the Air Forces. He charged that General "Hap" Arnold would have busted all Negroes out of the Army Air Forces if War Secretary Stimson had not intervened.

A not-so-insistent Negro, Truman K. Gibson, Jr., ex-attorney, took Hastie's place. Much of the Army's official policy on Negroes has come down from this body. The Army early rejected the idea that it was possible to give "equal" (i.e., non-segregated) treatment to soldiers of both races.

Negro draftees came to the Army with inferior training, fewer skills than whites, a fact decisively established by classification tests. The Army has recently tried to improve chances for Negro officer promotions, while it continued segregation for "military expediency."

But the Army officially accepted "no doctrine of racial superiority or inferiority." Said an Army directive to officers: "All people seem to be endowed . . . with whatever it takes to fight a good war, if they want to and have learned how."

The Army admitted that it must depend in the end on individual

commanding officers. On this point Dean Hastie said angrily: "If the Army says it has difficulty in making its order stick, then I say: 1) it's a hell of a poor army which can't enforce its own orders; 2) how many commanders who have been lax have been shifted to other posts? Mighty few."

As of now, the situation was better than it had been, but still bad. The surprising thing was that there had not been more disorder. There had been brawls, sporadic outbursts.

But such incidents were isolated and exceptional. The usual troubles are unremarkable. Some Negroes strut, like some white soldiers, and get into trouble with their own M.P.s. Some get drunk. Some get into fights with colored civilians over local girls. Some go A.W.O.L.

A large part of the Negro 92nd Infantry Division trained for almost a year at Fort McClellan, Ala., with no serious trouble. San Diego reported a lower percentage of rape cases among Negroes than among white servicemen. Tucson's Chief of Police reported: "Conditions excellent, due to exceptionally good behavior."

To the credit of efficient soldiers and intelligent civilians, tension in Negro troop areas has recently been relieved rather than increased. The Army has provided better housing and recreation and segregation is less of an irritant. Even extremists might agree that the situation is better now than a year ago.

least one occasion an "uppity" Negro soldier bus-rider was shot dead.

There was discrimination at every turn. Negro troops being shipped through El Paso, Texas, were barred from the Harvey House restaurant at the depot and given cold hand-outs. They could see German prisoners of war seated in the restaurant and fed hot food.

The attitude of Negro civilians towards Negro soldiers was frequently indifferent and sometimes as antagonistic as the whites'. In Chattanooga, Tenn., Negro rooming house owners told Negro soldiers and their families: "We've got rooms but we haven't got any for you." At Sebring, Fla., a Negro restaurant owner hung out a sign: "No soldiers wanted."

Northern Negroes had plenty of chance to observe the historical political practices of the South. Said a Negro noncom: "On D-day there was all kinds of talk about democracy. But two days later white men with guns refused to allow Negroes to vote in the Columbus (Ga.) city primary."

In Tucson, well-meaning, wealthy white women contributed no solution to the problem when they took Negro soldiers to the exclusive Old Pueblo Club. In England, where Negroes are foreigners, women had experimented without self-consciousness with that kind of democratic get together. In the U. S. it was too deep a break with tradition.

What rankled most with the Ne-

gro soldier was the discovery that he was also in a Jim Crow Army. He was segregated in PXs, barracks, mess halls.

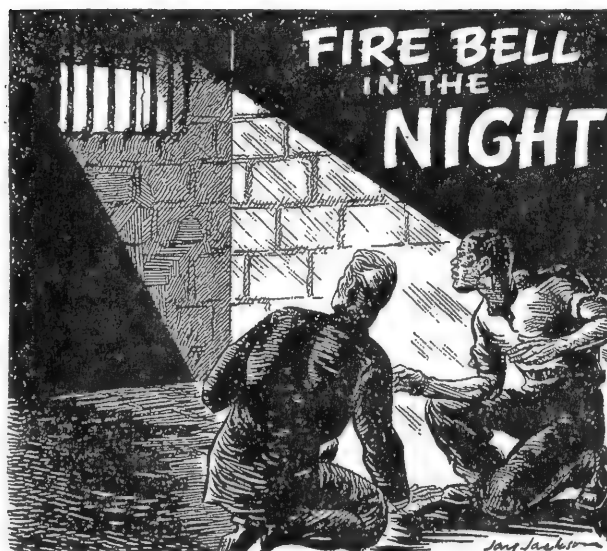
He soon found that he was not to get an equal chance for promotion. It was not Army policy, for obvious if strictly utilitarian reasons, to put Negro officers in command of whites. The Army has commissioned only some 5,000 Negro officers. It had the justification it sought, in the Negro's lack of pre-war military training and his lower educational level.

Proportionately few Negroes were put in combat units. The exceptions had good records; the 99th Pursuit Squadron, flying in Tunisia and Sicily, the 93rd Infantry Division, fighting on Bougainville. Recently at Fort Benning, Ga., a company of black soldiers made their first "combat" jump. They were the Army's first all-Negro parachute company. But Negro soldiers know that these are exceptions: 70 per cent of Negroes are service troops.

The Army had never wanted or hoped to solve America's race problem. That was a job for the nation, and it would take years. All the Army hoped to do was to make and keep its civilians in uniform good soldiers for the duration.

The War Department set about that job with a troubled but determined mind. It set up an Advisory Committee on Special Troops Policies. Among committee members: Assistant Secretary of War

BOOK SECTION



A condensation from the book

By Constance Robertson

In a thrilling tale of adventure, the brilliant daring and bravery of the Abolitionists and their Negro aides in the South is told by a woman brought up in the traditional Abolitionist stronghold of upstate New York. This is the story of a courageous girl and a free Negro who joined to save a fellow Underground Railroad worker from the toils of Dixie law.

Copyright, 1944, By Constance Robertson
Published By Henry Holt & Co., New York (Price \$2.75)

Fire Bell In The Night

By Constance Robertson

SIX O'CLOCK in the morning was dark enough to keep fellow passengers on the station platform of Jeffersonville, Ohio, from getting much of a look at the tall young fellow bundled up in a greatcoat, with his black wide-awake hat pulled down over his eyes.

They saw him standing in the shadows talking to a Negro servant who was carrying his carpetbag. The Northerners among them—Ohio was an antislavery region—decided that this was some haughty young blade of a southern planter, going home from college.

An old suit, nankeen pantaloons and a fawn-colored coat, a pale-yellow vest of great elegance, fitted Mahala as though it had been made for her. Her hair, cut short, curled up in irrepressible duck-tails over her collar, but that was the fashion for young men.

The matter of a youthful beard,

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which should have been there but was not, would be a danger. The only explanation for that would have to be age; she would have to pose as a spoiled baby—eighteen perhaps would be acceptable—a lad just come into his inheritance.

She would have to rant and rave. She had been in college in the North, the story ran. She was sickened by all this low-class talk of equality and slave-freeing. In a rage, she had—or rather, *he* had, this petulant youth—left the school, shaken the dust of the crude and fanatical North from his boots, and come into the aristocratic South to buy a place and live among people who agreed with him.

A comic, hotheaded creature, this young Mr. Martin would have to be; green and foolish and headstrong, easy picking for the men who would want to sell him a farm or slaves or horses. That would make him popular at once, made him conspicuous enough to keep wary eyes from watching too closely what his brow-beaten Negro servant, Cuffee, might do with his spare time.

Mahala didn't feel like a daring young man, a gay sprig from college, when black Cuffee finally pulled the horse to a stop before a shabby tav-

Uncle Sam's Unhappy Soldiers

Condensed from Time

THE highest ranking Negro officer in the U. S. Army, Brigadier General Benjamin O. Davis, said recently: "I am hoping to live long enough to see the time when we will have no hyphenated Americans . . . no Afro-Americans, no Negro-Americans . . . [when] all men can live together in peace and harmony."

In the U. S. this week white and black Americans lived together in the Army. But it was not an unhyphenated life. The deep-seated racial prejudices of U. S. citizens could not be put aside by the brotherhood of arms and military authority. The War Department had had some trouble and feared more from the Negro problem.

It was impossible to state in precise terms how uncomfortable the situation was. It was true that mobilization had rubbed the nation's race problem raw. Pinko agitators, self-styled liberals and other citizens of good will had plucked at the sore.

The thin-skinned and irritable Negro press, which has seldom missed a report of injustice to Negro troops and has played it for all it could stand, continued to print

most of the sensational and baseless yarns which flew around, from standard soldiers' gripes on up.

The truth lay somewhere between such red-eyed denunciation and the bland official bunkum of some Army officers that everything was just fine.

Before mobilization, the Army had 13,000 Negroes in its ranks. By March, 1944, that handful had become an army in itself—some 664,000 Negroes, draftees mostly, who had no more liking for military discipline and the small flea-bites of Army life than their white brethren. Most of them were quartered in the South.

The Army had been criticized for quartering Negro troops below the Mason and Dixon Line and the Army had a simple reason: it needed year-round open weather for training. But the results were not simple.

As a group, Southerners insisted that Negroes in uniform keep strictly to the Jim Crow laws. Crowded buses, where the races were forced to mingle, became the scene of ugly flare-ups. In some sections bus drivers toted guns. The South was prepared to back up its Jim Crow laws with force. On at

Danger! Race Hate At Large!

Condensed from Free World

By Orson Welles

THIS WAR is fought against the source, the very causes of race hate. These are military objectives or this war is without end, without meaning and without hope.

There is no room in the American century for Jim Crow.

The times urge new militancy upon the democratic attitude. Tomorrow's democracy discriminates against discrimination; its charter won't include the freedom to end freedom.

What is described as "feeling" against some races can't be further respected. "Feeling" is a ninnyish, mincing way of saying something ugly, but the word is good enough for race hate when we add that it's a feeling of guilt.

Race hate, distilled from the suspicions of ignorance, takes its welcome from the impotent and the godless, comforting these with hellish parodies of what they've lost—arrogance to take the place of pride, contempt to occupy the spirit emptied of the love of man. There are alibis for the phenomenon—excuses, economic and social—but the brutal fact is simply this: where the racist lie is acceptable there is corruption. Where there is hate there is shame. The human soul receives race hate only in the sickness of guilt.

For several generations, maybe, there will be men who can't be weaned from the fascist vices of race hate. We should deny such men responsibility in public affairs exactly as we deny responsibility to the wretched victims of the drug habit. There are laws against peddling dope; there can be laws against peddling race hate.

That every man has a right to his own opinion is an American boast. But race hate isn't an opinion; it's a phobia. It isn't a viewpoint; race hate is a disease. In a people's world the incurable racist has no rights. He must be deprived of influence in a people's government. He must be segregated as he himself would segregate the colored and semitic peoples—as we now segregate the leprous and the insane.

Copyright, Free World
(July, 1944)

ern porch that evening. Seen through spring dusk, fifteen miles south of the river in Kentucky, the town of Darby was no more than a huddle of buildings in the midst of farmlands. Cuffee had pointed out the jail-house at the very edge of the village, at the top of a sharp little hill past which a stream ran down a small ravine into the woods. Mahala stared at it, her eyes fastened to the single light it showed through a barred window.

Was Dal there? Was he sitting, perhaps, at this moment, looking at the barred window, listening to the sound of hoofbeats chattering down the road outside? Was he wondering when she'd come? Did he really expect her, or had he given up hope after all this time, thinking that she had forgotten him? In her mind's eye she saw him sitting on a bare cot in his cell; he was leaning forward. For a moment, his head lifted as he listened to the clop-clop of the horse's feet. Then the sound died away into the night, he dropped his dark head down upon his hands, his body slumped hopelessly. No, it was nothing, he would be thinking. No one for me.

I've got to hurry, Mahala thought for the thousandth time. I've got to act quickly. I've got to get him out.

The jail was out of sight now, around a bend in the road from the main part of the town. Something to be thankful for, Mahala thought, getting down stiffly from the buggy

and crossing the tavern porch. Inside the smoky room, a dozen men turned away from the bar to stare at the newcomer. Now I begin to act, Mahala thought, swaggering across the floor to the bar under their curious eyes. She returned the stare of the gentlemen with interest, leaned her elbows on the counter and ordered a hot toddy.

Before she had finished her drink she was deep in conversation with some of the citizens of Darby. If a gentleman wanted to buy a fine plantation, they assured her, this was the place to come. When Cuffee poked his woolly head around the door to announce that he'd stabled the horse and brought the bag inside, young Mr. Martin was setting up drinks for the crowd, and damned his servant heartily for impertinence. His new Kentucky friends were inclined to smile at the boy's grand airs, but they agreed that his politics were sound. They arranged to meet him in the morning to show him the town.

Before noon, young Mr. Martin from up north had been called upon by a half dozen citizens, and before night he had tasted the smoky liquor, bowed over the young ladies' hands, stuck his long legs under the most highly polished table in all Darby. His manners were well enough, the Darby ladies said; not like a Kentuckian's, of course; not courtly, but what do you expect from a Northerner? He scowled a good deal, and was more interested in what the

men said than in the way the girls smiled.

He had his mind set on something, the gentlemen agreed. And of course he was young. Not altogether dry behind the ears. And a hot-tempered boy, too, who swore at his servant so that the darky went in fear of him, and he couldn't say enough about the latest outrage of the North against decency and sound government. But he'd learn, everyone said indulgently. He'd pick up southern ways.

ONE DAY gone, Mahala thought, shutting the door of her musty room in the tavern that night. One day gone, and I haven't seen Dal; I don't know how he is; I haven't done a thing to get him out. She set the candlestick on the table and sat down wearily to pull off her boots. Men's clothes were a burden and a weariness. Men's ways were hard to learn.

A knock on the door startled her for a moment, but Cuffee's voice made it all right. He sidled into the room and stood holding his cap respectfully. "I've seen those niggas," he said in his soft voice. "I've found out something for you, Miss Haley."

Mahala said quickly, "Don't call me that. Someone might hear." She rose and went over to him. "What did the Negroes say, Cuffee?" Perhaps, between them, they had done something today, after all.

Perhaps Cuffee had been of some use, even if she hadn't.

Cuffee's dark face was doubtful. "They says the white gentleman's going to hang Mr. Dal, for sure," he said slowly. "They says he bin feeling real poorly. Lots of nigras have run out of this town, they says, and the white folks is mighty riled about it. They says it's goin' to be mighty hard to git Mr. Dal outen 'at jail-house."

Mahala steadied herself. "I don't care what they say, Cuffee," she said, gathering her courage into a knot in her mind. "I don't care how hard it will be. I'll get him out if we have to burn the jail-house." She stared at Cuffee for a minute. "What else did they say?"

Cuffee shook his head. "They's willing to help us, can they do it." He looked at Mahala, still hesitating. "They don't know what to do," he said at last.

"We can't wait long," Mahala began to pace the floor. "I can't do anything but pretend I'm going to buy a farm or a horse. If I asked to see the jail, they'd probably think it was queer. We'll have to follow our plan." She looked at Cuffee, to see how he was taking it. After all, he was the one who would have to suffer.

"Are you willing to go through with it, Cuffee?" she asked him. "It won't be easy. They may beat you. And if they do, I can't stop them. I may have to beat you myself."

The Negro bent his head humbly.

—many of Duke's dances in the North are attended by both Negroes and white people—will get up and really throw it around when they are asked to dance, and then will return demurely to their mammas.

The serious thinkers disapprove of the jitterbug and his activities, but Duke says, "If they'd been told it was a Balkan folk dance, they'd think it was wonderful."

After work, Ellington is likely to go to some Negro all-night spot, if they are in Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, or some other big town which affords such a luxury. Duke, who is always worrying about keeping his weight down, may announce that he intends to have nothing but Shredded Wheat and black tea. When his order arrives, he looks at it glumly, then bows his head and says grace.

After he has finished his snack, his expression of virtuous determination slowly dissolves. Duke's resolution about not overeating frequently collapses at this point. When it does, he orders a steak, and after finishing it he engages in another moral struggle for about five minutes.

Then he really begins to eat. He has another steak, smothered in onions, a double portion of fried potatoes, a salad, a bowl of sliced tomatoes, a giant lobster and melted butter, coffee, and an Ellington dessert—perhaps a combination of pie, cake, ice cream, custard, pastry, jello, fruit, and cheese.

His appetite really whetted, he may order ham and eggs, a half-dozen pancakes, waffles and syrup, and some hot biscuits. Then, determined to get back on his diet, he will finish, as he began, with Shredded Wheat and black tea.



A Peach Of A Case

A NEGRO LAWYER was visited by a client whose son was jailed on a charge of malicious cutting.

"I've come to git my boy out of jail; can you git him out?" the lawyer was asked.

"What's he charged with? What has he done?"

"He got jealous of his girl friend and cut her up," the client explained, adding, "they charged him with delicious cutting."

"Man, she must be a peach," said the lawyer.

Rebecca Sloan

Duke thereupon pads sleepily about the room, groping for his red bathrobe and red slippers. His bare shanks show from beneath what appears to be a short, old-fashioned nightshirt, but if anyone calls it a nightshirt Duke is insulted.

He says sulkily, "It's an Oriental sleeping coat. Not a nightshirt. Have 'em specially made for me."

When he gathers himself together, he reaches for a phone and orders what for him is breakfast—fruit, cornflakes and black tea with cream. While he is on the phone, he may pick up a pencil and scribble a few bars of music on the pad before him.

With an almost imperceptible increase in tempo, he will eat his breakfast, and then, at a faster pace, he will shave and take a shower. He usually trots out of the bathroom, flings himself on his bed, and douses himself with talcum powder. He also sprays himself with toilet water. When he has dressed, he grabs a hat, flings it away, takes another one, and says, "Tell you what goes with me and hats. I pay twenty-five or thirty dollars for a specially tailored hat and then throw it away and buy one of these dollar-ninety-five corduroy porkies. I love these little porkies."

Duke usually arrives at a dance a trifle late, a common practice among band leaders and one they justify by arguing that they can

make a more dramatic entrance after the band has been playing awhile. Most of the dances Ellington plays for are held in auditoriums, dance halls, or armories that accommodate anything from two to ten thousand people.

In general, or so its members like to think, the more exhausted the Ellington band is, the better it plays. Ordinarily, the tempo at the beginning of a dance is rather slow; both players and dancers have to warm up to their interdependent climax. By midnight both are in their stride.

Sometimes the excitement among the dancers reaches a pitch that threatens literally to bring down the house. Two years ago, a dance in a hall in Arkansas was stopped when the floor began to collapse under the feet of the jitterbugs, and five years ago, in Bluefield, West Virginia, so many people crowded about Duke on the stage that it caved in, fortunately without casualties.

Almost always a group of serious thinkers who attend these affairs just for the music and not for the dancing gather before the bandstand in front of Duke and make profound comments. "The guy is really deep here," one will say, over the howling of the jitterbugs. Another will murmur, "Terrific mood, terrific content, terrific musicianship."

Prim little colored girls sitting along the wall with their mammas

"That's right, Miss Haley. You can't do nothin' but what you're doin'. You got to act mean. But I'm willing to try it." He looked up at her. "Mr. Dal got me out of slavery, and I'll git him out, if the Lord helps me."

Mahala made up her mind. "All right. We'll do exactly as we planned. Go out and make your arrangements tonight. Store the provisions. Get everything ready. Tomorrow I'm going to look at some more farms. As soon as I'm gone, you run for it. And be sure that someone sees you and raises the alarm."

WORD of Cuffee's runaway came to her the next afternoon, by a galloping messenger. The man reined up beside her party as they trotted through watery fields under a warm spring sun. He said, not without some satisfaction because after all the stranger was a Northerner, "Your Negro's lit out, sir. The hotel people heard about it from some of their blacks. He told 'em he was going and they told Bellum, that runs the tavern. They say your boy was going to slip away about noon."

If Mr. Martin turned pale at this moment, Mahala hoped her new friends would lay it to sudden anger at the loss. She rose in her stirrups and cried, "Great God Almighty!" with all the fury and authority she could summon. "Do you mean to tell me he's been captured right here

in Kentucky?" she demanded furiously. "Do you mean to say those damned Abolitionists have come right down here and stolen my man?"

Her numerous hosts explained in a chorus, "He didn't say anyone stole the nigger."

"He run away, Jakes says. He told the other Negroes he was going to run for it."

"Don't worry, Mr. Martin. We'll catch him for you. We know how to take care of runaways in this state."

Young Martin looked bewildered. "Why should he run away here?" That was a natural question. "If he was going to run, why didn't he try it north of the river in Cincinnati?"

Mr. Merriam of Belle Isle, the big plantation of the neighborhood, said, "You probably kept too sharp an eye on him there. Down here, he was left alone and he thought he could make it."

Martin's boyish voice said roughly, "Someone must have told him he could get through. Is there a station of this Underground Railroad they talk about? Have you had any trouble here with nigger stealers?"

Merriam shrugged his shoulders. "No more than any town near the river. We're all bothered, from time to time." He looked at Martin doubtfully. "You may have heard about the Woolly Head we caught here recently. He's in our jail right now, waiting for trial. We caught him with a bunch or twelve Ne-

groes, in a cabin back of my place. One of my boys had sense enough to tell about it before he got away." He looked at Martin for approval. "He won't steal any more property for a while," he said grimly. "We'll take care of *that*."

Mahala allowed young Martin to look helpless, for all his anger. At eighteen, it wouldn't do to be too knowing about such things. "What should I do now?" he asked like a puzzled boy. "I can ride after him, myself, if someone will show me the roads."

The whole chorus drowned this suggestion. "No, sir. We're accustomed to dealing with this matter. As soon as we get back to town, we'll question these Negroes your man talked to, and see if they know where he might have gone. Then we'll get the hounds and a posse. We'll have him back for you," they assured Martin kindly.

The boy was all right, they thought. He was just too young to know how to handle a matter like this. As for their trouble, they assured him, it was their affair, too. No slaveowner could afford to let anyone's slave escape. It started all the darkies to thinking. It ruined discipline; made them discontented. Slaveowners were used to it. There'd be no difficulty. Luckily, they'd heard about this break early. The man couldn't be many miles away yet.

The afternoon was a wild confusion of galloping and racing, of

hounds baying through the wet woods, crashing through the underbrush, following along the freshet-fed streams, throwing back their mournful heads to cry out, while the pack of riders followed, shouting, and Negroes armed with clubs beat through the bushes after them.

Mr. Merriam of Bell Isle commanded the posse, and twenty eager citizens of Darby supported young Mr. Martin in the truck. Dusk found them somewhat winded, pushing up a long slope through heavy woods. Just the place Mr. Merriam said, for a man to hide. There was a cave that everyone knew about, apparently. The local Negroes might have told Martin's man about it, and the poor fool might be hiding there. From the way hounds were giving tongue, they were right.

The poor devil was crouched like a rabbit behind a burdock, just by some rocks at the mouth of the cave. When hounds struck him, he covered his head with his arms and waited, with the hopeless patience of a tortured animal, until they were called off. At the sight of his master, he cowered afresh. Young Martin was in a towering fury. His light riding whip rained blows on his rebellious slave, his boy's voice stormed. When he was reluctantly restrained by one of his new friends, he cried in a fury that he would have the Negro put in jail.

"I'll teach him to run away from me," he cried, trembling with his anger, as they all could see. "I'll put

The manager of the theater was called, and admitted that if the band was to work it should be allowed to eat. He arranged for food to be sent in. A few minutes later, Boyd was in a saloon overlooking the stage door when a man in the band came out and got into a taxi.

"Did you see that?" asked a woman on a stool at the bar.

"See what?" Boyd said.

"See that nigra get in that cab?"

"Well, he's a pretty nice fellow. He's a member of the Ellington band. Some people think he's a very great artist."

"A very great artist? Well, I don't know what you think, but I always say that the worst white man is better than the best nigra."

Duke tries to forget, things like that, and if he doesn't quite succeed, he pretends he does. An hour after the show, Duke was introduced to a policeman who said enthusiastically, "If you'd been a white man, Duke, you'd been a great musician."

Duke's smile was wide and steady as he answered quietly, "I guess things would have been different if I'd been a white man."

Boyd tries to arrange things so that the band will arrive at its destination at about six or seven in the evening, making it possible for Duke to sleep an hour or two before the night's engagement.

If the town is in the North, Ellington can occasionally get into

a hotel, since his name is well and favorably known, but the other members of the band have to scurry around the Negro section of the town, if there is one, and make their own arrangements for lodgings.

Usually they can get rooms in the households of amiable colored citizens, and if they can't do that they often pass the time in some public place like a railway station or a city hall.

Most dances begin at nine and run until two in the morning. On dance nights, Boyd has an assignment that almost tears him in two. He is supposed to "stand on the door" and check the number of admissions to the dance, but he is also supposed to have Duke awake and at the dance hall.

At about eight-thirty, after a half hour's futile effort to rouse his boss, he is in a frenzy. Then, with the strength of desperation—Boyd is a small man and Duke is six feet tall and weighs two hundred and ten pounds—he props the unconscious band leader in a sitting position on the edge of his bed and, grabbing his arms, pulls him out of bed and onto his feet and walks him across the floor. This usually restores a degree of consciousness, which slowly spreads through the rest of Ellington's system. At this point, Boyd tears off to the dance hall, leaving some hanger-on behind to see that Ellington does not go to sleep again.

he says is "a tone parallel to the history of the Negro."

His concert for his race is not entirely impersonal, since he and his band are constantly faced, even in the North, by the institution of Jim Crow.

"You have to try not to think about it," Duke says, "or you'll knock yourself out."

There are times when Duke's cheery calm is shaken and when his dressing room is more like a prison cell than a friendly saloon.

A few months ago the band arrived in St. Louis to play at the Fox Theatre. As the train pulled into the Union Station, Ellington's two white employees—Boyd and Juan Tizol, Puerto Rican and only white man in the band—immediately got a taxi and went to one of the town's good hotels.

Duke and the band members got taxis only after an hour and considerable begging, since most of the drivers didn't want Negroes as passengers, and then they were taken to a rickety hotel in the Negro section.

The next day, when the colored members of the band went out for lunch after the first performance, they couldn't find a restaurant in the neighborhood that would serve them. They didn't have time to get over to the segregated district before they were due onstage again.

They returned to the theatre and arranged for a white man to go out to buy sandwiches at a drugstore.

When the proprietor of the store, making inquiry, found that the sandwiches were for a Negro band, he refused to fill the order.

A few minutes later the men went back to work, hungry, the curtain rose, and from the white audience out front there came a burst of applause. The crowd cheered, whistled, and stamped its feet.

As the curtain was going up, the dejection on the faces of the players vanished, and, as swiftly as an electric light is switched on, it was replaced by a look of joy. The music blared, Duke smiled, threw back his head, and shouted "Ah-h-h!" Rex Stewart took off on a solo that was greeted with fervor, and as he bowed, the musician next to him muttered out of the side of his mouth, "Bend, you hungry fat-head! Bend!"

Everything was flash and brightness until the curtain came down. Then the joy was switched off and there was just a group of angry, hungry Negroes arguing their right to food.

"Can't we eat in our own country?" Rex Stewart said.

"And my son is in the Army!" another man said.

"Are we prisoners or something?" Harry Carney asked.

The band milled around in the gloom backstage. "Gee," said Stewart, "I'd like to go to a valley hemmed in by mountains, just me myself. That would be Utopia."

him in jail with the nigger stealer. Then they can both see how they like running north."

There was a shout of laughter and approval at this notion. "That'll be just the thing. Let the nigger stealer see how he likes sleeping with a nigger. And maybe it'll cure these boys from thinking they can get away when your back's turned."

The slave, Cuffee, was roped in a jiffy, his arms trussed painfully behind his back, his ankles tied so that he could barely hobble. Between two mounted men, he was fairly dragged back to the town, down the muddy road and around the bend to the jail-house.

MR. DURKEE, the jailer, did the honors with a flourish. He praised the posse for its efficiency. He thought the plan of putting the captured Negro into the same cell with the nigger stealer was nothing short of inspired.

"That'll learn 'em something," he said several times, slapping his fat thighs as the full beauty of the joke overcame him anew. "That'll give 'em a taste of their own medicine. That'll fix our high and mighty gentleman. That's funny, that is," and he laughed all over again.

Mr. Merriam said impatiently, "All right, Durkee. Show him into the cell. Let's get it over with and go home. We can't stay here all evening."

Durkee was immediately busy.

The large brass key was taken down from the wall. Mr. Durkee became every inch the jailer. Cuffee quailed before him.

"Git in there, you black trash. We'll show you how we deal with runaway nigras in Kentucky." Hobbling the best he could, Cuffee moved forward. The key grated in a rusty lock, the heavy door creaked open.

Mahala North, standing in the guise of young Martin, watched the door swing slowly inward, strained her eyes to see, and saw nothing in the darkness of the inner room. A single window, high in the farther wall, showed a pale square of evening, but the cell itself was washed in shadow. No one stirred. No one spoke. Trembling in the agony of the moment, Mahala took a step forward, staring over the heavy shoulder of the jailer. Dal, she wanted to cry out. Dal, I'm here. It's Mahala. I'm here. I've come to get you out. The unspoken words deafened her, dazed her. She could only gaze feverishly into the dark cell, waiting for it to happen.

Mr. Durkee sensed something pressing in her manner. He said hospitably, "You want to have a look at the prisoner? He ain't much to look at, but you're welcome to see him." He moved forward accommodatingly and held his lantern high, so that its pale beams flowed into the little room.

As though the sight had terrified him, Cuffee began to moan and

pray. "Oh, Mr. Martin, don't put me in no jail cell. Don't shut me up with no nigger stealer. Take me back up no'th with you, an' I'll never run off no more. Take me back up no'th with you . . ." No one paid any attention to him.

Sitting on his straw pallet in the remote corner of the cell was a man. Mahala's eyes fell upon him, in that first moment, without recognition. This is not Dal, she thought stupidly; not Dal. Then the man moved, lifted a shoulder, turned his head slowly to look at his visitors. That face, so white, so very thin, the eyes staring dead black from the pallor of their setting, the lips almost colorless, set in a line of contempt; that figure, wrapped in filthy rags that could not hide the sharpness of the knees and elbows. Dal—Dal, the voice in Mahala's mind was shrieking. You're ill. You're dying. O God, Dal.

Durkee, the jailer, naturally wanted to appear well before his guests. "Git up, you," he said urgently to his prisoner, "Can't you see these gentlemen want to look at you?" He hustled into the room, throwing his light more clearly upon Dallas Ord's bitter face, but it was to be noted that he did not approach his prisoner closely.

"We got a companion for you, Mr. Abolitionist," he said, and slapped his thighs with delight. "We got just the very man to keep you company." He had to pause while laughter shook him. "We got

a black gentleman to room with you," he said, shouting with laughter. "You're so fond of niggers that we went to all this trouble just to get a black boy to keep you from being lonesome. Come in here, you," he shouted to Cuffee. "Come in and meet your friend from up north. He'll be real pleased to welcome you."

Cuffee, black, mud-smeared, openly terrified, crouched against the wall, rolling his eyes at the white man across the room. He was still moaning. "Don' leave me alone with the white man, Mist' Jailer. He kill me sure." Nobody paid any attention to him.

Young Martin—with an effort, the older men were amused to see—finally plucked up courage to swagger into the room. He walked into the dirty little cell and stood face to face with the man wrapped in his tattered blanket, staring them down with the bitterness of his contempt. Young Martin did not shrink from his gaze.

"So you're the man who steals niggers," he said, with a good attempt at bravado. "I hear you're one of the Northerners I've just left behind me. I come from the North," he said with his boyish boastfulness. "I know the kind of man you are. You like to run with niggers. All right. I've brought you one to run with."

The prisoner gave her back a look from his black eyes, hard, fierce, inscrutable. Finally—they were all,

an Ellington theme or the intricate sinuosity of a tenor saxophone as it curls in and out of the ensemble.

To Ellington devotees in Europe, which he toured in 1933 and in 1939, identifying him as a mere writer and player of jazz (his instrument is the piano) is like identifying Einstein as a nice old man.

Some notion of their fervor is apparent in the words of a London critic reporting an Ellington concert at the Palladium. "His music has a truly Shakespearean universality," he wrote, "and as he sounded the gamut, girls wept and young chaps sank to their knees."

Ellington has, like most entertainers, a stage self and a real self.

On the stage, at least when he supplies the "flesh"—the trade term for personal appearances in movie houses—he presents himself as a smiling, carefree African, tingling to his fingertips with a gay, syncopated throb that he can scarcely control.

Part of Duke's character goes well enough with the onstage Ellington who periodically throws back his head and emits a long-drawn-out "Ah-h-h!" as if the spirit of hot had forced wordless exultation from his lips.

He likes to eat to excess and to drink in moderation. He is also fond of what he calls "the chicks," and when they follow him to the station, as they often do, he stands on the back platform of his train and, as it pulls out, throws them

big, gusty, smacking kisses. (He is married, but he has been separated from his wife for fifteen years.)

He has a passion for color and clothes. He has forty-five suits and more than a thousand ties, the latter collected in forty-seven states of the Union and seven European countries, and his shoes, hats, shirts, and even his toilet water are all custom-made.

His usual manner is one of ambassadorial urbanity, but it is occasionally punctuated by deep despair. In explaining his moods, he says, "A Negro can be too low to speak one minute and laughing fit to kill the next, and mean both."

Few people know that he is a student of Negro history. He is a member of one of the first families of Virginia, for his ancestors arrived at Jamestown in 1619, a year before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

He has written music commemorating Negro heroes such as Crispus Attucks, the first American killed in the American Revolution; Barzillai Lew, one of the men depicted in the painting called "The Spirit of '76;" and Harriet Tubman, Nat Turner, Denmark Vesey, Frederick Douglass, and other Negro fighters for freedom.

He has also written an unproduced opera, "Boola," which tells the story of the American Negro, and a long symphonic work entitled "Black, Brown, and Beige," which

also lives in fear that Ellington may fall asleep at the wrong time, and since it usually takes an hour of the most ingenious torture to put the slumbering band leader on his feet, the manager's apprehension is not unreasonable.

In general, Boyd's life is not a happy one. It is his job to herd about the country a score of highly spirited, highly individual artists, whose colors range from light beige to a deep, blue black, whose tastes range from quiet study to explosive conviviality, and whose one common denominator is a complete disregard of train schedules.

Often Duke finishes his breakfast in a taxi. Frequently, driven from the table in his hotel room by the jittery, henlike cluckings of Boyd, he wraps a half-finished chop in a florid handkerchief and tucks it in the pocket of his jacket, from which it protrudes, its nattiness not at all impaired by the fact that it conceals a greasy piece of meat.

Not long ago this habit astonished an Icelandic music student who happened to be on a train that Duke had barely caught. The Iclander, after asking for Ellington's autograph, had said, "Mr. Ellington, aren't there marked similarities between you and Bach?"

Duke moved his right hand to the handkerchief frothing out of his jacket. "Well, Bach and myself," he said, unwrapping the handkerchief and revealing the chop, "Bach and myself both"—

he took a bite from the chop—"write with individual performers in mind."

It is in this jumpy atmosphere that Ellington composes, and some of his best pieces have been written against the glass partitions of offices in recording studios, on darkened overnight buses, with illumination supplied by a companion holding an interminable chain of matches, and in sweltering, clattering day coaches.

Sometimes writing a song in no more than fifteen minutes and sometimes finishing concert pieces only a few hours before their performance, he has composed around twelve hundred pieces, many of them of such worth that Stokowski, Grainger, Stravinsky, and Milhaud have called him one of the greatest modern composers.

There are many musicians who have even gone as far as to argue that he is the only great living American composer.

His career almost spans the life of jazz and has figured prominently in the surge which has brought jazz from the bawdy houses of New Orleans to the Metropolitan Opera House and even to Buckingham Palace.

King George's who has one of the world's largest collections of Ellington records, is often found bending over a revolving disc so that he can hear more clearly the characteristically dry, dull thud of the band's bass fiddle pulsing under

for some reason, waiting for him to speak—his lips lifted in a half-smile. He said in a soft, drawling voice, "Quite a little man, aren't you?" and then they saw that he was shaking with his own private amusement, shaking so that, in his weakness, he was obliged to put out a hand and steady himself against the wall.

Mr. Durkee was scandalized. "Here, you," he shouted loudly. "You keep a civil tongue in your head, or you'll be sorry." He raised an arm threateningly, but he still kept a safe distance from his prisoner. The man Ord gave him one look like a blow in the face. Then, deliberately, he turned his back upon his visitors.

Mr. Merriam felt that this distasteful passage had gone far enough. The young fellow had acquitted himself well. The runaway was safe under lock and key. The affair was over. "If you gentlemen will come with me," he said politely to the waiting posse, "I'd be happy to offer you a little refreshment, after our exertions." There was a general movement toward the door.

Young Martin, lingering to give the jailer a handful of money for his trouble, finally joined them,

IN THE SUDDEN darkness of the cell, two men listened. Footsteps thumped over bare boards as the twenty men stamped out of the jail-house. Voices made a confused babble, the last of

them Mr. Durkee's, bidding farewell to his visitors. Then after a pause while the jailer must have stood in the doorway watching their departure, his heavy tread crossed the outer room once more, a chair scraped over the floor, money clinked softly. He would be sitting now, the listeners thought intently, resting after his exertions and counting the tip young Mr. Martin had given him.

Would Durkee settle down, perhaps stay all night, to keep watch over his new charge? Or would the money tempt him to go out? Coins clinked again. Were they being put away for another time? No. Again the slow footsteps crossed the room, hesitated at the doorway, then went more softly down the steps. Mr. Durkee was heading for the tavern. This was the time for work in the dark cell.

Cuffee whispered, "That's Miss Haley, Mr. Dal. Did you know her in gentleman's clo's? She's fixing to git you out."

Ord's hand pressed his arm in the darkness. "I knew her," he said in a queer voice. "I'd know her in any clothes. Is she all right?" he asked the Negro urgently. "Is she safe with those people? Are you sure they don't suspect her?"

His trembling voice worried Cuffee. "Yes, sir, Mr. Dal. She's fine. Those gentlemen don't think any thing about her, excusing she's a rich boy from up no'th, that hates the Nigger Lovers like poison, and

wants to buy her a farm and live right here. Mis' Haley got everything fixed. She made me run away and git caught again. She helped em to find me, and when they got me, she acted up, mad as a hornet." He laughed softly, as though the whole thing had been a fine joke.

"Mis' Haley whupped me good, for those gentlemans to see, and cussed like a nailer. She so mad—" Cuffee listened to Ord's quick breathing in the dark cell—"she so purely mad, she say to put me in here with the Nigger Lover, to teach me a lesson, and those gentlemans was tickled and said that's the very thing." Anxiously he waited for Ord to answer. Something bad ails Mr. Dal, and no mistake, he thought, holding his breath. He ain't laughin' and jokin' like before. He ain't got no spirit. He's low sick, and that's a fact.

Ord said, "I hope to God she gets out all right."

Cuffee decided that they'd better talk about something else. "Us better git to work, Mr. Dal," he said persuasively. "Mis' Haley say don't waste no time. Tonight, us got to git out o' this jail-house."

Dal Ord's voice said, "Did they search you, Cuffee? Were you able to bring anything in?"

Cuffee said, "Yes, sir, Mr. Dal. Mis' Haley helped me stow things for you." He fumbled inside his shirt.

Dal Ord's face flamed with hope. "What does she want you to do?

What's she planned? God," he said, suddenly shaken beyond his control. "I thought she couldn't get here. I thought she wasn't coming, or had been caught." His eyes blazed down at the dark and humble face. "You're a good man, Cuffee, to take this chance for me."

Cuffee looked at him anxiously. "You're sick, Mr. Dal. Us got to git you out powerful fast. I sure thought Mis' Haley go crazy waiting to git here. You go sit down and let's see what can I do to prize open this jail."

Ord said, "I'm all right. I can help." Then the weakness in his limbs made him a liar. Cuffee's arm helped him to the dirty and disordered pallet.

"You see what I says," Cuffee scolded softly. "You ain't goin' to be no help to me, does you fall out. I got to try this door."

From his bed, Ord was suddenly hopeless. "You can't break the lock. I've tried it, night after night. They've put on a new bar—iron—straight across on the outside. You can't budge it. And the window's barred with iron, too."

The Negro was not discouraged. "Those gentlemans doesn't know it, but I been in this jail-house before. I got in with a passel of nigras that ran away from a coffe, and I got out, slick as owl grease. If'n the door don't open, the window will."

Patently, with his large black hands, he began to test the bars of the window. They were apparently

Some call Duke Ellington greatest living American composer

The Hot Bach

Condensed from New Yorker

By Richard O. Boyer

DUKE ELLINGTON, whose contours have something of the swell and sweep of a large, erect bear and whose color is that of coffee with a strong dash of cream, has been described by European music critics as one of the world's immortals.

More explicitly, he is a composer of jazz music and the leader of a jazz band. For over twenty-three years, Duke, christened Edward Kennedy Ellington, has spent his days and nights on trains rattling across the continent with his band on an endless sequence of one-night stands at dances, and playing in movie theatres, where he does up to five shows a day; in the night clubs of Broadway and Harlem and in hotels around the country; in radio stations and Hollywood movie studios; in rehearsal halls and in

recording studios, where his band has made some eleven hundred records, which have sold twenty million copies; and even, in recent years, in concert halls such as Carnegie and the Boston Symphony.

His music has the virtue of pleasing both the jitterbugs, whose cadenced bouncing often makes an entire building shudder, and the intellectuals, who read into it profound comments on transcendental matters.

Ellington is a calm man of forty-five who laughs easily and hates to hurry. His movements are so deliberate that his steps are usually dogged by his road manager, Jack Boyd, a hard, brisk, red-faced little white man from Texas, whose right index finger was shortened by a planing machine twenty years ago.

Boyd, who has been an Ellington employee for some years, yaps and yips at his heels in an effort, for example, to hurry him to a train which in fifteen minutes is leaving a station five miles away. Boyd

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THE African Way



WHEN an old Negro native in South Africa was told he had to be taxed because the government, like a father, protected him from enemies, cared for him when he was sick, fed him when he was hungry, gave him an education and, for these reasons, needed money, the old native said:

"Yes, I understand. It is like this: I have a dog, and the dog is hungry. He comes to me and begs food.

"I say to him, 'My dear faithful dog, I see you are very hungry. I am sorry for you. I shall give you meat.'

"I then take a knife, cut off the dog's tail, give it to him and say: 'Here, my faithful dog, be nourished by this nice piece of meat.'"

Magazine Digest

IN DURBAN, South Africa, U. S. Negro Bishop John Gregg stopped over on his way to visit Negro troops in the Middle East. No hotel would put him up. Finally he got bed and board in the McCord Hospital for Negroes.

Said Bishop Gregg: "Maybe this hospital is the right place for me. After travelling half around the world, I have suddenly discovered in South Africa that I suffer from an incurable disease, malignant pigmentation." *Time*

WHEN American Negro soldiers arrived in Liberia, some of their superior officers decided that the native girls' fashions in the interior were bad for military morale. It seems the Liberian girls wore only a small bit of covering instead of a skirt and went around totally bare topside.

One officer got the bright idea of presenting each girl around the camp with a Navy-style undershirt with quarter length sleeves. The girls were so enthused by the gift some even asked for two.

The next day, however, when the officer saw some of the girls wearing their new shirts his eyes popped out. All the native girls had neatly cut out two round holes in the appropriate places.

Robert Capper

solid, set into a heavy wooden window frame. After considering for a moment, the Negro turned away and went to inspect the small iron stove in the other corner of the cell. It had not been lit for a long time, months or perhaps years. Under Cuffee's touch the thing rattled, metal screeched and the old stove tilted drunkenly forward on three legs. Cuffee straightened, with a useful tool in his hand.

"Stove leg as good as a crowbar, pretty near," he said with satisfaction. "Now us'll see how that window bar's settin'."

IT WAS a pleasure to see him work. Dallas Ord, resting on an elbow, watched from his bed as the rusty iron dug into aged wood. The window frame came away in one piece, spike and all, revealing the second line of defense—an iron bar, clamped against the upright bars that guarded the window. Cuffee studied this arrangement thoughtfully. Below the bar, bricks of the wall showed their faded color.

Once more, Cuffee returned to the battered stove and dealt with it. This time he went back to the window with an assortment of tools; a stove lid, a part of the fender. The iron bar was well sunk into the brickwork. For a time it resisted all efforts to dislodge it.

Cuffee was not discouraged. "Somebody put this *in*," he said, straining against the pry, "and somebody can git it *out*." Awkward

though it was, the round stove lid did the job. The bolt pulled a little, then a little more. When the final tug came, it let go altogether, and came out with a crunching of brick and metal. The ends of the window bars hung free, as the sill split off altogether, leaving a gap in the brickwork so that cool night air rushed into the little cell like a voice calling from outside.

Dal Ord was on his feet now, working side by side with the Negro, pounding against the old bricks, tearing at the splinters of wood, fighting the wall as though it was an enemy. Cuffee tried to dissuade him. "Won't do us no good to git outen this jail-house if you's so tuckered out you can't run. Mis' Haley skin me for sure if I lets you git sicker'n you already is."

Ord said, "I'm all right. We've got to hurry. Durkee might come back any time now, and if he catches us, we're done."

Cuffee did not appear to hurry, but the bricks began to come away in his hands as though he was shelling peas. The gap widened, became a hole, an opening, a way of escape. Cuffee slid a leg through, bent his back to try the width, then came swiftly back to Dallas Ord.

"It's big enough, Mr. Dal," he said calmly. "Us better be gittin'." His hand supported Ord's body anxiously. "Is you strong enough to make it, Mr. Dal? You got to drop a long ways after you gits through."

Ord shook him off impatiently. "I'll make it."

For all his gentle manner, Cuffee was in charge here. He said, "I'll go first, Mr. Dal. I've studied the ground down there, and I knows how to fall. I kin ketch you, does you fall wrong."

Ord hesitated a moment, then stood back. "Hurry, boy," was all he said. He watched the black shape of Cuffee moving carefully through the pale light of the opening. The round head hung, for a moment, bodiless as Cuffee swung over the ledge, then dropped out of sight. From below, the Negro's voice called softly, "All ready, Mr. Dal." With every atom of his strength, Dallas Ord forced his body to obey his will.

The beauty of Cuffee's plan was its simplicity. Where any guess would say that an escaped prisoner would run far and fast, Cuffee went to ground as near the jail as possible. In the brief time he had, he had foreseen everything, thought of everything, provided for everything.

Just across the ravine from the jail stood a tobacco shed, a great sprawling building, slat-sided for drying the leaf, and on the far side of this building was a pit made to receive the refuse of the tobacco, the wilted tops, the strippings, any sort of rubbish. Above this pit, a heap of debris rose halfway up the rough side of the shed.

Under the heap, in the pit itself, Cuffee had hollowed out a space,

propped it with broken boards, hidden his supplies. It was to this refuge that he guided Ord's weakening steps. But not until, at the very wall of the jail-house, he had forced Ord to stop and change his shoes.

"You got to, Mr. Dal," he said urgently. "They'll git the hounds here, first off, and give 'em a smell of your scent. Mis' Haley brought us extra shoes, a-purpose. We got to change."

Ord was in fever of impatience. "They'll see us here. We've got to get away." But he obeyed, nevertheless. "I can't go far, Cuffee," he said after a few feeble steps. "You'd better leave me. I'll never make it."

Cuffee's arm was supporting him. "Yes, you will, Mr. Dal," he said; over and over. "I got it planned. It ain't far. You'll make it."

Under the pile of tobacco, he wrapped Ord warmly in a blanket and poured brandy down his throat. "Us got to rest," he said, fussing like a mother hen over his charge. "If'n I lets you git sick, Mis' Haley like to kill me. Us got to rest some and git out o' here."

TWO DAYS spent under a heap of evil-smelling refuse would not be pleasant in any circumstances; two days of tense waiting, while hounds coursed up and down the ravine a hundred yards away, and mounted men rode and shouted through the woods beyond, were two days of hell.

Dallas Ord was a sick man; weak

battlefield; if a man is deemed capable enough to help protect us from our common enemies from without; if a man is competent to operate a machine producing essential goods in time of war; then he and others like him are entitled not by tolerance or by sufferance, but by right and in equity and good conscience to an equal opportunity to secure work at whatever honest endeavor of which they are capable, and at a fair rate of pay.

We are fighting this war for that very thing. Let us not forget it when the war ends. Let us not forget it as we plan the great peacetime development of our nation.

It will require the patience of all. It will demand the best thinking of all. It will call for an understanding and sympathy between worker and worker, between capital and labor, between majority and minority.

The great and compelling contributions which all elements of our population have made to the war can, and of right should also, be made in peace, to the end that we as a nation may continue to lead the world by the maintenance of a high standard of civilized living to a realization of the meaning of democracy.

Arms and the Man

RECENTLY an elderly, gray-haired woman boarded a crowded Washington streetcar and was edging her way up the aisle when a soldier who had been sitting to the left of a Negro civilian got up and offered his seat to her. She drew up haughtily and remarked:

"Indeed, I wouldn't sit next to that 4-F Negro."

The Negro looked up at the lady and calmly asked:

"Madam, have you anyone in the service?"

"I have three sons in service and they are all overseas," she replied boastfully.

"Well," said the civilian, "tell them to look for the right arm I left over there."

She reached for the bell cord and got off at the next stop.

Chicago Sun

which to make a worthwhile contribution to the winning of the war.

The acceptance of these work opportunities has, it seems to me, imposed responsibilities upon both employer and employee. At the same time it has brought about a better understanding between worker and worker, between employer and employee.

From this understanding and from an appreciation of the responsibilities and duties which the new advantages have given, it is my hope that the war's end will bring about a lasting improvement in the lot of all who before the war suffered the disadvantages of minority status.

It is inevitable that the demobilization of our military structure will bring about a reduction in the demands of industry for manpower. What the reconversion to peace and the ensuing civilian demands will mean in the post-war industrial and agricultural fields is now the subject of speculation and study.

But of one thing we ought to be certain. That is, that our mustering out of men and industry when peace comes shall not bring about a demobilization of the opportunity for any segment of our citizenship to earn a fair and decent living.

Both capital and labor must share in the responsibility which this aspect of our post-war reconversion demands. The issue is one that is easy to understand. It lies at the

root of our fighting this terrible war.

Men and women of all faiths, of all colors, of all origins who love the democratic way have given their lives, and others are offering themselves daily to the end that this very principal of equal economic opportunity shall be preserved and expanded to encompass an ever growing number.

No side issues ought to be permitted to vary the consideration of this central theme. Whether there should or should not be social equality for minorities; whether there should or should not be segregation of minorities; whether intermarriage between races and peoples is or is not desirable are not necessary facts of the primary issue.

I have little patience with those who, in order to retain and justify their narrow and bigoted view, mix into this question of economic opportunity everything that they can think of in order to befog the issue and win converts to their cause, converts who are fighting phantoms rather than substance.

And let us not forget that equality of economic opportunity presupposes equality of educational and health opportunities.

The future of our nation depends in considerable measure upon the wisdom and justice with which we try to work out our programs.

If a man is good enough to carry our flag through the shriek of shells and the machine gun fire of the

almost to helplessness. It is probable that he would have died if Cuffee had not sustained him. But Cuffee's courage never faltered; he never despaired, never ceased to watch and guard, was never at a loss. Brandy and food from his hidden store gave Ord strength; his certainly gave Ord hope.

"That Mis' Haley voice," he would say, peering from the peephole he had contrived above their refuge. "I kin see her horse. She helping the gentlemans hunt for us, and she goin' to make 'em hunt the wrong way. She got 'em all fooled," he'd say, laughing at the joke of it. "She foolin those gentlemans, fine as cat hair. And when they's tire of huntin' for us, she going to git roarin' drunk and ride off in a big hurry. And after she gits away from 'em, she'll come back and find us."

Ord couldn't believe such luck at first, but when, after the second day, the chase had evidently turned in other directions, he began to hope. He was feeling stronger, he told Cuffee that night. It was time to go. But the Negro still refused.

"Mis' Haley got it all planned. Does we go too quick, we don't meet up with her, like she said. It ain't safe till the third night, Mis' Haley say. Then she goin' to give up lookin' and git out of town. That's when we's got to make tracks."

After the fetid warmth of the rubbish-pile shelter, the spring night was cool when they did start out. Ord was carefully wrapped by Cuf-

fee in a greatcoat and the blanket, folded like a shawl, but the keen air made him shiver, and his legs were as weak as a baby's. Three miles through the dark woods left him exhausted, and he was glad to crawl into a nest of brush when daylight began to paint the sky. Cuffee reconnoitered the ground, then crawled in after him, carefully arranging the twigs to conceal their hiding place.

"Tomorrow night us gits to the place to meet Mis' Haley," he said confidently. "Then us goes to traveling."

When a man is lightheaded with fever, with illness and exhaustion, events slide together, shifting and slipping through his head in a crazy dream. Days and nights flowed past Dallas Ord, daylight and dark; dark and daylight; nights of stumbling through forests, through fields, or creeping along fence-rows, hiding in ditches, crawling into shallow caves, under haystacks. In the sliding dream Ord moved, spoke, struggled, felt himself held and tended beside hasty small fires, drank thirstily when a bowl was held to his lips, slept without changing the dream, and woke to the same dream in the black night when he rose to go on. Somewhere in the dream Cuffee walked beside him, holding him up, helping him to walk, leading and guiding him between the trees of the woods, feeding him, hiding him at dawn.

And the other figure in the dream

might have been only a part of the old dream of his days in the jail. Mahala's hands touching him, her voice speaking to him, her pale face appearing before him like that old haunting vision. What she said to him and what he replied were a part of the old dream, too; the dream in which he had passed days and weeks in his cell, when he had talked to an absent Mahala, argued with her, pleaded with her, cried out to her.

He was not aware when they were in danger, or how far they came, or when they found help. Once he lay for a day in a Negro cabin; black faces looked down at him in the firelit room, black hands tended him. And though Cuffee was a part of that dream, Mahala seemed forever beyond his vision.

Then pain and fever had left him, and the horrible whirling in his mind, the roaring of strange voices in his ears, the shifting, phantasmal shapes before his vision. He lay waiting, breathing light shallow breaths not to shatter this heavenly peace, not daring to believe: it was true that he was safe in a clean bed, that he had finally escaped.

Then he saw Mahala's face bending over him, white, haggard, drowned in tears, but with a radiance of joy upon it, and he heard her voice say brokenly, "You're all right, Dal. You're going to get well. You're safe and the fever's gone. You're going to get well, and I can take you home again."



Send For A Case Of Cure

A DOCTOR was treating a Negro patient for insomnia. He tried every cure he knew and his patient continued to have trouble getting to sleep. Finally in desperation he turned to a new cure.

"Get some fine old Barbados rum," he directed very businesslike. "Cover a lump of sugar in the bottom of large glass. Fill with hot water and drink slowly. Repeat this every hour."

"But doctor," asked the patient somewhat skeptically, "will that put me to sleep?"

"No," said the doctor, "but it will make you not mind staying awake."

John Campbell

NEGRO DIGEST

A Magazine Of Negro Comment

VOL. II

AUGUST

NO. 10

¶ When peace comes, will job opportunities for minorities be demobilized again?

Will Fair Employment Be Demobilized?

Written Expressly for Negro Digest

By **Harold L. Ickes**

THE DIFFICULT and costly conflict in which our nation, in alliance with other democratic countries, is now engaged has re-emphasized the importance of the melting pot out of which our great republic is taking final form.

It has pointed up for all of us the significance of living in the democratic way, and has given sharper definition to the fundamental fact that minorities, whether in economic or social spheres, are essential elements of our kind of civilization.

HAROLD L. ICKES is Secretary of Interior and considered one of the foremost liberals in America.

The global conflict has had another effect. It has opened greater and newer opportunities for work to all elements and segments of the population. In almost every branch of industry, directly and indirectly related to the war, there has been an opening of doors to men and women who heretofore, for whatever reason, were either denied the opportunity to work, or were so restricted as to make satisfactory economic progress impossible.

Now, and for many months past, the "welcome" sign has been hanging at the front door and all corners have been greeted cordially, regardless of creed or color, experience or education. For all there has been a place from which and through

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DIGEST QUIZ

Street Sally

AMERICA'S sometimes-ghetto system of segregation and restrictive covenants have concentrated Negro population in their own communities. Each city neighborhood has its "main drag," some known all over the world through song and story, others less prominent.

Each of the streets below are well-known "Main Streets" in big Negro communities, the idea being to tell which city. Five right out of eight makes you just an average man-about-town, six is good, seven is better and eight makes you strictly tops. (Answers on Page 20.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Rampart Street
Atlanta
Birmingham
New Orleans | 5. Central Avenue
Baltimore
Miami
Los Angeles |
| 2. Lenox Avenue
New York
Los Angeles
Philadelphia | 6. South Parkway
Birmingham
Detroit
Chicago |
| 3. Beale Street
Memphis
St. Louis
Little Rock | 7. Wiley Avenue
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Baltimore |
| 4. St. Antoine Street
New Orleans
Detroit
San Francisco | 8. Auburn Avenue
Cleveland
Atlanta
New Orleans |

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 Associate Editor: Ben Burns. Assistants: E. M. Walker, G. J. Williams
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 by the Negro Digest Publishing Co.
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 The articles in Negro Digest are selected on the basis of general interest and information and do not necessarily express the opinions of the editors.

Race In Books

Fiction and non-fiction, published or due for publication, with the Negro as a subject.

- FREEDOM ROAD
Howard FastDuell, Sloan & Pearce
- SHIP OF DEMOCRACY
John BeecherL. B. Fischer
- DEEP RIVER
Henrietta BuckmasterHarcourt, Brace
- AMERICAN HUNGER
Richard WrightHarper
- PAPA TOUSSAINT
Ralph KorngoldLittle, Brown
- THE WAY OF THE SOUTH
Howard OdumMacmillan
- ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN NEGRO LITERATURE
Edited by Sylvestre C. Watkins.....Modern Library
- BLACK METROPOLIS
Horace Cayton and St. Clair DrakeHarcourt, Brace
- THEY SEEK A CITY
Jack Conroy and Arna Bontemps.....Doubleday, Doran
- STRANGE FRUIT
Lillian SmithReynal and Hitchcock
- THE WINDS OF FEAR
Major Hodding Carter.....Farrar and Rinehart
- THE MARCHING BLACKS
A. Clayton Powell, Jr.Dial
- COLCORTON
Edith PopeScribners
- BLACK DAWN
Theda KenyonJulian Messner
- ESCAPE THE THUNDER
Lonnie ColemanDutton
- FIRE BELL IN THE NIGHT
Constance RobertsonHenry Holt
- WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS
Edited by Rayford Logan.....U. of North Carolina Press
- [Any of these books can be ordered through Negro Digest]



Report To Our Readers

THE editors of NEGRO DIGEST like to think of its readers as a board of trustees and this is more or less a semi-annual report on two projects close to our heart.

Back in April a letter from a white woman in Abilene, Texas, started our College Library Fund rolling. The idea was to put NEGRO DIGEST in white Southern college libraries in order to better racial relations. Financing was to come from you folks out there. The response has been splendid and this is to report the magazine now going to the following colleges as a result of your contributions: Duke, University of Oklahoma, Washington & Lee, University of Arkansas, Vanderbilt, Tulane, University of Virginia, George Peabody College in Nashville, Wabash College, and University of Maryland.

The College Library Fund is still very much open for business and donations large and small to place NEGRO DIGEST on the library shelves of white universities below the Mason and Dixon Line will be welcomed.

Our valedictorian project went very well also. In response to our offer of gift subscriptions to high school valedictorians, letters from principals have come in from all parts of the nation. We have been happy to put the names of these up-and-coming youngsters on our subscription lists with the feeling that reading of NEGRO DIGEST will make them better citizens in the crucial days that face our nation in the future.

Finally a word of thanks for all the gratifying letters of appreciation that come in from a host of supporters. It has enabled NEGRO DIGEST not only to boast the largest circulation of any Negro magazine in the world but also to note that a surprising percentage of its readers are whites who are aware of the race problem in America.

John H. Johnson
Publisher and Managing Editor



NEGRO DIGEST

A Magazine of Negro Comment

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25c

AUGUST, 1944

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

JVO:JW

TO : Mr. Nichols

DATE: August 14, 1944

FROM : M. A. Jones

SUBJECT: Negro Digest

File
 ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
 DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 [signature]

This publication might be characterized as a militant Negro publication of the variety of "Afro-American" and the "Pittsburgh Courier."

A confidential report dated October 30, 1942, sets out that this publication went to press for the first time a fortnight ago. They discussed the ever-increasing current social problems as they pertain to Negro people advising that subversive influence was possible but as yet unverified.

(100-7660-832)

In a report entitled Earl Burrus Dickerson, Alderman in the city of Chicago, it is reflected that John H. Johnson acted as the latter's public relations man. John H. Johnson, it might be noted is the editor of the Negro Digest. Dickerson is described as being associated with numerous front organizations such as the National Negro Congress, the Chicago Midwest Civil Liberties Union, the Chicago Urban League, and the International Labor Defense. (100-45-805-2 page 7)

File Number 100-3-59-214 reflects that Mrs. Roosevelt published an article in the Negro Digest entitled "If I Were A Negro."

A report on the Communist Party, District 8, from the Chicago Field Division sets out that a confidential informant reported that the purpose of the Negro Digest was to reach the mass of the Negro population who are now securing positions in the war industries. The Y.C.L. supports activities pushing subscriptions to the Negro Digest feeling that this is a direct means by which they can recruit men and women from the Negro race. (100-3-14-1150)

An anonymous communication from Chicago, Illinois, dated December 5, 1943, stated that the Negro Digest started an advertising campaign that has increased its national circulation and that the Digest was in a position to influence a considerable number of Negroes. It is set out that an examination of the contents of the publication causes doubt that it will be helpful in leading to more harmonious race relations. (100-71654-4)

RECOMMENDATION: It is recommended that permission be granted to reprint the article.

61 OCT 4 1944 176

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AUG 18 1944

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Mr. Mohr
Mr. Carson
Mr. Hendon
Mr. Mumford
Mr. Jones
Mr. Quinn Tamm
Mr. Nease
Miss Gandy

WU14 NL

WESTERN UNION

UNCHICAGO ILL AUG 18 1944

HON J EDGAR HOOVER

DIRECTOR FEDERAL BUREAU OF INV

WOULD APPRECIATE A FAVORABLE REPLY TO OUR LETTER OF AUGUST
9 REQUESTING PERMISSION TO USE AN EXTRACT FROM YOUR ARTICLE
IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE. INTERESTED IN SECTION DEALING WITH
NEGRO SPY. ANSWER TODAY BY WIRE COLLECT

JOHN H. JOHNSON MANAGING EDITOR NEGRO DIGEST 5619
SOUTH STATE ST CHICAGO 21 ILLINOIS.

1030P

9 5619 21.

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INDEXED

31 AUG 22 1944

77 SEP 2 1944

September 9, 1944

100-71654-8

RECORDED

Mr. John H. Johnson
Managing Editor
Negro Digest
5613 South State Street
Chicago 21, Illinois

Dear Mr. Johnson:

Your letter of August 30, 1944,
has been received together with the copies
of the Negro Digest which you forwarded
under separate cover. Thank you for your
courtesy in this matter.

With best wishes and kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJB/m

SEP 9 3 33 PM '44
RECEIVED READING ROOM
U. S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Mr. Mohr
Mr. Carson
Mr. Hendon
Mr. Jones
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Nease
Miss Gandy

COMMUNICATIONS SECTION
SEP 9 1944 P.M.

U. S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
U. S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

83 SEP 13 1944

John H. Johnson



NEGRO DIGEST

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Coffey
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Mr. Mohr
Mr. Carson
Mr. Egan
Mr. Gurnea
Mr. Harbo
Mr. Hendon
Mr. Pennington
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Nease
Miss Gandy

5619 SOUTH STATE STREET
CHICAGO 2, ILL. DUEN 1-0185
Telephone: Englewood 2-2900

August 30, 1944

Dear Mr. Hoover:

The editors of the American Magazine kindly gave us permission to reprint your article on a Negro spy who aided the government in apprehending Nazi agents which appeared in the September, 1944 issue of their magazine.

This article is reprinted in the September issue of our magazine, complimentary copies of which are being sent to you under separate cover. We shall be happy to send additional complimentary copies to as many persons as you suggest.

Very truly yours,

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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RAB/168 JH Johnson

John H. Johnson
Managing Editor

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

JHJ:BD

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

100-71654-8

nmml
ack 9-9-44
jnd

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

MAJ:HN

TO : Mr. Nichols

DATE: April 4, 1945

FROM : M. A. Jones

SUBJECT: "Negro Digest"

Mr. Tolson	✓
Mr. E. A. Tamm	
Mr. Clegg	
Mr. Coffey	
Mr. Glavin	
Mr. Ladd	
Mr. Nichols	✓
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Tracy	
Mr. Carson	
Mr. Egan	
Mr. Hendon	
Mr. Pennington	
Mr. Quinn Tamm	
Tele. Room	
Mr. Nease	
Miss Gandy	

With regard to the letter of March 22, 1945, concerning the "Negro Digest" the Bureau's files reflect that this might be characterized as a militant Negro publication of the same variety as "Afro-American" and the "Pittsburgh Courier." The Bureau's files reflect that John H. Johnson, the editor, once acted as public relations man for Earl Burrus Dickerson, Chicago Alderman, who has been described as associating with numerous front organizations such as the National Negro Congress, the Chicago Midwest Civil Liberties Union, the Chicago Urban League and the International Labor Defense.

The report on the Communist party in Chicago contains information from a confidential informant indicating that the purpose of the "Negro Digest" was to reach the mass of the Negro population who are now securing positions in the war industries. The former Young Communist League supported activities pushing subscriptions to the "Negro Digest."

An anonymous communication from Chicago, dated December 5, 1943, reflected that the publication started an advertising campaign which increased its national circulation and that the Digest was in a position to influence a considerable number of Negroes.

It might be noted that Mrs. Roosevelt published an article in the "Negro Digest" entitled "If I Were A Negro."

The Director received a letter from Mr. John H. Johnson, the managing editor, under date of August 9, 1944, requesting permission to reprint the Director's article on Nazi spies in South America which appeared in the American Magazine. Johnson was referred to the editor of the American and later permission was granted.

RECOMMENDATION: In view of the doubtful nature of this publication, it is not felt that the Director will desire to write the suggested article and accordingly the attached letter has been prepared for approval.

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&
INDEXED

100-71654-9
35 APR 10 1945

51 APR 12 1945

64-715-88

SP-5, LPT 12-11-45

April 6, 1945

RECORDED

100-71654-10

Mr. John H. Johnson
Editor and Publisher
Negro Digest
5619 South State Street
Chicago 21, Illinois

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJG/ML

Dear Mr. Johnson:

W.C. D.C.

I have received your letter of March 22, 1945, together with the copy of the March, 1945, issue of "Negro Digest" and your kind remarks concerning my articles which have appeared from time to time are deeply appreciated. It would be a pleasure indeed to comply with your request, but in view of the many pressing matters requiring my close personal attention at the present time, I frankly do not see how I will be able to write the suggested article.

As of possible interest to you in connection with the current crime situation, it is a pleasure to enclose the latest edition of our Uniform Crime Reports bulletin which contains crime statistics covering the calendar year 1944.

With best wishes and kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

Mr. Tolson _____
Mr. E. A. Tamm _____
Mr. Clegg _____
Mr. Coffey _____
Mr. Glavin _____
Mr. Ladd _____
Mr. Nichols _____
Mr. Rosen _____
Mr. Tracy _____
Mr. Carson _____
Mr. Egan _____
Mr. Hendon _____
Mr. Pennington _____
Mr. Quinn Tamm _____
Mr. Nease _____
Miss Gandy _____

Enclosure

UCH

COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

MAILED 12

APR 7 1945

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
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INDEXED IN
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FILES

51
78 APR 12 1945



NEGRO DIGEST

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DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RSK/ML

5619 SOUTH STATE STREET
CHICAGO 21, ILLINOIS
Telephone: Englewood 8900
Miss Gandy

Mr. Tolson	✓
Mr. E. A. Tamm	
Mr. Clegg	
Mr. Coffey	
Mr. Glavin	
Mr. Ladd	
Mr. Nichols	✓
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Tracy	
Mr. Carson	
Mr. Egan	
Mr. Gurnea	
Mr. Pennington	
Mr. Quinn Tamm	
Mr. Nease	
Miss Gandy	

March 22, 1945

Dear Mr. Hoover:

I have been interested for some time in the splendid articles on crime which have appeared under your by-line in various magazines. It occurs to me that with your acknowledged leadership in America in fighting against crime, you would be in a better position than perhaps any man in the country to make an intelligent, far-sighted contribution towards better race relations giving an accurate picture of Negroes in crime. By that I mean a statement which would indicate the nature of Negro crimes, the background and environment which drives them to crime, and a positive program towards ameliorating the general problem of juvenile delinquency which leads to the development of Negro criminals.

Too often in the past there has been the tendency to over emphasize Negroes as born criminals. I am sure you will agree that this is not an accurate statement and that Negro crime is definitely connected with the status of the Negro economically and socially. We feel that you could do a great deal to give an accurate picture of the situation and at the same time offer a creative program which could go far towards preventing Negro crime. We are, therefore, inviting you to contribute an article on this subject to our magazine which is the outstanding Negro magazine in America with a circulation over 100,000 among both whites and Negroes.

A number of prominent Americans have written for NEGRO DIGEST and we would be proud to have your name join them. The article need not be long, perhaps 1,500 words or so. Although we would like to offer you more, we are in position to pay only \$25.00 for the article. We do hope that you will give us favorable consideration and an early reply.

Very truly yours,

RECORDED

INDEXED

John H. Johnson

Editor and Publisher

JHJ:NT

INDEXED IN
PUBLICATION
FILES

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

of reputable
should like to do it.

6



Negro Digest Publishing Co.

5619 South State Street

Chicago 21, Ill.

TO

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

1 March

*Director
Mar 16 1945*

if we had to forfeit all the passage money.

I ordered the steward, who was still waiting for his tip, to take our hand luggage and follow us. We walked across "No Man's Land" to the first class part of the ship. There I asked the purser how much I would lose if I did not sail. He asked me why I wanted to cancel my reservation.

I told him with appropriate and decent profanity that when I had accepted second class I had not realized that this was their trick to herd colored passengers together. Other persons in line, probably waiting for their table assignments, began to take interest in the conversation. The purser at once said that he would refund the entire amount of the passage. He went to the safe and paid me off in cash.

As my wife and I went up the dock, seething with anger and humiliation, we met Walter White and Dr. William Stuart Nelson who had come down to see us off. They, of course, shared our indignation. At White's suggestion, I consulted the

law firm of Arthur Garfield Hays about a suit against the company.

We finally did not file suit because there was doubt as to the place where the discrimination had taken place—had I been denied first class passage in New York or in Atlanta? Moreover, I was going to sail by the first available ship of any other line.

That line turned out to be the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company. Without any difficulty I obtained first class passage for a ship sailing in a few days. The accommodations were not so luxurious as those in first class on the Columbia Line.

But we were subjected to no form of discrimination or even discourtesy. We had a choice table in the dining room with other passengers none of whom was colored. We danced and played games with the other passengers. Even the Americans on the ship were courteous and friendly.

This incident reminded me that an American Negro receives better treatment under the flag of almost any other country than he does under his own flag.



¶ Beloved jazzman tells of rise to peak of musical firmament



Condensed from *Band Leaders*

By Louis Armstrong

I GUESS I was destined to "make a lot of noise" (as many of the uninitiated refer to "swing") as I arrived in this world in the midst of plenty of the stuff on July 4, 1900!

But it was a shot from my daddy's old "38" on New Year's Eve down in good ole New Orleans that really started my career. I must have been a funny sight, standing there in the middle of the street, scared half to death with this big gun smoking in my hand. Anyway, it led to my getting hold of my first trumpet, 'cause that shot landed me in the Waif's Home, where they had a band made up of the older boys.

I had organized a singing quartet

with three of the best singers in our neighborhood, and we started working on the new "jass" music we heard all around us. We used to go down to the docks and sing our heads off. Then we'd peel off and jump into the Mississippi for a swim—get tired and sing some more.

I was out with this quartet gathering up pennies and nickels from the merry-makers, the night I decided to "show off" and shoot my daddy's rusty ole "38"!

When I got into the Waif's Home, I started to learn music under Mr. Peter Davis. He taught me the bugle first. Then I got my cornet and really started playing. Our little band became well known around New Orleans, and at fourteen I left the Home to help make a living for my mother and sister.

Between following the parades

LOUIS ARMSTRONG is recognized the world over as one of the foremost American exponents of jazz, and the ranking cornet player in the land.

Copyright, *Band Leaders* (January, 1945)

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and selling newspapers, I practiced on my horn. Those street parades with marching bands or horse-drawn flat-bottomed wagons advertising a dance at "Joe's Place," or the funeral bands are my most vivid recollections. Sometimes two processions would meet at an intersection, and that's when "jam sessions" were born. They would battle it out with crowds cheering them on and the horses would pin back their ears while the boys played themselves into a lather! Those were the days!

I remember one parade—I was still in the Home then—between the Tuxedo Brass Band and the Onward Brass Band. Joe Oliver, my idol, was marching with the Onward Band that day, but another trumpeter was giving him a run for his money. Joe stood it as long as he could . . . threw his horn away, and dashed into a pawnshop nearby and bought another. P. S. He won!

Finally, I got a job on the pleasure steamer, Sidney, with Fate Marable's Jazz-E-Sax Band. Two seasons later, I went to work at the Orchard Cabaret for twenty-one dollars a week!

Tom Anderson tempted me with more money and I moved over to The Real Thing, where I worked with Luis Russell, Barney Bigard and Albert Nichols. That's where I composed *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate* which I sold to Piron for fifty dollars. It

later sold into the hundreds of thousands.

My joy knew no bounds when my idol, King Oliver, sent for me to come to Chicago, in 1922, and there, at the Lincoln Gardens, I met Lil Hardin, who later became my wife, and whom I owe much of my success. The King Oliver Creole Jazz Band is the group I joined, and folks say it was the first important influence in the development of jazz. One thing I'm sure of . . . it was a very important influence in the development of Louis Armstrong!

Lil Hardin and King Oliver were both working on me. Joe held me back for a while, and the boys didn't understand it at first, but I guess the King knew what he was doing. Anyway, I learned a lot playing second to my idol, and I was getting used to the big city doings at the same time. Oliver always insisted I had something special, and that's how Lil Hardin became interested in me.

Before I knew it, she had me playing church concerts, studying out of books and finally got me a teacher. Lil wouldn't let me copy King Oliver, and always insisted that I play it the way I felt it. Playing at churches and concerts I picked up a lot of ideas from classical pieces I heard and got a big kick out of putting a snatch of them in here and there when I played with the band.

During the Fall of 1941, Fletcher Henderson offered me a job in his

MY MOST HUMILIATING JIM CROW EXPERIENCE

By Rayford Logan

IN 1934 I planned to go to Haiti to do research in the archives of the Foreign Office for a book on the diplomatic relations between the United States and Haiti. Since my wife was accompanying me, I wanted the trip to be as free as possible from unpleasant surprises, and I wanted to travel first-class since this was her first ocean trip.

I wrote from Atlanta, Georgia, to the Columbia Steamship Company of New York in April for reservations in June. In order to avoid, as I thought, any disagreeable developments, I stated in my letter that I was colored. No reply came.

I then had a white classmate in New York go to the office to inquire about first-class reservations. He could, of course, have obtained them without difficulty for himself. I thereupon wrote to the company a second letter asking for first-class passage.

Some time later the reply came

RAYFORD LOGAN edited the recently-published *What The Negro Wants* and is a history professor at Howard University.

that no more first-class cabins were available but that I could reserve a second-class stateroom.

Although I was convinced that the company was not telling the truth, I accepted the second class accommodations especially since the sailing schedule of the line fitted into my plans better than did that of any other.

On the day of departure my wife and I went to the dock. We walked past the gangplank up which the first-class passengers were embarking and on down to the gangplank for the second-class passengers.

When we arrived on deck, I saw the most amazing piece of maritime architecture. A new superstructure had been built on the stern of the upper deck for the dining room and saloon. A part of the hatch had been made into the tiniest state-rooms I have ever seen.

But above all, I immediately saw that all the passengers in second class were colored. Second class meant Jim Crow. Across the loading deck I could see the first class passengers, all of them of course white. Already some of them were looking across at us, wondering no doubt whether we were lepers or prisoners, or gloating over the fact that they were separated from Negroes by half the length of the ship.

I immediately said to my wife: "We are not going to sail on this boat." Although her disappointment was keen, she at once agreed that we would leave the ship even

John thought for a moment. "I ain't got no idea how much, but anyhow it ain't half as much as one boy's life is worth."

Happy John lives alone in a furnished room. Sometimes he worries: "If I was to get sick my money wouldn't last a week."

His shoe-shine parlor is a nine-by-four cubbyhole. There is room for only three customers at a time on the narrow, cracked leather bench. He is getting a little feeble now, and his mailing takes most of his time. He has two little colored boys to help him.

The walls of his establishment are lined with the autographed pictures of soldiers, sailors, marines, Wacs and Waves.

John is proud of the picture one of the home-town boys, a Navy lieutenant, sent him. It shows the young officer standing at attention with his crew before the King and Queen of England.

He pauses sadly before the pic-

ture of a young marine. "I shined his shoes ever since he was a little kid. He got killed on the beach at Tarawa. Sure was a good boy."

John receives many thousands of letters and tries to answer them all. He usually writes about 60 V-mail letters on Sundays, and on week-days as many as he can when he is not busy shining shoes. He fought in the Spanish-American War, and he remembers getting no mail and being very lonely.

Since the townspeople have heard of his "war work" they have taken to giving him extra tips. Occasionally folding money is added to the price of the shine—10 cents. All of it goes to the boys; whatever he can spare after he has paid for his food and lodging and his "burying" insurance.

Happy John is embarrassed at praise and mumbles, "We got our life to live just once. It's better to know you have done your part."



band, at the Roseland Ballroom on Broadway. Fletcher had a fine twelve-piece band, with Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, Don Redman, "Big Green," Kaiser Marshall, Bob Escudero, and I was really excited about hitting the big town. However, once I had arrived, I was a little lost with Henderson's elaborate arrangements, which I could read alright, but the restrictions of the scored music kept me from "stretchin' out."

No, I really wasn't happy on Broadway, but I did get one of the biggest boosts of my life when I was asked to play one night at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem, and they gave me a nice hand . . . and asked me to play the following night! But it didn't excite Broadway. Broadway made me wait five more years.

I got a little homesick for Chicago, and following some recordings with Fletcher Henderson and Clarence Williams, I returned to Chicago and organized the Hot Five as a recording group for Okeh.

Lil Hardin had organized her own band at the Dreamland Cafe and talked Bill Bottoms into featuring me at the unheard of salary of \$75 a week. We had eight pieces and I was happy to get back to Chicago.

I guess I was a sort of an overnight success at Dreamland and soon Erskine Tate asked me to double with his Little Symphony orchestra at the Vendome Theatre. This helped me a lot, and it was with

Tate my stage career began. It was great fun, once I got used to being up there alone. After the overture, I'd jump out of the pit onto the stage and do a feature number. *Heebie Jeebies*, for instance, and the crowd would start swinging and swaying with me.

They really got me started. Then I'd pick up a megaphone and sing a chorus or two. I don't know exactly what started the scat-singing, unless it was because I forgot the words sometimes. But the crowd liked it and I kept it up.

When I left the Dreamland to join Carroll Dickerson's orchestra at the Sunset Cafe, King Oliver was playing on the opposite corner at the Plantation Cafe, and Jimmy Noone's band was straight across from us at the Nest . . . Calumet and 35th Street was really a "hot" spot in those days.

I first saw my name in lights at the Sunset Cafe, in 1927, when Dickerson left and I took over the band with Earl Hines on the piano.

The college kids seemed to like our band and crowded the place every night. The \$2.50 cover charge was lifted for them and, almost nightly, the musicians from over on Cottage Grove would come over to our place to "sit in." Jes Stacy, Muggsy Spanier, Frank Teschmaker, George Wettling were among the boys who would take over during intermission or give us a rest on a hard night.

When Dickerson's band closed I

joined up with Luis Russell and went on a tour for six months and landed in California, where I worked with Les Hite's wonderful orchestra at Sebastian's Cotton Club. What a band! Lionel Hampton was playing drums and vibraphone, and Lawrence Brown, who later made a name with Ellington, recorded with me and the Les Hite bunch. After a glorious year in Hollywood, I returned to Chicago and formed my own band and recorded for Okeh.

That's the group I took out on the longest road tour of my career, which ended up in my old home town, New Orleans, my first visit since I'd left nine years before to join King Oliver. We got there early in June, and when I smelled those magnolias, I knew I was home!

Whatever misgivings I had about the way they'd receive me, I soon lost. As the train pulled into the old L & N Station at the head of Canal, I heard hot music. Looking out of the car window, I couldn't believe my eyes, 'cause stretched out there along the track, I saw eight bands, all swinging together, giving us a big welcome.

When I hit the ground, the crowd turned loose. They picked me up and carried me on their shoulders, parading right down the middle of Canal Street. Those eight bands tore the roofs right off . . . how they blasted! We all had a wonderful time. My! My! I was a

happy soul that day . . . they hadn't forgotten "Little Louie" after all!

In July, 1932, I sailed for England on the SS Majestic.

As I boarded the steamer, I thought of another journey I'd made exactly ten years before that month. I was leaving my home, my friends and all the familiar things one learns to love, for places I did not know and people who did not know me. I had the supreme confidence of youth, faith in my music and adventure in my soul.

These I have preserved and in an adventurous mood, I found myself at long last on foreign shores. England! How would they receive me? Would they understand what I was trying to say with my horn? A thousand questions flailed my mind.

No wonder I made such a strange entrance into that glorious country! Everything went wrong. I got off the boat at Plymouth instead of Southampton, where my permits were waiting. It was England, wasn't it?

Then, once ashore, I found myself in the Howard Hotel, Norfolk Street instead of the Norfolk, Howard Street. I guess I must have been "vibratin'" wrong, 'cause at the reception and dinner they gave me at the Ambassador, the press photographer held up the flashlight over a dozen times . . . and it wouldn't go off!

It was certainly a thrill to see my name in lights over the famous Pal-

|| He runs a shoe shine stand—
and a one-man gift service for GI's

Happy John

Condensed from This Week

By Rebecca Welty Dunn

HAPPY John Oliver probably got more Christmas greetings last year than any other U. S. civilian.

Happy John is an 80-year-old Negro who runs a tiny shoe-shine parlor on the main street of Arkansas City, Kansas. Greetings poured in to John from every battlefront of the world.

Happy John is by way of being one of the town's most honored citizens.

Some time ago the townspeople learned that since Pearl Harbor, Happy John has been spending almost all of his small income sending gifts, cakes, cigarettes and thousands of letters to the men in our armed forces.

At first they were to the boys he used to know, the kids whose shoes he shined when they went out on their first dates, as he had shined the shoes of their fathers before them. And then he began asking his correspondents to send him names of those "that don't get no mail."

White or black, men or women,

brigadier general or buck private, they were all the same to John. He has sent packages and letters to every camp in the United States and to all foreign lands where our troops are stationed.

"If I know 'em I send 'em the kind of cake they like best. Mostly they like chocolate cake. They all get fruit cake for Christmas."

Occasionally he encloses a comic book, the home-town paper, or maybe a rabbit's foot. The first time he sends a soldier a cake, he ships along a New Testament with it. He hasn't kept track of how many Bibles he has sent, but he has ordered 500 more. He belongs to no church.

Once a customer said that his son had written from India for a polish that would keep GI shoes from cracking. "What he needs," said John, "is this here saddle soap." He refused the dollar that was offered. "For the boy there's no charge. You just write that Happy John sent it to him."

A businessman inquired: "Doesn't this cost you a lot of money?"

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could hear the wild denunciations of the Rankins and Bilbos and the Talmadges; he did not feel like asking for more trouble than he already had.)

After a long fight, the "controversial" item was passed—and nothing happened. The correspondent inquired among Southern soldiers to get their reactions. With picturesque Army embellishments they replied: "It saves our lives, doesn't it?"

Thirteen million Americans, whose blood could and would have saved white soldiers' lives, are frozen out; they are snubbed, if they offer blood, by the humiliating question as to their race. Science knows no difference, so far as saving lives is concerned; but someone—God knows who, again; for Army, Navy and Red Cross keep passing the buck—is willing to defeat the purposes of science in the name of white supremacy.

We are daily told of the urgency of the blood problem; we hear that many blood banks are falling below quota; and at the same time we casually inform black Americans that they are not good enough to be allowed to save white lives. How

many more white soldiers will we allow to be sacrificed to Jim Crow?

There is the fighter group, all Negro, called in in an emergency to escort "white" bombers on raids over Rumania and Yugoslavia. They have completed 125 missions without losing a single bomber. And the bombers' crews are much more interested in tracer-bullets than color lines.

There was the black division holding part of the Gothic line. Very soon replacements were needed. And there were not enough Negro soldiers trained for combat. (Some of the brass-hats think that Negroes don't make good fighters.) Replacements were recruited from the "port battalions," given a brief training, and thrust into the fighting.

They are still making good—at a tremendous cost.

But mark this: if the Negro part of the line weakens, for lack of training or experience, it is the American line that weakens; and that weakening is paid for in American lives—white American lives as well as black.



ladium . . . and the "standing room only" sign! The British are great people . . .

A gold-plated trumpet was presented to me by the Palladium Theatre in appreciation and also in commemoration of my twelve command performances before His Majesty, King George V.

Returning to America, I made another tour, and in July, 1933, I sailed again for London to open at the Holburn Empire. The controversy was still on (IS IT MUSIC?) when I returned to England, and all the publicity given the "new music" didn't do any harm at the box-office!

During the winter season, I visited Copenhagen, Denmark, where I played at the world-famous Concert Palace in Tivoli Gardens. The reception there matched my first return trip to New Orleans! All of the hot musicians in town were down at the station . . . blowing some real good jazz, too!

They presented me with a 15-foot trumpet made of roses and carried my wife and me to our hotel on their shoulders, with the brass band leading the parade! You can't find nicer people anywhere than the Danes.

A tour of Sweden, Norway and Holland followed and finally I got

to Paris for a much-needed rest. Returning to America in 1935, I organized another 14-piece band, toured the Middle West and South, returned to New York and took over Luis Russell's band to open and co-star at Connie's Inn on Broadway.

My debut in pictures was with Bing Crosby in *Pennies From Heaven*. A song I sang in that movie, *Skeleton In The Closet*, made a big hit.

My! My! I've been talking up a breeze. . . I guess there's only one thing more I can think of to tell you about old Satchel's past and that's the wonderful All-Star Jazz Concert put on by Esquire magazine last year, when the boys and girls put me up there on top of the "trumpet and vocal" departments. It was a great thrill to play for them and "Uncle Sam" in the War Loan Drive, and I'll never forget the cheer that went up in the Metropolitan Opera House that night when they announced that over \$600,000 worth of Bonds had been sold to back up our fighting sons of freedom.

I've met thousands of them in my trips to the Army camps and ole Pops will be swingin' up and down over here till our boys knock 'em out over there!



By Richard Burns

Miscarriage for Democracy. In Tyler, Tex., the local white daily ran a prize contest for the "first baby born in 1945; destined to keep democracy alive." Contest rules stated: "The baby must be of white parentage."

Sepia Stew. In Madison, Wis., the noted Negro dancer Katherine Dunham was invited to a social event at a white university professor's home. All the guests welcomed her but the professor's cook took offense at the breaking of the color line. The cook was Negro.

Why Not Heil? In Tuscaloosa, Ala., a Negro veteran with 30 months overseas service was shot in the back by a deputy sheriff because he failed to say "yes, sir" when replying to a query.

For This We Fight. In Pendleton, Ore., the local chapter of the Disabled American Veterans barred Japanese and Negroes from membership on the grounds that "permitting them to join might alienate or keep out American veterans."

For Gentlemen Only! In Gadsden, Ala., two Negro women WAC's were ordered out of their bus seats to make room for white men passengers. They refused and both were badly beaten by white civilian policemen.

Are These Our Parents? In Baltimore, a young colored mother gave birth to a baby in the snow outside a white hospital operated by the Methodist Church. The hospital refused to admit her because she was Negro.

No Whites Allowed. In Tampa, Fla., a light-complexioned Negro soldier was compelled to carry a document in his pocket proving he was Negro because he had been arrested by MP's 17 times for walking into the colored section of town which is out-of-bounds for white soldiers.

When in Rome . . . In Rome, Ga., a white MP was beaten by white soldiers on a bus and called on civilian police for aid. When the civilian cops arrived, they saw a wounded Negro soldier on the bus and began beating him without asking questions. The white MP finally managed to tell them the white soldiers were the offenders. The Georgia officers replied: "No harm. He needed beating anyhow."

Union . . . But Not Now. In Memphis, Tenn., a white employer appealed to the Labor Board not to certify an AFL union as bargaining agent because the union bars Negroes from membership.

¶ Nazis find an ally
in Jim Crow in Italy

Death Stalks The Color Line

Condensed from America

By Charles Keenan

THE NEGRO war correspondent spoke quietly, but very convincingly. He was not explaining the misfortunes of his race; he was speaking of the slaughter of white American soldiers, killed every day on the battlefronts by Jim Crowism.

You, Mrs. Smith, or Jones, or Robinson or Brown—there is a gold star on the flag in your window. Was it your son who died of wounds on that bloody beachhead in Italy? There, said the correspondent, they were clamoring for doctors and nurses. Some of the bitterest fighting of the war went on there, and casualties were high. The medical staff was pushed to the limit of its possibilities.

The correspondent happened to go to Naples. A Negro unit had arrived some time previously. It was mostly doing the usual Negro work—trucking, stevedoring. Its medical unit was twiddling its thumbs, anxious to be doing something; but there were not enough Negro sick and wounded to keep it busy.


CHARLES KEENAN is managing editor of America.

They would have asked for nothing better than to go up to that inferno of a beachhead and succor their white fellow Americans. They had no color line. But somebody—God knows who—had; and white Pfc's. Smith, Jones, Robinson and Brown were sacrificed on the sacred altar of white supremacy.

Near Cassino, fragmentation bombs and shells were working havoc with our troops. The blood plasma began to run out. There was no time to fly more in; so a call went out for liquid blood. They picked it up wherever they could get it, bottled it and rushed it to the front.

So far as our correspondent could discover, there was not time for the usual segregation of "black" blood from "white." No bottle that he saw carried the color sign. It was all-American blood.

He wrote this as a news story—and ran into the censorship wall. The local censor would not pass it. It was "controversial." Controversial, to save American lives? "But the people back home . . ." said the censor. (After all, he was only a man with a job, and he thought he



THE SENTRY BOX

IT WAS a rough sea and a number of Negro soldiers were leaning over the rail of the transport.

A sailor, walking the deck, stopped to sympathize with one fellow who was experiencing a particularly violent attack.

"Stomach a bit weak, eh?" he inquired solicitously.

"Weak, nothin'," gasped the sufferer, "if you'll notice, I'm throwin' as far as any of 'em!"

John Robinson

A UNIT of Negro troops who had been living on dried eggs, dried milk and dried everything visited Cairo on furlough, and saw a mummy in one of the museums.

"Say!" said one indignant G.I. "This is going too far. Now they're dehydrating women."

Sadie Freeman

A SAUNTERING Negro rookie from Alabama encountered a brisk second lieutenant. "Mawnin'," drawled the rookie pleasantly.

The outraged officer launched a stinging lecture on military courtesy, with emphasis on saluting.

"Lawdamighty," said the rookie,

"if I'da knowed you was gonna carry on like that, I wouldn't of spoke to you a-tall."

Bruce Jackson

A NEGRO SOLDIER was enlisted and sent to a camp with a WAC contingent attached. After completing his recruit's training he was given a job in the WAC barracks. Months went by and one day he was summoned to company headquarters.

"Brown," said the officer in charge, "where have you been? You haven't drawn your pay for five months."

"What," asked the soldier, "you mean I get paid, too?"

Dr. Boise Smith

A COLORED warrior was explaining judo to a friend.

"It's just a lowdown mean form of wrassling that you might know a Jap would think of. When you gets to close-in fighting, you extend the glad hand of fellowship to the enemy, and while you are shaking hands, you sprain his ankle so he can't run while you break his neck."

Fred W. May, Coronet

¶ With half his body useless, he still manages to do a job

The Man Who Wouldn't Quit

Condensed from PM

By Tom O'Connor

THE STORY of Junius Flowers is a simple one, and simply told. He is a Negro sculptor who has recently finished a magnificent low-relief head of Dr. George Washington Carver, a head which eminent American sculptors have pronounced a masterpiece.

Junius Flowers is a guy who makes you say: "And I thought I had troubles!" He's a guy who makes you understand what a wonderful thing a human being is. He's a guy who makes you feel somehow religious, not in any formal or orthodox way, but just feeling that there is something somewhere that's good to worship.

If he could present a bronze head of Dr. Carver to Tuskegee Institute it would make him happier than anything else in the world—except one thing. That one thing is to stand on his feet again. That's the one thing he can't have.

His home is the Chronic Diseases ward of Grasslands, the Westchester County public hospital in New York. He has lived there four years.

He has no feeling below his ribs nor any control of any part of his body below his ribs. He cannot stand. He cannot even sit up straight for more than a few moments.

He does his sculpture lying flat on his back, just his head propped up on a pillow. He learned sculpture in that position. He had been lying flat on his back for almost three years before someone gave him a lump of clay to amuse himself with.

The head of George Washington Carver is not just good work for a bedridden novice with a broken spine who has to work lying flat on his back. It's good by any standards, work that many a professional sculptor would be proud to claim. It appears that Junius Flowers has an extraordinary talent.

"This is a good thing that happened to me," said Junius Flowers, talking slow, thinking it over. Thinking about the automobile accident that broke his spine and killed some nerves and took half his body away from him. "I think it's a good thing because if it hadn't happened I'd never have found out I had some

talent for sculpture. This is a whole new kind of life, all the things I'm learning and working on, and I would have missed it.

"The only thing is . . . I'd appreciate it if I could be on my feet. I got no kick, considerin'. But I'd appreciate it if I could be on my feet."

He is convinced that someday he will be on his feet. He is more optimistic than his doctors. After you talk to him for a while you begin to think he is right and the doctors are wrong. His spirit has done so much for him already, you can't help thinking that one day he will walk, just from wanting to walk.

He lies there on his hospital bed and sucks his pipe and talks the same language he used to talk when he was healthy and husky and working as a benzine cleaner in a wholesale cleaning factory. He laughs with a low infectious chuckle and a crooked-tooth grin.

Junius Flowers was born in New York on Sept. 6, 1912. His mother was a cook and laundress and maid. He doesn't know what his father was, except that he was a "working man" until he went off to the first World War and was killed on Armistice Day, 1918.

Junius went to school in Mount Vernon, as far as the third year of high school. First job was installing aeralis for a radio man. After that he did a little of everything in a handyman way, a lot of it the plain drudgery of heavy housecleaning.

When he got a job, as a benzine man for Preferred Cleaners in The Bronx, working midnight to 8 a.m., he quit going to night school, got married, had a kid. (She's 10 now, in Norfolk with her mother).

The accident was July 27, 1940, up in the Mohawk Valley. Junius had been on vacation in the mountains and was riding home with some friends. He was asleep in the back seat, and he did not wake up when the car went off the road.

A charity patient in a private hospital, and a Negro, he didn't get much of a break upstate. The first and second cast were poorly applied. Flesh decayed underneath and when it finally came off, after eight weeks, there was a saucer-size hole in Junius's back almost through to his kidney. But that healed. The only thing that would not grow together again was the big nerve in his spine which controlled all the lower part of his body.

He has been at Grasslands since Sept. 14, 1940, in the Chronic Diseases Ward, flat on his back, not knowing when his legs get crossed unless he sees it, not able to uncross them except with his hands.

"It kind of got me down for a while," says Junius. "And then my mother died. I was close to my mother. That kind of got me down."

"They thought maybe if I had something to do I'd like it better. They had me folding sputum cups. I folded millions of 'em, I guess, but it didn't seem to help much.

all this development, had known better days before 1944. Established during the last century, on a pleasant ridge among the low hills, it had prospered as a market place and sawmill center. But then the lumber lords finished their looting of the land, and Heidelberg entered a gradual decline.

Overnight the infusion of oil money heated up Heidelberg's old blood.

The place buzzed with new people, sputtered with new opportunities.

The old ways jostle the new ones, as the folks move in and out of Heidelberg. Negroes direct mule-driven cotton wagons into town, piled high with the soft stuff. A farmer drives a team of slow-moving oxen through the street, as heavy rigging equipment lumbers by it. Oil-laden railroad cars roll on while buggies wait at the crossings.

Children hang around the town pump; white men take the benches set up outside the stores, and files of

Negroes sit, as always, in rows on the ground against the side of a building.

But there's money in almost everybody's jeans, and it shows. The number of accounts at the First National Bank of Laurel has more than doubled; the deposits have increased by nearly a million and a half. The majority of the residents, Negro and white, seem to be using their money intelligently.

Others are drinking deep of long-wanted luxuries; trips, investments suggested by promoters, an occasional second car for the family. Some, who do not trust the banks carry their cash in shoes or belts. One woman informed a friend: "I got my \$8000 with me, in this here basket."

"Ain't hit a heap of money?" her husband asked, in pride.

And a merchant, expressing an old philosophy, comments: "I'm glad anyway, when the niggers spend it up fast. It's better for us whites when the blacks don't have it, ain't hit?"



Fattest Trail In History

OF THE TEN women in history who weighed more than 700 pounds, the heaviest was a Negro, name unknown, who weighed 850 pounds when she died in Maryland in 1888.

Donald Sharp, True

Gulf men pioneered about the cross-roads town of Heidelberg.

Whispers spread; the oil hounds grew restive. A well came in nearby during May of 1943; it was small, but the hounds began baying. Then, early in April of 1944, the farmers gathered, as for a carnival, about a derrick just outside Heidelberg.

The Gulf men squinted and peered; the Mississippians, hopeful but doubtful, munched their tobacco, hitched their galluses and said nothing. The oil—thick, black, acrid—bubbled up. The oil men gulped; this *was* a producer, mister!

But unexpectedly the oil boys found themselves up against two odd facts. By chance, a large part of the area surrounding Heidelberg was held by Negro farmers, owners of thirty- forty- and fifty-acre tracts. Also, just twelve years before, a fire in the county courthouse had destroyed all records of ownership. The result of all this was, as the operators put it, "the damndest, mixed-up mess a man ever had to fight."

Often, among whites and Negroes alike, nobody could prove that his property actually belonged to him. In the absence of tangible records, boundary lines were figments of rival imaginations. In a number of furiously contested cases, when everything was apparently settled, a former resident of sixty or so years ago would arrive from Oklahoma or Florida to assert that it was all his; Pappy hadn't really

signed over his rights at all. His own claim, the newcomer would assert, was strong as horse-radish.

Suits, counter-suits, claims, counter-claims piled up in the courts.

Fast operators, plain and fancy, have appeared, the slicksters and shysters who always accompany the oil play. Some made early alliances with cagey storekeepers who had various whites and Negroes on their credit lists. For a consideration, such business men would see that the farmer did the "proper" thing.

The temptation to bilk the black man has been strong; Mississippi has retained a position close to the bottom of the states in educational standing. A Negro approaches a white merchant: "Hear you wantin' land, mister. How 'bout buying cheap some of my roysters (royalties)?"

"Don' wan' none, boy."

Under such circumstances a bargain in "roysters" is not hard to strike. It was inevitable that Negroes, and some of the whites as well, would be horn-swoggled out of every penny of royalty, prevailed upon to place their "X's" on papers that were misrepresented to them. In such cases many whites can enlist help, the Negro is in a less favored position.

Some of the acreage has gone for 25 cents; other sections, close to the wells, have brought offers of \$3000 or more. Fluctuations are wild, shifting with rumor and hint.

Heidelberg, unexpected capital of

Then one of the ladies, she gave me some pieces of wood and some tools and tried to get me to carve out little animals. I didn't go for that. They gave me a pencil and I made some drawings but I didn't like to do it much."

Then one of the occupational therapy workers at Grasslands gave Junius a lump of clay and a thin piece of plywood to mold it on. He seemed to like that better. There was a volunteer worker in the hospital, a Mrs. Katherine Muller, who was taking a class in sculpture at Westchester County Workshop. She began teaching Junius.

It wasn't more than a few weeks before Mrs. Muller went to her own teacher, Frederick V. Guinzburg, a sculptor of considerable note (who also happened to be a volunteer worker at Grasslands) and said:

"Look, I'm teaching sculpture to one of the patients, and he knows so much more than I do already that I can't help him. Will you?"

Guinzburg did, first once every two weeks, then once a week, now twice a week. And he had the great wit to be tough.

"He teaches me just like he'd teach me if I was on my feet," says Junius with a pride in his voice you have to hear, to understand. "He doesn't teach me like an invalid."

"At first I didn't do quite so good. He tore it down, things I worked hard on, but he said I had some talent and he kept me going.

Sometimes it kind of got me down, when I'd spend a few months on something and he'd tear it down. But he always told me how to do better."

Junius's first head was a Madonna. His second was a composite of all the internes who worked in the ward. The third was a patient with big ears, named Cough Drop because he was always eating them. Then came the Carver head—his masterpiece so far. Now he's working on two: Marian Anderson and Gen. Claire Chennault. Next planned is A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, AFL.

Guinzburg has had him reading. He devours books on art, on anatomy, on the lives of artists and the lives of people he might want to do heads of. Rackham Holt's book on Carver—Guinzburg brought it—was the first he knew of the great Negro scientist.

Junius Flowers dreams of his future, sure; a great future, as a recognized artist, a credit to his people, a famous man. And on his feet.

But listen to him:

"I don't worry about nothin'. Whatever comes, I can face it. One thing I learned, this ol' body of mine is pretty strong. It can take a lot.

"A lot of people in hospitals give up. I almost did, once. Well, if I can do *this* lying in bed, maybe other people who've given up will read your story and be inspired."

Voodoo In Haiti

Condensed from New Yorker

are extremely sensitive about the notions of the innocents from abroad who come to Haiti eager for the sight of silent columns of zombies outlined against the tropical moon and the sound of voodoo drums in the distance.

The Roman Catholic faith is the official religion of Haiti; voodoo is proscribed. Nevertheless, many Haitians are devout followers of both Catholicism and a quiet contemporary form of voodooism. They cannot see any inconsistency in the practice. Most of them feel that they are simply doubling their chances.

The powerful voodoo gods, it is believed, dislike people who live ostentatiously. For this reason, the few well-to-do Haitians who practice voodooism take pains to conceal their affluence by dressing and living as simply as their less fortunate neighbors.

Copyright, New Yorker, January 20, 1945

Yuletide Gift

Condensed from Chicago Defender

By Alfred E. Smith

guised wisely as an humble itinerant preacher. Not wishing to involve anyone should his real identity leak, he took his landlady into his confidence.

He was told promptly: "Scram out of here." This happened again and again until he was down to the last possibility, a Mrs. W. "away across the tracks."

Mrs. W.'s only comment when he "confessed" was: "That will be 50 cents a night son, and I'll build you a fire in that wood stove."

"How are race relations around here now?" asked Ted.

"Son," she said, "you know the Lord met the Devil twice?"

"No ma'm," said Ted, "I thought it was once."

►► MOST EDUCATED Haitians are understandably annoyed by their country's Hollywood and Sunday-supplement reputation as a hotbed of black magic, and they

►► TED POSTON, then reporter for the New York Amsterdam News, arrived on his now-famous Decatur, Alabama, "Scottsboro" assignment, disguised

¶ Negro farmers cash in on gushers in Magnolia state

Mississippi Oil Boom

Condensed from American Mercury

By Hartnett T. Kane

THE MAGNOLIA STATE has suddenly become the hottest oil spot in America.

In the heart of rural Southeast Mississippi, in what has long been one of the poorest of pinyon, red-clay hill sections, the geologists have located a lush new source of production.

Seemingly overnight, practically every major company has moved in, with independents panting at their heels. New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia and in some cases Harlem as well, have gone to the woods to snap for a share of the treasure.

Jones County won fame when it came out against the Confederates, crying furiously that the whole conflict was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight. Declaring war on the Confederates themselves, it raided their armies and carried on guerrilla battles for years.

After the hostilities, economic

HARNETT T. KANE, a native Southerner, has had an active newspaper career as police reporter, feature writer, special correspondent and star reporter. His first two books, *Louisiana Hayride* and *Bayous of Louisiana*, were best sellers. His latest is *Deep Delta Country*.

want bit deep, but the small landowners clung hard. Lumbering brought good return for some, but eventually the hungry mills ate up most of the good timber, and today it is a sparse, cut-over territory.

Here and there in the red lands, among the broken stumps, the Negroes have filtered in. Descendants of slaves, given "freedom" but few of the things that most men believe go with it, they have sweated and grunted over their own small plots to coax the cotton from the hostile ground.

With the years, for black and white man alike, the scrawny soil has eroded. Even with heavy dosages of fertilizer, bad weather can reduce such soil's output to a half-bale an acre; and some remember "a heap o' times" when it might take four or five to get the bale.

Such was Southeast Mississippi of pre-boom days, poor and used to it, if not pleased about it. For some time, oil agents had been moseying around. Occasional drilling had been tried here and there with meagre production, a dry hole. Then the geologists made a report or two to the Gulf Refining Company, and

Copyright, American Mercury (December, 1944)

Christophe had taken advantage of the European notion that all colored people look alike and had treated him to thirty views of the same one thousand men.

Henri Christophe, who was born in 1767, played a prominent part in the slave insurrection against the French and in the rising of 1803. He fought with the great soldier, Dessalines, under the command of Toussaint l'Ouverture.

He was general-in-chief of the army during the short-lived government of Dessalines. Appointed president of Haiti in 1806, after the ensuing civil war, he was crowned king on June 2, 1812.

King Henri was ambitious for the future of his subjects. He built five national schools, supplied them with British masters and 2,000 pupils. He established a chair of anatomy and surgery.

Builder and planter of his kingdom, he made his people work, and they called it slavery. He punished severely all he caught sleeping on the job, and they called him tyrant.

And when he sentenced to death those who plotted against him, they said he was drunk with power. But he made his kingdom self-sufficient.

Under his supervision, roads were made, bridges built, reservoirs constructed, farms surveyed and a postal service to every section of the kingdom was organized.

He was born a slave, then became a stable boy, a waiter, a soldier, a general and king. At that time he

could not read and had learned to write only by his surname.

After his coronation he learned to write Henri I with the guidance of his personal secretaries. It was easier to write than Christophe. It was shorter.

Christophe knew that the citadel was more gigantic than any fortress ever erected on this side of the sea. He had dreamed it and his vitality had got it done. But the nobles hated it. It had become the king's, not theirs or Haiti's. This became the basis for growing discontent. And because Christophe, always building, had gone too fast for his ignorant subjects, none felt safe from his furies. He was helplessly entwined in a maze of hopes, ambitions and fears.

Then on the only day in his life that he ever attended mass, he saw the image of a priest whom he had put to death. A fall on the stone floor left him completely paralyzed, except for his head, hands and arms.

The people rejoiced at this turn of events and soldiers deserted him. Except for a few officers, secretaries and his family, he was alone. As he lay in his chamber at Sans Souci, he saw the flames which destroyed his chateaux, and he heard shots in the distance.

When the rebels reached his palace they found King Henri dead with a golden bullet in his brain.

The king was believed to have buried millions inside the citadel and on its grounds.

"Twice," she said. "Once on the Mount, and once on a Christmas. The Devil hollered, 'Christmas Gift' first, and the Lord seeing he was beat, said 'All right then, you take Alabama.'"

Copyright, Chicago Defender, January 20, 1945

Cola In Calypso

Condensed from Time

Andrews Sisters and others are selling like cigarettes.

Rum & Coca-Cola has been banned from the radio on two counts: 1) free advertising for a well-known soft drink, 2) the reference to rum and the general lustiness of the lyrics might corrupt the youth of the land.

As sung in Trinidad, in its native state, the song might have been censored with more cause. *Rum & Coca-Cola* burgeoned on the Port-of-Spain waterfront in 1943.

Its composer was a stocky Negro calypso singer named Rupert Grant, known for professional purposes as "Lord Invader." For *Rum & Coca-Cola* he took a tune, with alterations, from a popular Trinidad *paseo* (two step), and dogged out some doggerel:

*Since the Yankees came to Trinidad,
They have the young girls going mad,
Young girls say they treat them nice,
And they give them a better price.
They buy rum & Coca-Cola,
Go down to Point Cumana.
Both the mothers and daughters
Working for the Yankee dollars.*

Lord Invader's ditty caught on with the U. S. troops, who belted it lustily in Trinidad's barracks and cafes.

Copyright, Time, January 29, 1945

A Yank In Dixie

Condensed from Washington Post

By Drew Pearson

MEMBERS of the Mississippi congressional delegation met to welcome one of their state's war heroes—Lt. Van T. Barfoot of Carthage, Miss., who

has been awarded the Medal of Honor, the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart. A soft-spoken lad, who had never

been out of Mississippi before entering the army, Lt. Barfoot fought with distinction in Africa, Sicily and Italy.

A little embarrassed at being surrounded by congressmen, Barfoot told some of his experiences in combat and tried to answer questions. One of them finally came from Sen. Theodore (The Man) Bilbo on his favorite subject.

"Lieutenant," Bilbo asked, "did you have much trouble with Negroes over there?"

Bilbo was set back on his heels when the lieutenant drawled:

"Mr. Senator, I found out after I did some fightin' in this war, the Negro boys fight just as good as the white boys. I have changed my ideas a lot about Negroes since I got into this war, and so have a lot of other boys from the South. We've found the Negro boys all right."

Then Lt. Barfoot quietly volunteered this information:

"Coming up to Washington on the train, I went into the diner and found it full. The waiter told me I'd have to wait, but I could see, behind a little curtain, a Negro army captain sitting at a table by himself. I said, 'What's wrong with that table?' The steward told me he didn't think I'd want to sit with a Negro and I said:

"Why not? I've fought with Negroes—why shouldn't I eat with 'em? I sat with that Negro captain and we had a fine chat."

Copyright, Washington Post, January 18, 1945



¶ King Henri Christophe's Citadel
in Haiti is monument to black monarch

Eighth Wonder Of The World

Condensed from Baltimore Afro-American

TWENTY-SIX hundred feet above sea level, on the summit of Bonnet-a-l'Eveque stands La Citadel Ferriere, the mammoth fortress built 130 years ago by King Henri Christophe of Haiti.

This masterpiece of colored genius is called the eighth wonder of the world.

Work on it began in January, 1804, at the order of Dessalines, predecessor to King Henri. To guard against rebellion and to meet the ever-feared French invasion, Christophe pushed its construction.

Into the heart of the mountainous jungle, men and women carried every bit of stone, brick, wood and metal up to the mountain top. It took three hours to climb the winding dangerous trail.

A total of 365 huge bronze cannon—one for every day in the year—was dragged up and ranked in batteries. Gunpowder, and iron cannon balls were borne up the trail and piled into chambers behind the guns. It is said that in this stupendous undertaking 20,000 lives were lost.

The citadel was named for Felix

Ferriere, referred to as a mulatto engineer, who was its architect. Legend has it that, as it neared completion, Christophe hurled him to death from its highest parapet so that the secrets of his mighty fortress might be preserved.

He also marched a company of his guards off the same parapet into the abyss below to demonstrate to an English admiral the discipline of his men.

Once King Henri invited an English admiral to witness a review of his household troops. A rich carpet was laid and chairs were arranged. At Christophe's command, a company of soldiers entered, marching eight abreast.

The admiral was amazed, for every soldier was at least six feet tall, and all wore elaborate and splendid uniforms. Each regiment appeared in a different uniform.

The dazed admiral estimated that no less than 30,000 men had passed before him. But what he did not know was that as each squad passed from sight, the men broke ranks, changed uniforms and fell into ranks to pass in new guise before the throne.

Copyright, Baltimore Afro-American (January 20, 1945)

NEGRO DIGEST POLL

Should Negroes Accept Segregation In The South?

By Wallace Lee

Director, Negro Digest Poll

A SHARP clash of opinions is found among Negroes on the controversial problem of whether they should accept segregation in the South, the NEGRO DIGEST Poll for March discloses.

Although most Northern Negroes feel that Jim Crow laws in Dixie should be challenged and disobeyed, the 75 per cent of the nation's Negro population which lives in the South feels that segregation should be accepted and racial gains made on other fronts.

Replying to the question, "Should Negroes Accept Segregation in the South?" the answers were:

	Yes	No	Uncided
North	13%	72%	15%
West	16%	70%	14%
South	68%	9%	23%

The replies reflected the increasing clash among the Negro population on strategy and tactics in the fight for racial equality.

Typical answers by Northern Negroes showed that most colored people north of the Mason and Dixon

Line feel that segregation is synonymous with discrimination and that it is impossible to have separate but equal facilities under the present racial pattern in the South.

Pointed to as a typical example is the Dixie school system. Under the Jim Crow setup, the schools are separate but far from equal with Negro facilities being far below the standards of white schools because of low legislative appropriations for colored students.

Southern Negroes on the other hand expressed a fear that to disturb the Jim Crow system of segregation at the present time would cause widespread violence and rioting. Many said that advances made by Negroes during the war period showed that gains were possible in the fight for racial equality without disturbing the segregation pattern.

Some Southerners declared that widespread civil disobedience as sometimes advocated by A. Philip Randolph of the March On Washington would incite a wave of terror and bloodshed by Ku Klux Klan elements now increasingly active.

¶ Butcher Bill wakes from his nap in time to make the town lynching



By Erskine Caldwell

TOM DENNY shoved the hunk of meat out of his way and stretched out on the meatblock. He wanted to lie on his back and rest. The meatblock was the only comfortable place in the butcher-shop where a man could stretch out and Tom just had to rest every once in a while.

He could prop his foot on the edge of the block, swing the other leg across his knee and be fairly comfortable with a hunk of rump under his head. The meat was nice and cool just after it came from the icehouse. Tom did that. He wanted to rest himself a while and he had

to be comfortable on the meatblock. He kicked off his shoes so he could wiggle his toes.

Tom's butcher-shop did not have a very pleasant smell. Strangers who went in to buy Tom's meat for the first time were always asking him what it was that had died between the walls. The smell got worse and worse year after year.

Tom bit off a chew of tobacco and made himself comfortable on the meatblock.

There was a swarm of flies buzzing around the place; those lazy, stinging, fat and greasy flies that lived in Tom's butcher-shop. A screen door at the front kept out some of them that tried to get inside, but if they were used to coming in and filling up on the fresh blood on the meatblock they knew how to fly

ERSKINE CALDWELL is one of the foremost writers in America, his *Tobacco Road* being his most widely-read work. His most recent book is *Tragic Ground*.

Copyright, 1944, By Erskine Caldwell
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around to the back door where there had never been a screen.

Everybody ate Tom's meat, and liked it. There was no other butcher-shop in town. You walked in and said, "Hello, Tom. How's everything today?"

"Everything's slick as a whistle with me, but my old woman's got the chills and fever again."

Then after Tom had finished telling how it felt to have chills and fever, you said, "I want a pound of pork chops, Tom."

And Tom said, "By gosh, I'll git it for you right away."

While you stood around waiting for the chops Tom turned the hunk of beef over two or three times businesslike and hacked off a pound of pork for you. If you wanted veal it was all the same to Tom. He slammed the hunk of beef around several times making a great to-do, and got the veal for you.

He pleased everybody. Ask Tom for any kind of meat you could name, and Tom had it right there on the meatblock waiting to be cut off and weighed.

Tom brushed the flies off his face and took a little snooze. It was midday. The country people had not yet got to town. It was laying-by season and everybody was working right up to twelve o'clock sun time, which was half an hour slower than railroad time. There was hardly anybody in town at this time of day, even though it was Saturday.

All the town people who had

wanted some of Tom's meat for Saturday dinner had already got what they needed, and it was too early in the day to buy Sunday meat. The best time of day to get meat from Tom if it was to be kept over until Sunday was about ten o'clock Saturday night. Then you could take it home and be fairly certain that it would not turn bad before noon the next day—if the weather was not too hot.

The flies buzzed and lit on Tom's mouth and nose and Tom knocked them away with his hand and tried to sleep on the meatblock with the cool hunk of rump steak under his head. The tobacco juice kept trying to trickle down his throat and Tom had to keep spitting it out. There was a cigar-box half full of sawdust in the corner behind the showcase where livers and brains were kept for display, but he could not quite spit that far from the position he was in.

The tobacco juice splattered on the floor midway between the meatblock and cigar-box. What little of it dripped on the piece of rump steak did not really matter: most people cleaned their meat before they cooked and ate it, and it would all wash off.

But the danged flies! They kept on buzzing and stinging as mean as ever, and there is nothing any meaner than a lazy, well-fed, butcher-shop fly in the summer-time, anyway. Tom knocked them off his face and spat them off his mouth the

need the active power of a functioning citizenship in the process. Economic power alone will not do it, though Negroes can make great gains through the wise use of their purchasing power in enterprises which do not arbitrarily segregate or discriminate. Religious enthusiasm and zeal alone will not do it, though they need a dynamic leadership from organized religion. This means that the church must contribute works as well as faith to this cause.

In addition to all these there is need for an intelligent, democratic program of action that will give Negroes faith in themselves, pride in their achievements, the moral strength to respect themselves as normal human beings, and the intelligence necessary for constructive social action.

How much can be done now toward eliminating segregation and discrimination? At least three steps can be taken immediately. Negroes and their friends-in-democracy can:

1. Devote every effort to obtain equal facilities under any and all

conditions where the laws say such facilities must be "separate but equal," as well as in areas where there is no organic abridgement of citizenship rights.

2. Refrain from visiting, supporting or otherwise patronizing any movement, enterprise, convenience or facility which arbitrarily segregates them or discriminates against them.

3. Refuse to accept, support or patronize any second-class substitutes for first-class conveniences denied them because they are Negroes.

The broad fight against the laws of segregation will continue for some time but until Negroes are willing to work for what they believe, to make the basic sacrifices essential to promoting real democracy in the United States, there is little need for their talking about freedoms and liberties and equalities.

Negroes must do some things for themselves, with their own power, and without fear. After all, they have nothing to lose but segregation and discrimination.



100 Reasons Against Racism

THERE ARE more than 100 interracial committees now attempting to prevent conflict and develop a better mutual understanding between the whites and the Negroes of the United States.

Preling Foster, Colliers

crimnatory. I have yet to see the barriers of segregation and discrimination broken down by whining and name-calling.

For many years Negro leaders have said that the important thing is to keep one's spirit from becoming Jim Crowed when subjected to conditions of segregation and discrimination. They said Negroes must keep their bloody heads unbowed. That philosophy has worked perhaps for a few thousand Negroes who have been able to enjoy the middle-class comforts that money can buy on planes and trains and in the market place, but the masses of Negroes have borne the brunt of segregation's burden. Their heads have been made both bloody and bowed.

This sort of resigned acceptance of the fact of segregation coupled to an inner withdrawal from reality has permitted segregation to become almost as firmly entrenched in our way of living as is the Christian religion. One outstanding Southerner cites Walter White as the source of a statement that fully ninety per cent of the non-colored Americans believe in segregation.

Segregation regulates the whole pattern of community living in the South and has been seeping into the community practices of the rest of the nation. Because of segregation millions of white and Negro children have never attended a good public school.

Millions of whites and Negroes

believe that it is natural, normal, even right, to segregate people on the basis of color. Their specious reasoning enables them to bolster a belief that Negroes belong in Jim Crow coaches, in dank and dirty waiting rooms, in baggage cars, in segregated sections of stores, behind green curtains on diners, in the basements of hospitals, and in the slums of cities. It enables them to believe that Negroes should not vote in primaries nor have equal education facilities, equal justice, or, to sum it all—freedom from exploitation. This is what segregation means. If it were merely a matter of separation the question would be far different.

The world has had approximately 2,000 years of experience in living separately, and not with any too great success. But segregation sets apart with a brand, isolates, and engenders exploitation. Through apathy, fear, lack of direction and the pressure of power the Negro has been forced to accept the role of an inferior people as if he admitted being one of them.

Some people rationalize the situation, saying it will be changed in time. How? By whom? Only the simple believe that segregation and discrimination can be eliminated without great effort. Only the naive believe that they must go on forever.

If Negroes should not accept segregation, what steps should they take to get rid of it? Political action alone will not do it, though they

best he could without having to move too much. After a while he let them alone.

Tom was enjoying a good little snooze when Jim Baxter came running through the back door from the barber-shop on the corner. Jim was Tom's partner and he came in sometimes on busy days to help out.

He was a great big man, almost twice as large as Tom. He always wore a big wide-brimmed black hat and a blue shirt with the sleeves rolled up above his elbows. He had a large egg-shaped belly over which his breeches were always slipping down. When he walked he tugged at his breeches all the time, pulling them up over the top of his belly. But they were always working down until it looked as if they were ready to drop to the ground any minute and trip him. Jim would not wear suspenders. A belt was more sporty-looking.

Tom was snoozing away when Jim ran in the back door and grabbed him by the shoulders. A big handful of flies had gone to sleep on Tom's mouth. Jim shooed them off.

"Hey, Tom, Tom!" Jim shouted breathlessly. "Wake up, Tom! Wake up quick!"

Tom jumped to the floor and pulled on his shoes. He had become so accustomed to people coming in and waking him up to buy a quarter's worth of steak or a quarter's worth of ham that he had mistaken Jim for a customer. He rub-

bed the back of his hands over his mouth to take away the fly-stings.

"What the hell!" he sputtered looking up and seeing Jim standing there beside him. "What you want?"

"Come on, Tom! Git your gun! We're going after a nigger down the creek a ways."

"God Almighty, Jim!" Tom shouted, now fully awake. He clutched Jim's arm and begged: "You going to git a nigger, sure enough?"

"You're damn right, Tom. You know that gingerbread nigger what used to work on the railroad a long time back? Him's the nigger we're going to git. And we're going to git him good and proper, the yellow-face coon. He said something to Fred Jackson's oldest gal down the road yonder about an hour ago. Fred told us all about it over at the barber-shop. Come on Tom. We got to hurry. I expect we'll jerk him up pretty soon now."

Tom tied on his shoes and ran across the street behind Jim. Tom had his shotgun under his arm, and Jim had pulled the cleaver out of the meatblock. They'd get the God-damn nigger all right—God damn his yellow hide to hell!

Tom climbed into an automobile with some other men. Jim jumped on the running-board of another car just as it was leaving. There were thirty or forty cars headed for the creek bottom already and more getting ready to start.

They had a place already picked out at the creek. There was a clearing in the woods by the road and there was just enough room to do the job like it should be done. Plenty of dry brushwood nearby and a good-sized sweetgum tree in the middle of the clearing.

The automobiles stopped and the men jumped out in a hurry. Some others had gone for Will Maxie. Will was the gingerbread Negro. They would probably find him at home laying-by his cotton. Will could grow good cotton. He cut out all the grass first, and then he banked his rows with earth. Everybody else laid-by his cotton without going to the trouble of taking out the grass.

But Will was a pretty smart Negro. And he could raise a lot of corn too, to the acre. He always cut out the grass before he laid-by his corn. But nobody liked Will. He made too much money by taking out the grass before laying-by his cotton and corn. He made more money than Tom and Jim made in the butcher-shop selling people meat.

Doc Cromer had sent his boy down from the drugstore with half a dozen cases of Coca-Cola and a piece of ice in a washtub. The tub had some muddy water put in it from the creek, then the chunk of ice, and then three cases of Coca-Cola. When they were gone the boy would put the other three cases in the tub and give the dopes a

chance to cool. Everybody likes to drink a lot of dopes when they are nice and cold.

Tom went out in the woods to take a drink of corn with Jim and Hubert Wells. Hubert always carried a jug of corn with him wherever he happened to be going. He made the whisky himself at his own still and got a fairly good living by selling it around the courthouse and the barber-shop. Hubert made the best corn in the country.

Will Maxie was coming up the big road in a hurry. A couple of dozen men were behind him poking him with sticks. Will was getting old. He had a wife and three grown daughters, all married and settled. Will was a pretty good Negro too, minding his own business, stepping out of the road when he met a white man, and otherwise behaving himself. But nobody liked Will. He made too much money by taking the grass out of his cotton before it was laid-by.

Will came running up the road and the men steered him into the clearing. It was all fixed. There was a big pile of brushwood and a trace chain for his neck and one for his feet. That would hold him. There were two or three cans of gasoline, too.

Doc Cromer's boy was doing a good business with his Coca-Colas. Only five or six bottles of the first three cases were left in the washtub. He was getting ready to put the other cases in now and give the

ciety can successfully ban race hate, and class prejudice, in one section of the earth, it can, in another.

Civilization needs new definitions for freedom and democracy, and those definitions should come from men and women with moral courage. This is the hour when humanity should look at truth naked and bare.

After all, Jim Crow and segregation are in actuality the real tests

of democracy. Americans should understand and know that democracy is a sham postulating that unity is separation. Strong, virile, courageous leadership among the dark races everywhere is today as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice in interpretation of higher and more ideal morality. We choose to take our stand with them rather than with those dominated by the puerile expediency of the moment.

NO.

By Ira De A. Reid

EIGHTY-ODD years of legal segregation in the United States have sown for the American people a field of tares in which a constructive social democracy cannot grow.

We have continued and accepted discriminatory practices of segregation, developed in times different from these, for reasons which are no longer valid, as if they were the irrevocable and ineradicable mandates of an unjust and tyrannical Jahveh. The time has come when people who are unwilling victims of these laws and the conditions they create and perpetuate must speak out against them, and honestly work for their elimination.

Negroes should never accept se-

IRA DE A. REID is editor of the Atlanta University quarterly, *Phylon*, and sociology professor at the university.

gregation; they should be eternally alert to devising techniques and strategies for getting rid of it.

I am against the segregation of and discriminations against peoples on account of their race, creed or color in every form and under every condition. I believe it is my duty as a person, a citizen, and a Negro to work in every way possible for the elimination of any and all such discriminations which pollute the thinking, defile the beliefs and pervert the personalities of all they touch, regardless of race.

I believe that honest men and women who profess hopes for a truly democratic society must work to remove and to prevent the extension of all such barriers of segregation and discrimination. I have yet to see a legally racially segregated institution that was not dis-

in the Southern section of the United States without opportunity to defecate, relieve the bladder, to eat, or to sleep. Is there anything democratic or brotherly about such inhuman social sanctions in a region supposed to be dominated by democratic principles?

There is nothing more vicious or demoralizing in American life than segregation. It develops an inferiority complex in Negro youth, and the exact opposite in white youth. Frustration and resignation grips the average Negro boy and girl in plastic years. The mischief is done when black boys and girls discover that in the very citadel of the law, a difference is made as between black and white.

Unfortunately, many leading Negroes do not seem to realize that when once a group is segregated, political, economic and intellectual ruin is possible. Disfranchisement, separate schools, residential zoning ordinances are all hand-maidens of segregation. It denies black Americans the right to have influence upon government, and maintain their social-economic structure on parity with other citizens. The whole purpose of enforced human duality is debasement of the underdog.

I am opposed to segregation as a principle in government because I do not feel society has any right to tell me who I may marry. Segregation, as expressed in anti-marriage statutes has made it possible for

white men to approach black women, here in America, without being responsible to give black women their names, or under certain conditions, give black women's children their name. If America is a democracy, every man, when he approaches a woman, of whatever color, should sustain identical responsibility for his acts. We never will have a decent and moral America until government is a shield rather than a hindrance to normal human relationships.

American Negroes who envision a wholesome future within the precincts of segregation, have only to turn to South Africa where segregation is brutally florescent. In South Africa, the native Bantu walks in the street with cattle. Race prejudice is an insatiable monster. It can sustain itself only in the kingdom of selfishness and terrorism. It is with the mob democracy is distorted and warped in order to enforce practices of segregation. To justify hogishness and self indulgence, segregationists preach inferiority of its victims, and vindicate guardianship over the depossessed by claiming to maintain racial purity.

Millions of dark people the world over are today crying for freedom, and the challenge standing out before American Negro leadership is to have the moral courage, understanding and vision to meet the challenges of the hour.

Russia has made it a crime to segregate and discriminate. If so-

dopes a chance to get nice and cool. Everybody likes to have a dope every once in a while.

The Cromer boy would probably sell out and have to go back to town and bring back several more cases. And yet there was not such a big crowd today, either. It was the hot weather that made people have to drink a lot of dopes to stay cool. There were only a hundred and fifty or seventy-five there today. There had not been enough time for the word to get passed around. Tom would have missed it if Jim had not run in and told him about it while he was taking a nap on the meat-block.

Will Maxie did not drink Coca-Cola. Will never spent his money on anything like that. That was what was wrong with him. He was too damn good for a Negro. He did not drink corn whiskey, nor make it; he did not carry a knife, nor a razor; he bared his head when he met a white man, and he lived with his own wife.

But they had him now! God damn his gingerbread hide to hell. They had him where he could not take any more grass out of his cotton before laying it by. They had him tied to a sweetgum tree in the clearing at the creek with a trace-chain around his neck and another around his knees. Yes, sir, they had Will Maxie now, the yellow-face coon! He would not take any more grass out of his cotton before laying it by!

Tom was feeling good. Hubert gave him another drink in the woods. Hubert was all right. He made good corn whiskey. Tom liked him for that. And Hubert always took his wife a big piece of meat Saturday night to use over Sunday. Nice meat, too. Tom cut off the meat and Hubert took it home and made a present of it to his wife.

Will Maxie was going up in smoke. When he was just about gone, they gave him the lead. Tom stood back and took good aim and fired away at Will with his shotgun as fast as he could breach it and put in a new load. About forty or more of the other men had shotguns too. They filled him so full of lead that his body sagged from his neck where the trace-chain held him up.

The Cromer boy had sold completely out. All of his ice and dopes were gone. Doc Cromer would feel pretty good when his boy brought back all that money. Six whole cases he sold, at a dime a bottle. If he had brought along another case or two he could have sold them easily enough. Everybody likes Coca-Cola. There is nothing better to drink on a hot day, if the dopes are nice and cool.

After a while the men got ready to draw the body up in the tree and tie it to a limb so it could hang there, but Tom and Jim could not wait and they went back to town the first chance they got to ride. They were in a big hurry. They

had been gone several hours and it was almost four o'clock.

A lot of people came downtown early Saturday afternoon to get their Sunday meat before it was picked over by the country people. Tom and Jim had to hurry back and open up the meat-market and get to work slicing steaks and chopping soup bones with the cleaver on the meat-block.

Tom was the butcher. He did all the work with the meat. He went out and killed a cow and quartered her. Then he hauled the meat to the butcher-shop and hung it on the hooks in the icehouse. When somebody wanted to buy some meat, he took one of the quarters from the hook and threw it on the meatblock and cut what you asked for. You told Tom what you wanted and he gave it to you, no matter what it was you asked for.

Then you stepped over to the counter and paid Jim the money for it. Jim was the cashier. He did all the talking, too. Tom had to do the cutting and weighing. Jim's egg-shaped belly was too big for him to work around the meatblock. It got in his way when he tried to

slice you a piece of tenderloin steak, so Tom did that and Jim took the money and put it into the cashbox under the counter.

Tom and Jim got back to town just in time. There was a big crowd standing around on the street getting ready to do their weekly trading, and they had to have some meat. You went in the butcher-shop and said, "Hello, Tom. I want two pounds and a half of pork chops."

Tom said, "Hello, I'll get it for you right away."

While you were waiting for Tom to cut the meat off the hunk of rump steak you asked him how was everything.

"Everything's slick as a whistle," he said, "except my old woman's got the chills and fever pretty bad again."

Tom weighed the pork chops and wrapped them up for you and then you stepped over to Jim and paid him the money. Jim was the cashier. His egg-shaped belly was too big for him to work around the meatblock. Tom did that part, and Jim took the money and put it into the cashbox under the counter.



were forced to wear veils, and the men yellow hats. Jews in Rome during that period were allowed to sell nothing but rags.

In later years, when the English conquered the Irish, the clans of St. Patrick were segregated in four counties designated as the Pale, and in order that Irish degradation may be known in the 16th century, it is pointed out that the penalty of death was visited upon both English and Irish through the enactment of the "State of Kilkenny," if they inter-married.

Unquestionably, segregation has at the core an economic background. It is the technique and method by which human snobbery and racial chauvinism, legally designates some one in every age as hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is "inter" as well as intra-racial. The "untouchables" of India are proof that through a caste system, we justify intra-racial inferior and superior stratum.

Upper class whites, today, subtly segregate "poor white trash" right here in America, through the enactment of zoning ordinances, which require a certain type home to be erected in a given area.

I have always objected to segregation in any form realizing that it is undemocratic, anti-social and intended to destroy self-respect and

spiritual and emotional urge within its victims. Across a period of thirty years, I have never voluntarily attended a show, ball game, or any type of recreational program, where Jim Crow is practiced. I submit to segregation only when business and legal matters force my presence into such environment. I have never been able to understand so-called Negro leaders, who find pleasure in "buzzard roosts," and in other instances suggest it is expedient to accept segregation as a road towards inter-racial brotherhood.

Segregation is the very antithesis of integration, which is the spiritual and constitutional pattern of American life. We take the position that segregation is discrimination. That is why, some time ago, we considered it unseemly when certain Negro leaders rationalized upon the idea that attempts should be made to extract or eliminate discrimination from segregation. We will of course be able to perform this miracle in the day when rabbits conquer the principles of birth control.

When a unit of humanity is set apart from others, a difference has been made between two groups, which constitutes discrimination, and when one adds to this separation, the fact that such segregation is practiced because of belief that one human is better than another, the inequalities in separate coaches and waiting rooms is easily understood.

I have ridden hundreds of miles

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suaed that the poll tax limits Negro voting may recall that a sure prospect of poll tax reform in Alabama was destroyed in 1938 when the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, meeting in Birmingham, agitated against segregation among its delegates, although a Birmingham city ordinance required it.

In 1943 the immense advancement that could have come to the Negro through passage of the federal bill in aid of education was lost when Senator Langer, of North Dakota, introduced an amendment which raised the segregation issue and caused Southern Senators to turn against the bill.

In the last-named instance the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People joined the Southern Senators in opposing the Langer's amendment. This, to me, was a significant recognition of the strategy suggested here. It was a recognition of the fact that segregation wasn't going to be abolished and that, by accepting it, the Negro

could gain other things of more importance.

To my knowledge there are millions of white people in the South who would enlist themselves radically more than they do now in aid of the Southern Negro and his advancement if they were assured that this were not leading to an end of segregation. While insisting that the line be drawn, they are in full agreement with the Southern Negro editor who said the line should be a vertical one, with the good things of life on both sides, rather than a horizontal one with the white people always on top and the colored on the bottom.

Let Southern white people be assured against a federal interfering to which they are inflexibly opposed and an abolition of segregation they are determined shall not take place, and I believe we would see state fair employment practices committees in the South, or state commissions of even wider scope in protection of the Negro's economic opportunity and civil rights.

NO.

By Roscoe Dungee

SEGREGATION is focal in idea that one human being is better than another. It is un-Christian, anti-social formula by which dominant groups de-

stroy self-respect and the urge to strive among weaker peoples.

The early day Romans, during the age of Constantine, segregated Jews in ghettos, where Hebrew women

¶ First Negro president of famous Oxford Union comes from West Indies

Polo-Playing Marxist

Condensed from The Leader, London

By Tom Driberg

THE GREAT-grandparents of James Cameron Tudor were slaves. The owners of some of them were named Cameron, the owners of others were named Tudor.

In 1942 James Cameron Tudor became the first Negro president in the history of the Oxford Union.

That is the label now usually attached to him. Actually he is prouder of other undergraduate activities—of having twice been chairman of the Oxford University Socialist Club, of having held office in the National Union of Students. But such public prestige still attaches to the Oxford Union that this label is, he says with a smile, "the concession that I shall have to make to world opinion."

He is less pompous than such words imply. Success in Oxford and on the British Broadcasting Company—he broadcasts to the West In-

dies every Saturday night an atmospheric, human summary of the week in Parliament—has not turned his head.

He is, in a modest way, a "good mixer"—not an easy thing for a Negro to be in England, even though there is no color bar as such. In all his five years in England he has never once been conscious, in an uncomfortable sense, of a color difference—though he is occasionally faintly put out by the exaggerated courtesy with which those entertaining him (with the best intentions) mark their consciousness of it. (On such occasions old ladies will usually call him "Dear boy.")

During Oxford vacations, he has certainly gone the best way about getting to know the English people. In the long summer vacation he has usually hitch-hiked about the country, and then settled down to do some weeks' solid farm work wherever he had heard that such work was going—in Devon, for instance. He has greatly enjoyed the company and the natural friendliness of farm-

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ers and farm workers. Asked once to sum up his impressions of the country, he replied: "I have seen through the British people, and like what I see."

He is 25 years old. He was born at Bridgetown, Barbados—eldest of 12 children of a general merchant.

Cameron Tudor is still studying at Oxford—mainly research in nutritional education. He keeps rooms there and shares a flat in Bloomsbury, London. Soon he will go

home to his native Barbados, for the first time since he came to England, to do field research there and put into practical application what he has learned at Oxford.

He has one unexpected regret—that he has never done any fox-hunting here. "I would have loved that," he says.

He belongs to a somewhat special class of people: he is one of the few Negro Marxists in the world who play polo.

My Time Is Your Time

IN AN IMPORTANT damage suit, a Negro witness for the man who had been injured testified that five minutes elapsed between two events. Since the interval of time was very important, the opposing lawyer questioned the Negro's accuracy and sought to impeach him.

"You're sure it was five minutes?"

"Ain't I told you so, sir."

"Couldn't it have been four minutes—or three?"

"I said five minutes."

The lawyer leaned back with a sneer. "I'm going to test you right here and now. When I give the word, I want you to start timing—and then at the end of five minutes, you tell me." The lawyer laid his watch down in front of him.

At the exact end of five minutes, the old Negro spoke up: "That's five minutes exactly, sir."

The lawyer grunted in disgust. "You were right, for once."

The evidence so impressed the jury, that the lawyer lost his case. After the court adjourned the lawyer came over to the Negro witness. "Tom, I'll forgive you if you'll just tell me how you did it."

"Yes, sir," he said agreeably. "I just figured it out."

"How?"

"By the clock on the wall behind you!"

Lewis Copeland, The World's Best Jokes



Should Negroes

Accept

Segregation

In The South?

YES:

By John Temple Graves

WHERE segregation has no chance of being abolished and insistence upon abolition only compromises chance of other advancements, it seems to me that Negro leadership should consider accepting it.

Mark Ethridge, famous Southern liberal and friend of the Negro, has testified that "there is no power in the world—not even all the mechanized armies of the earth, Allied and Axis—which could now force the Southern white people to the abandonment of the principle of social segregation."

Virginia Dabney, another Southern friend, after unsuccessfully attempting to have Jim Crow abolished on street cars and buses in his

city of Richmond, is quoted as saying that ninety-eight per cent of the white people of America are for segregation.

Right or wrong, segregation is not going to be abolished in the South, nor, apparently, in many other parts of the country where it exists informally but definitely.

Meanwhile, insistence on abolition is robbing the Negro of other advancements for which he cares more and which he needs more.

Opposition to a permanent Fair Employment Practices Committee, for example, is due almost solely to a belief that this committee seeks to do away with segregation. If it were not for that, I know that a great many Southern white leaders would be very sincerely in favor of efforts to see the Negro more fairly treated in employment practice and economic opportunity in general.

And Negro leaders who are per-

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES is considered one of the outstanding white liberals of the South. He is editor of the leading Dixie newspaper, the Birmingham *Age-Herald*.

Pulpit and Pew

THE NEGRO MINISTER'S wife died rather suddenly and such was his grief that he felt he could not go on with his sacred duties for the rest of the week. Perhaps it was his grief too, which was responsible for the following message which he wired his bishop:

"Regret to inform you my wife has just died. Please send substitute for the weekend."

The New Anecdota Americana

A NEGRO MINISTER in California was calling a fellow gentleman of the cloth in California. "Is this a station-to-station call?" asked the operator.

"No," was the reply. "Parson to parson."

Ralph Carter

DURING THE SUNDAY morning services, the Negro minister noticed that Brother Smith was missing. After his sermon was over, he paid a visit to the Smith home and little Johnnie came to the door. "Pa ain't home," he announced. "He went to the pool room."

The preacher glowered and Johnnie added:

"Oh, he ain't going to play pool, not on Sunday. He just went over for a couple of drinks and a little poker."

Susan Alfred

IN A DEBATING club of colored intelligentsia the question was raised which of the arts pays best. A preacher being asked for his opinion asserted: "There are men who can write a whole page and get ten dollars a page, there are men who can fill a sheet of music and get twenty-five dollars a page, but when I get through preaching it takes four men to bring the money to the altar."

G. W. Blech, Judy's

THE NEGRO PREACHER finished his sermon and then announced: "All those who wish to give money to help pay off the mortgage, please stand up. Meanwhile the organ will play appropriate music."

Asked the organist: "What music is appropriate?"

The reply: "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Jeffrey Jackson

A LITTLE NEGRO BOY was going to Sunday school for the first time and his mother gave him a nickel for the collection. He returned with the money.

"I didn't need it," he explained. "The minister met me at the door and let me in free."

Frank Johnson

¶ Legends of Venture Smith's strength still live in Connecticut River Valley

New England's John Henry

By Ann Petry

ALONG the Connecticut River valley the workers in lumber camps and the farmers who spin tales around pot-bellied stoves in country stores never talk of John Henry. Instead they talk of Venture Smith, African—and in their stories about him he looms up ten feet tall, stronger and bigger and smarter than any man seen in that section before or since.

The legend of Venture Smith differs in many ways from that of John Henry for only a small part of it is based on his great strength. It is built up instead on tales of his urge for freedom and how it took him twenty-seven years to buy his way out of slavery, of his shrewdness as a trader, and of his thrift.

When he was eight, Venture was sold to the mate of a Yankee raider that lay off the African coast—bought and sold for four gallons of rum and a tawdry piece of calico, and taken to Narraganset, Rhode Island. Yet when he died at the age of seventy-seven he was master of his own sailing vessels and owner of one hundred acres of rich fertile land. He had purchased not only his own

freedom but that of his wife, his three children and three other slaves.

He freed himself through his enormous strength for he made an agreement with his last Connecticut purchaser that one half the money he earned working for other men at night should go toward the price of his freedom. He could chop more wood than any other man in the state and by swinging his nine-pound axe all day and half the night he had literally chopped his way to freedom when he was thirty-five.

The Connecticut countryside abounds with stories about him for he weighed three hundred pounds and measured six feet around the waist—a man so big he had to go sideways through average doorways and had to have furniture especially built to support his weight. After he bought his freedom he often went to Long Island by canoe to cut wood and easily surpassed the Indians' time record for the forty-five mile trip. The speed and pace of his paddling was such that he sent his canoe sailing through the water at a rate no white man could hope to equal.

According to legend his anger at

injustice was worthy of a man his size. During the days when he was a slave one of his masters struck him with a heavy block of wood. He appealed to a Justice of the Peace who informed his master and his master's brother that the action was outrageous. On the way home the two men attempted to beat him and Venture said afterward: "I became enraged and immediately turned them both under me, laid one of them across the other, and stamped them both with my feet what I would."

As a result even today when the fall storms whip the Connecticut River into a fury or when the flood tides come in the Spring, the Yankees say: "Venture's mad about somep'n."

He started going blind when he was sixty-nine. Though his sight completely left him, his great strength remained. For example when he purchased oxen, he would examine them carefully by feeling them and then he would estimate their weight by seizing each ox by its hind legs and raising it up.

When a big boat beached so far up out of the water that her owners despaired of ever getting her off Venture offered to help. "True I am blind," he said, "but I can give you a lift." The story goes that he was led to the water's edge. And then, "The timbers fairly cracked as his great hands touched the scow. She swept into the water like a bird on the wing."

He was, in addition, an author for

he published a record of his life and his achievements in a yellowed paper bound volume printed in 1798 at New London, Conn. It is entitled: *A Narrative of the Life and Adventure of Venture, a Native of Africa, but Resident Above 50 Years in the United States of America, Related by Himself*. He states in his book that he was born at Dukandarra in Guinea, that his father was Saungm Furro, prince of the tribe of Dukandarra.

This quotation from his journal in which he explains how he was able to acquire his land and his boats is worthy of a Benjamin Franklin: "I bought nothing which I did not absolutely want. As for superfluous finery I never thought it to be compared with decent homespun dress, a good supply of money and prudence. Expensive gatherings of my mates I commonly shunned, and all kinds of luxuries I was perfectly a stranger to and I never was at the expense of six pence worth of spirits."

Up around Haddam Neck the tall story tellers say that Venture was a philosopher, too. After he married he gave his wife an easily understood lesson in the importance of unity of effort. Throwing a rope over the house in which they were living he told her to go to the other side of the house and pull on it while he tugged at the rope on his side. After she had pulled her end of the rope for awhile he told her to come over to his side of the house,

She spends large sums on clothes. "I'll see something and I'll buy it. I can't explain why," she says.

Like most Negro musicians, she runs the usual gauntlet of prejudice. Taxis won't stop for her. On the road, some hotels won't give her a room. Restaurants occasionally object to serving her.

It disturbs her that some of the best musicians on 52nd Street had to go into jazz because the symphony orchestra wouldn't have them. It hurts her to see Negro parents spend the money to send their children to college, only to find it is the last stop on a dead end street.

"But you can't win with a chip on your shoulder," she says. "You have to use your head."

Benny Goodman's mixed orchestra, she feels, is one of the greatest boons the Negro musician ever had. "Every year they are being accepted in more places. Five years ago, for instance, most hotels wouldn't have a Negro play in them."

Mary Lou Williams likes all musicians. She likes to be with them, talk with them, jam with them.

"The bad ones, the good ones, the long whiskered ones," she says. "They're all good, even when they don't play well."



When Peace Comes, War Begins

TWO NEGROES met in the South, one saying, "Sam, I believe the war is almost over, because just you notice, the white folks are beginning to talk back to us."

Vogue

erage woman doesn't have sufficient strength and achieves a comparatively timid touch. With Mary Lou, the men not only feel at ease, but in many cases go out of their way to ask for her broadcastings and recordings.

For six months last year, during a break in her engagement at Cafe Society, she held down the piano with Duke Ellington's orchestra. Duke uses her arrangement of *Blue Skies* to open a good many of his shows. Sometimes he had her rehearse the orchestra.

She is amazingly versatile. She has written more than 100 songs, including *Cloudy*, *Ghost of Love*, *Froggy Bottom* and *Roll 'Em*. "Roll 'Em" she explains is not a dice game but a boogie bass you play in Kansas City." She does all her own arrangements and has done some for Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey.

When seized with the creative urge, she'll work from the time she finishes her last show until 9 or 10 o'clock the next morning. Then she'll sleep all day.

Vera Young, the girl with whom she lives in a three-room apartment in Harlem says: "Sometimes, people who don't know her will think she's crazy. They'll be riding along in a taxi talking away and suddenly look at Mary Lou. She'll have her fingers in her ears and be tapping with her foot on the floor. It just means she's got a new melody in her head."

She was born Mary Lou Winn in Pittsburgh in 1910. When she was 16, she married Saxophonist John Williams, now with Earl Hines' band. They were divorced. Two years ago she married Harold Baker, who was first trumpeter with Ellington until he went in the army a few months ago. She is separated from him, too, however.

"I can't keep husbands or sweet-hearts," she confesses with slight embarrassment. "I forget about them. I forget about friends, too. I guess the only thing I really love is music."

She is next to the oldest of 13 children. Her mother did general housework. They had a small organ in the house. Mary Lou began to pick over the keys herself when she was three.

She learned to play the piano on neighbors' pianos. The neighbors would pay 50 cents to listen to her. Sometimes she picked up as much as \$13 a week this way.

In high school she was an honorary student and graduated when she was 15. Her teachers sometimes sent her to symphony concerts. The next day she would astound them by playing by ear almost everything she had heard.

Despite the hardships of her early years, today she never accepts an engagement merely because of the salary to be paid. If she thinks she will be happy, O.K. If not, the offer can be twice what she's getting and she'll turn it down.

and thus pulling together on the rope it came down easily.

He offered this explanation to her and to the neighbors who had gathered to watch: "If we pull in life against each other we shall fail, but if we pull together we shall succeed."

Venture Smith died September 19, 1805. His body was taken across the cove by boat and carried on a bier some three miles to the cemetery of the First Congregational Church in East Haddam, Connecticut. The surrounding country was combed to find pall bearers over six feet in height—men, whose size fitted them for the task of carrying the son of an African prince to his final resting place. Going up the long Olmstead Hill to the small cemetery one of the hired bearers said: "Durned great nigger! Ought to have quartered him and gone four times. His weight makes the gravel stones crack under my feet!"

Thus even in death the man's

great size caused smaller men to squirm. His tombstone still stands in the cemetery of the East Haddam church. In true Yankee fashion the inscription pays tribute to his thrift:

Sacred to the Memory of
VENTURE SMITH,
African.

Though the son of a King, he was kidnapped and sold as a slave, but by his industry he acquired money to purchase his freedom.

WHO DIED Sept. 19, 1805
IN THE 77th YEAR OF HIS AGE

But men like Venture Smith, African, never die—they live on forever in the tales that men tell of them during the long, bitter nights when the heat from a pot-bellied stove isn't enough to drive the chill from the human heart and comfort can only be found in the tales of another era, in this case of how a great black man hacked and hewed his way to freedom.



CHATTER

You Northerners think we keep the Negro down because we're afraid he'll take our place in the sun. That Alabama sun's hot. What we're afraid of is he'll take our place in the shade.

Sen. Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi

The Federal tax on a quart of bottled-in-bond whiskey amounts to more than the poll tax collected by any Southern state. If a man, white or colored, prefers to buy the whiskey, and pay that tax, instead of using \$2 of his money to pay his poll tax, he is not disenfranchised by the poll tax but is disenfranchised by his preference for liquor over voting.

Jackson Daily News

The South brought order out of racial chaos. It did so by establishing a caste system. In that system the white man was to govern. The Negro had a secure, if a secondary, place. In it he was happy. The business of running a government of any kind, whether state or national, is a tedious and onerous one; and the Negro has no yearning or aptitude for politics.

Archibald Rutledge

... Since the Negroes were emancipated, they have failed, by reason of constant effort to get themselves adopted by the former master race, to make the progress that Japanese in the United States would have made.

Charleston, S. C., News-Courier

There are many southern white troops with the Allies chasing the Nazis across France, and I resent having the blood of other races pumped into their veins when they are helpless to do anything about it. I protest in the name of the white people of the United States.

Rep. John Rankin of Mississippi

Let's have all the white people vote irrespective as to whether any taxes have been paid or not. The Negroes as a class don't care to vote anyway, unless they are encouraged by some communistic elements.

Ex-Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia

The poll tax is not a disfranchising provision. . . . One must be a registered voter before the failure to pay his poll tax disfranchises him and it disfranchises him then only if he fails to do what the law required him to do—pay his taxes.

Governor Chauncey Sparks of Alabama

SUCCESS STORY

¶ Music is first love
of Mary Lou Williams

Passion For A Piano

Condensed from New York Post

By Naomi Jolles

MARY LOU WILLIAMS is a plain, unassuming girl who plays a solid boogie woogie. The trade knows her as a "musician's musician."

She eschews all tricks of eye rolling, shoulder heaving and the kind of frills that dazzle a lay audience not sure of what it's all about. When she's performing, the piano has the spotlight.

Barney Josephson, owner of New York's Cafe Society, first tried to get her seven years ago. She turned him down politely. She'd been playing with Andy Kirk's band for years and she has the kind of loyalty that sticks.

The offer stayed open, however. When she left Kirk after a dispute over royalties on some 50 songs she had written, she went to Josephson.

For the first two months at Cafe Society she was late almost every night for her turn on the program

because she was so afraid of going out alone on the floor and doing her stuff solo.

During her previous career, which began when she was 16, she had always had the orchestra around her. Its bulk was comforting. She was fearful also that the night club audience wouldn't be sufficiently dazzled. They like intricacy and when Mary Lou plays it all sounds so easy.

When she first started, she used to play with her elbows and her toes. Ripley ran an item about her at this time as the girl who used to play a piano with a sheet over the keys. As she got older she dispensed with all this fol de rol because it made her feel silly. Musically, she is impeccable.

She is one of the few women in the business that men musicians really like to play with.

In an orchestra, the piano must have a very definite beat. The av-

tions) and individuals (for example, university professors of anthropology, and Members of Parliament for the Natives) who work with unflagging zeal for fair play and better living conditions.

More hopeful probably than any of these in the long run, is the growing group of young South African business men, both English and Afrikaner, who are coming to realize that the Union needs markets, and that it would be more beneficial to utilize the potential and permanent markets of Natives (if they had the purchasing power) than to try to wrest world markets from the already great industrial powers.

These men admit that they still feel a prejudice against color, but they are aware that their feeling is prejudice. Such recognition is a necessary first step to its elimination.

Prejudice is no simple, one-sided affair.

The Coloureds, because they have more rights and privileges, look

down upon the Native and will make no common cause with him.

The Asiatics, some of whom are wealthy, are fighting their own battle for fair treatment; they exhibit no interest whatever in the Native except in so far as he makes more complicated their struggle for justice.

The educated Natives, even though they may not climb far up the social ladder, very often refuse to have anything to do with other Natives.

The great mass of Natives are of every variety, good, bad, and indifferent, keen and stupid, active and phlegmatic, handsome and ugly; and in these qualities they are no different from any other people in the world.

In the main, one sees the same kindly good humor, patience, even gaiety in the face of prejudice and discrimination which American Negroes have so long shown.



Boner By The Bigshot

WHEN MUSSOLINI started his war against Ethiopia, a "frontier incident at Ualual" was given as the pretext. Later the world became aware that this "frontier" place was deep inside Ethiopian territory.

Pageant

¶ Segregation laws challenged
as source of racist chaos

How Jim Crow Was Born

Condensed from *Science and Society*

By Carey McWilliams

SYSTEMATIC discrimination against a racial minority usually assumes the form of segregation.

Segregation is of two general types: passive segregation based on custom and tradition; and active segregation, that is, legally sanctioned segregation. The latter type officially imputes an essential inferiority to those segregated.

Legal discrimination assumes a bewildering variety of forms, such as residential restrictions, occupational handicaps, exclusion from the use of public facilities, denial of the franchise and of equal treatment by the law and miscegenation statutes.

Active segregation is of fairly recent origin in American law. The first legal sanctions took the form of miscegenation statutes, which date from around 1822. Later the so-called Black Codes were adopted by

eight Southern states during the period 1865-67.

But the forms of active segregation, as they exist today, date from around 1876 and are based upon Northern precedents.

The most recent form is residential segregation, which dates from about 1910, although the city of San Francisco unsuccessfully attempted to segregate Oriental residents by ordinance as early as 1890.

On the subject of residential segregation, Booker T. Washington once made an extremely pertinent observation:

"In all my experience, I have never yet found a case where the masses of the people of any given city were interested in the matter of segregation of white and colored people; that is, there has been no spontaneous demand for segregation ordinances."

There is no evidence to indicate that the people of any particular community have demanded the insertion of restrictive clauses in property deeds. Invariably a subdivision company has inserted the clause in

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the original conveyances by which it has "deeded out" the property.

In perhaps a majority of cases, the purchasers have not even been aware of the fact that the property was restricted. In some cases, property owners have banded together, after their initial purchases, to impose racial restrictions by agreement. But in these cases it will usually be found that some small organized group, disguised as a Property Protective Association, has conceived the idea of "protecting the area," usually for a fee.

The proprietor of a store can not know, with even a pretense to statistical accuracy, that other than a small percentage of his customers would object if he served Negroes. Yet, in actual practice, it is his initiative that serves to mold the *mores* of the community.

A primary motivation for the Jim Crow laws that began to develop after 1876 was the desire, on the part of certain groups in the South, to prevent "the imminent social and political equality of the Negro."

In large part, however, it was the great upsurge of democratic sentiment, represented by the Populist movement, that prompted this wave of Jim Crow legislation sponsored by reactionaries. For the Populist movement, in its inception, threatened to bring the Negro and the poor white into an alliance against the bourbon South.

After the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment, liberal sen-

timent in the North became increasingly concerned as the South attempted, by the adoption of the Black Codes, to reconstitute the substance of slavery in the guise of legal regulation. It was the adoption of the Black Codes which brought about the passage of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and which finally resulted in the adoption of the Civil Rights Act of 1875.

Unfortunately, the Supreme Court declared the Civil Rights Act unconstitutional in 1883. Throughout the South, this decision was construed as the "green light" for discriminatory legislation; and thereafter the Southern states began to enact the system of Jim Crow legislation which is still in effect.

One of the first cases involving the validity of a segregation statute, passed after the adoption of the Civil War amendments, reached the Supreme Court in 1896. The case involved a Louisiana statute requiring the segregation of the races in common carriers. In this case, *Plessy v. Ferguson*, the court upheld the principle of segregation despite the clear provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment. In doing so, it used this language:

"The argument [against the legislation] assumes that social *prejudices* may be overcome by legislation, and that equal rights can not be secured to the Negro except by an enforced commingling of the two races. We cannot accept this proposition. . . . Legislation is powerless

with a knife, but not killed him, was sentenced to death.

On November 24, 1943, a Native soldier was condemned to death for rape of a European girl, while a white man convicted for the second time of rape of a Native woman was given three years.

Like all the other social benefits the Native receives, his education is paid for almost wholly out of the poll tax levied on him, for it is a cardinal principle of South African finance that "the Native must pay his own way."

When certain liberal whites have proposed the abolition of the poll tax as unfair and regressive, most Native spokesmen have opposed such a move, lest their few schools be taken away from them.

Despite the numerical preponderance of Natives over whites in the Union (7.3 million to 2.2 million), government expenditure on education for Natives in 1940 was only £904,978, as against £7,273,275 for Europeans.

The white child in South Africa grows up in an atmosphere of prejudice and contempt which only a rare individual can withstand.

The mere fact that there are three Natives for every white in the Union, and that to the North in the continent are 150,000,000 more blacks, would in itself be enough to instill fear into the race conscious white man.

South Africa knows intimately the entire collection of racialist myths—

kinship of the blacks with the apes, the lower mental capacity of the Native, his incapability of progress, God's curse on the descendants of Ham.

It is hardly just, although it is common, to say that certain elements of the white population are more prejudiced than others.

There lingers the gruesome myth of Boers tying their Native servants to cartwheels and flogging them mercilessly with sjamboks. Such deeds no doubt occur, although the evidence indicates that they are no more frequent than in America. Sadists exist among most peoples.

Actually the farmer's personal relationship with his workers is likely to be one of gruff, patronizing kindness, uncomplicated by any doubt of the Native's inferiority. Since the gold mines present an alternative to farm work, Natives can, and do, boycott farmers who mistreat them or deal unfairly with them.

As usual, poor whites are more inclined than others to crude exhibitions of prejudice, but one may question whether this is any more galling than the daily and hourly evidences, by peremptory orders, tone of voice, and language used, of the general disdain felt by the upper-class whites.

European trade unions have done as much as any other single group to make prejudice felt where it hurts in the means of subsistence.

There are a few organizations (such as the Institute of Race Rela-

tion, two, three, and even four families must share one room.

It is a part of the basic tradition, as well as of South African law, that similar treatment shall not be accorded white and Native labor. The disparity between the wages of the two groups is great.

The strong trade unions of the whites have succeeded in forcing through legislation which reserves skilled occupations for Europeans.

Moreover, the whites firmly believe that a Native is addicted to a low standard of living and that if he got higher wages he would only waste the money in gewgaws.

Finally, although Natives may organize, they are forbidden by law to strike.

The average daily money wage in 1940 for Natives in the gold mines was between 44 and 50 cents, in the Transvaal coal mines 42 cents, in the Natal coal mines 38 cents, and in the Cape diamond mines 64 cents—all exclusive of housing and food and "compound services."

Wages of Europeans in these same occupations, though without maintenance, are generally between six and ten times as high as those just cited.

A Government Commission in 1932 reported that for house servants "a common wage in Johannesburg at present is £3.10s. a month," or about \$14.

Since 1932, of course, wages and prices both have risen. In 1944 a

good average wage in Johannesburg for house servants is £4.10s. [\$22] a month, with living quarters and food frequently in addition.

The general consensus of responsible witnesses throughout the Union is that the Natives are a law-abiding people. Under their tribal system discipline was well maintained, and the habits so instilled into them persist today in the majority of Natives.

Law enforcement in Native sections of most cities is in the hands of white policemen who, because of their attitude toward the Natives, and because promotion is often based upon the number of arrests made, have come to be regarded with enmity and dread.

Roving police vans frequently patrol the locations on Saturday nights and round up hundreds of men who cannot produce their passes.

In recent years Native policemen have been added to the force; evidence seems to indicate that the attitude toward these is much the same as toward the white policemen. Manhandling of Native prisoners is common.

Glaring examples of injustice often appear in the newspapers as reflections of the prevailing attitude among the whites. On November 1, 1943, two Europeans who had flogged a Native to death were given sentences of 21 and 18 months at hard labor, while a Native who had attacked a white man

to eradicate racial instincts or to abolish distinctions based upon physical differences, and the attempt to do so can only result in accentuating the difficulties of the present situation. . . . If one race is inferior to the other socially, the Constitution of the United States cannot put them upon the same plane."

The Supreme Court did, however, allow the Negro one meager basis of protest, namely, it did recognize that facilities could not be denied one race which were granted another, and that, therefore, "separate and equal" accommodations must be provided. It was forced to make this limited concession by reason of one basic consideration: that neither the Declaration of Independence nor the Constitution recognizes distinctions between citizens premised upon so-called racial differences.

Jim Crow, as someone observed, was smuggled into the Constitution; it has no warrant in the Constitution itself.

Taking advantage of this limited concession, the Negro has been able since 1876 to fight for some facilities; but, on the whole, it has been a barren struggle. For the Supreme Court, while insisting that the separate accommodations must be equal, has confessed that it is powerless to compel equality of service or facility.

For example, it is notorious that, in the deep South, Negro school teachers are paid less, that the school term for Negroes is shorter than the term for white students, and that

the equipment in Negro schools is uniformly inferior. Obviously, in these respects, the separate facilities are not equal; yet the court has either ignored the discrepancy or confessed its impotence to correct the situation.

By its decisions in the Civil Rights Cases and the *Plessy* case, the Supreme Court relegated the whole question of protecting the civil rights of racial minorities to the states.

Some of the Northern states enacted civil rights statutes after 1875 (there are some eighteen such statutes in force today); while the South proceeded to erect its present Jim Crow system of legal discrimination. Later the Western states, in relation to the Oriental, copied the Jim Crow pattern in considerable detail.

Segregation as a supposed instrument of social order has shown itself a source of social chaos.

During the race riots in Detroit in 1943, rioting occurred in sections of the city inhabited exclusively either by whites or by colored citizens, but not in sections where the two races lived side by side.

Disturbances occurred in plants where black and white workers were segregated; not where they work side by side.

Segregations on railroads, street cars, and in places of public accommodation is purely temporary; segregation in the schools is usually restricted to childhood; but residen-

tial segregation implies that the Negro must always live in an inferior social and physical environment.

Around 1910 various municipalities, principally in the North, began to pass segregation ordinances regulating residential areas. In 1917, the Supreme Court rules that such an ordinance of the City of Louisville, violated the Fourteenth Amendment and was therefore unconstitutional.

The suit involved, however, a white plaintiff, who contended that the ordinance interfered with his right to dispose of his property. It was the restriction on the right to dispose of property to the highest bidder, rather than the social consequences to the Negro, that moved the court to hold the ordinance invalid.

After this decision was handed down, property owners began to insert racial restrictions in property deeds and the courts quickly upheld these restrictions.

In upholding restrictive covenants, the courts have wholly failed to consider the social advantages of diffusion in comparison with segregation.

In the North Negroes find it almost impossible to expand out of the section of the community which they were originally permitted to inhabit. The density of population in Negro sections of typical Northern communities is from two to five times greater than in white sections.

The Negro section is usually located in a zone between the central business district and the zone of workmen's homes.

Absentee ownership is, of course, quite common. As a consequence, the houses and dwellings tend to be dilapidated.

Owners are reluctant to make repairs and officials are hesitant about enforcing sanitary regulations. The potential commercial use imposes a high property valuation which, in turn, discourages repairs or improvements or new construction.

Since Negroes are frequently not well represented in city councils, the area usually suffers from bad lighting, sanitation, paving, and street maintenance. Since the city government can not legally zone property in terms of racial groups, it is unable to make provision for the normal expansion of the Negro community. Spatial segregation narrows the range of employment opportunities makes for civic friction, endangers the health of minority and majority, perpetuates every evil implicit in a biracial social structure, results in geographical segregation in the schools even in communities that provide for mixed schools, and creates a self-perpetuating and socially disastrous complex within the community.

Once these well-known social facts are demonstrated for the courts, a gradual relaxation of the rules upholding restrictive covenants may be expected. But, to date, re-

crowded that malnutrition and disease are the common lot. Pressure of population drives many people to the cities.

The chief reason for cityward migration is taxation. South African economy, particularly its rich gold mines, depends for prosperity upon cheap labor.

In order to secure an adequate supply, the Union Parliament in 1925 enacted a poll tax of £1 a year upon every male Native over eighteen, and a hut tax of 10 shillings upon every family in the Reserves.

Such sums being far greater than can normally be earned upon Reserve land, many thousands of men must leave home in order to earn money for the taxes. Some return home as soon as possible thereafter, but many live away for years; increasing numbers are becoming permanent city dwellers.

The white South Africans candidly admit that its chief purpose is to force the Native to work for the white man. It is true that practically all the educational, health, and public services the Native enjoys are paid for out of the tax, but it is equally true that a large amount of it primarily benefits the white man.

Upon arrival in the city, the Native is not free to come and go as he pleases, except in Cape Province. In the other three Provinces he must immediately secure a temporary pass, valid for one month, during which time he may look for work. It at

the end of that period, he has not found a job he must leave the city.

Natives who have been recruited and those who secure work are given permanent passes. A policeman may demand to see a pass at any time.

A few "advanced Natives" (not more than 14,000) are exempt from carrying passes, but in general any Native appearing outside a location or compound between 10 p. m. and 4 a. m. is likely to be challenged. There are at least 50,000 convictions annually for Pass Law offenses.

The pass requirement is one of the major complaints of the Native, for it stigmatizes him as inferior to every other element of the population and assumes him to be dangerous. The methods of enforcement are often outrageous.

On the outskirts of every city is a series of locations, whose conditions run the gamut from indifferent to appalling. There is no single model location in the Union.

The houses are mere shells. The floors are often bare earth.

There is practically none of the ordinary "essential" services in urban locations—plumbing, sewerage, electricity, street paving, for example. One tap of running water for four blocks of huts is considered generous.

In many locations, because of scarcity of houses and high rentals caused by using skilled and high-priced European labor in construc-

may not vote, own land, bear arms in defense of his country, enter an occupation of his choice, live where he pleases, nor leave the Union.

Discrimination against him is one of the cardinal principles of South African politics and economics. No one of the Four Freedoms, except freedom of religion, has the slightest application to him.

Of South Africa's 10,730,000 people, 7,377,000 are referred to as Natives or Bantus, 845,000 as Coloureds, 278,000 as Asiatics, and the 2,230,000 whites as Europeans. These figures are estimates for 1941.

The *Natives* comprise all people of African descent whose ancestors originally spoke one of the Bantu languages. The term is used to refer not only to those millions who still lead a tribal life but also to the other millions of urban dwellers or farm workers who are either completely divorced from their tribes or return to them only occasionally.

The *Coloureds* are the descendants of mixed unions between early Boer Dutch farmers and Hottentot (non-Bantu) women in the Cape Province or, later, between English settlers and Native women.

The *Asiatics* are mostly Indians of the second generation whose parents were brought into Natal to work on sugar plantations, although there are likewise many Malays and Chinese.

European refers to any white, whether an Afrikaans-speaking citizen whose ancestors have lived in

South Africa for almost three centuries, an Englishman whose family came out three generations ago, or a recent white arrival from Europe or America.

There is by legislative sanction under various acts of the Union Parliament, a "color bar" which discriminates against the Native in all matters of importance: marriage, residence, occupation, taxation, wages freedom of movement, property ownership, and the vote.

Within the Union proper are some seven and a quarter million Natives. Of these, about 45 per cent live in *Reserves*, or *Native Areas*, specially set aside for them and capable of supporting some measure of the former tribal life, free from close contact with white civilization.

About 31 per cent are employed as workers on *farms* owned by Europeans.

More than 500,000 live in *compounds* belonging to the gold and diamond mines or to industrial concerns. A total of 750,000 live in *locations* (segregated districts in the suburbs of cities) and servants' *quarters* in the rear of European homes.

The Reserves comprise only about 7½ per cent of the total area of the country. This means that two-thirds of the population of the Union would have to crowd into one-fourteenth of the land if all Natives chose to live under tribal conditions.

As it is, the Reserves are so over-

strictive covenants have been opposed, in the courts, not in terms of social realities, but in terms of legal myths.

While the task of combating "passive segregation" may well be left to educators, it appears desirable that lawyers and social scientists join forces in a joint attack upon all forms of active segregation, that is, legal discrimination. This attack should be premised upon a recognition of the fact that the principle of segregation is extremely vulnerable to attack in the courts upon the ground that there is no reasonable relation between segregation, as a legal device, and the protection of the public peace, health, and security; and, in the case of residential segregation, that the right of ownership and control must yield, so far as restrictive covenants are concerned, to a public interest that can

be clearly and scientifically demonstrated.

It can be demonstrated, by evidence acceptable to the courts, that segregation actually endangers the public peace, health, and security.

Uniformly the courts have upheld segregation statutes without the benefit of social and economic data bearing on the question of policy involved. By active collaboration in the initiation of a few carefully planned cases testing the constitutionality of segregation statutes and by making available to the courts the wealth of social, economic, and psychological data that has been accumulated on the effect of segregation, lawyers and social scientists can successfully challenge the legal foundation upon which the whole structure of Jim Crow practice rests today.



Time On His Hands

AN OLD NEGRO who had been sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary was asked by the judge if he had anything to say.

"No, sir," said the old man hesitantly. "I reckon not, sir, except maybe to say that you sure are a bit liberal with my time."

Gov. Spessard L. Holland, of Florida

THE African Way

IN SOUTH AFRICA, the natives say, "He is speaking English," when they mean a man is drunk. The expression dates back to the days when the English were just beginning to colonize Africa. Their language sounded so comical to the Negroes that they compared it to the babbling of a drunken man.

Krishna Shrinivasa, Colonel

KING ABOGLIAGBU, ruler of a part of Dahomey, West Africa, wears a filter over his nostrils, as he is forbidden by law to breathe the same air as his subjects.

Freling Foster, Colliers

THE PLANE on which an actor was flying across darkest Africa crashed in a very heavy jungle. He was the only one of the passengers or crew able to walk so he started out for help. He had gone a few miles when he was set upon by a band of half-naked black men. They quickly subdued him, tied him up and carted him off to their village. He was brought before their chief who shot a string of questions at him.

"So you're an actor," the chief said. "That's fine. Sit down next to me. I want to tell you a few stories."

The stories that the chief told were risqué but they had the actor holding his sides with laughter.

When the chief finished his joke-telling, one of his subordinates came over and whispered in his ear:

"You know we are going to eat this guy," he said. "Why are you making him so happy?"

"I have a yen for spiced ham," explained the chief.

The Joke Teller's Joke Book

IN THE BELIEF that lightning is a message from some god in Heaven, many African tribes will not extinguish fires started by it or mourn persons killed by its flashes for fear of offending him.

James Wood, True

¶ Union of South Africa makes prejudice law of the land

Where RACE HATE IS LAW

Condensed from
American Sociological Review

By James G. Leyburn



THERE IS much evidence to support the contention that discrimination against the blacks in the Union of South Africa is more far-reaching, more cynical, than in any other self-governing country in the modern world.

The Negro in America is at least by law considered a citizen, whose rights are identical with those of any other citizen. The disparity between theory and practice is regarded by men of good will as a

blot upon America's honor, so that constant pressure is exerted to abolish discrimination.

That goal is far from being achieved, but candor compels the admission that the status of the Negro has, for its present limitations, enormously improved in the past quarter-century.

In South Africa, on the other hand, the Native (as he is called) is not a citizen. There is no statement in any official document that he is the equal of the white man, nor any pretense that he has equal rights with whites.

He and his fellows constitute a group apart, with special legislation to govern every aspect of their life. With minor exceptions, the Native

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Copyright, American Sociological Review (October, 1944)

vacation place for healthy people, too, young or old, colored or white.

The ranch is located a few miles from Victorville, in the heart of the Mojave desert, a three hours' drive from Los Angeles. Grouped around the swimming pool and the tennis court are several white stucco cottages with gay red roofs. Further back you find the stables, cattle sheds, chicken and turkey coops. The place is spotless.

The plain plastered rooms have showers, hot and cold running water, a heater, which is an important item in the cold desert nights, and beds with good mattresses and

plenty of wool blankets.

A small bar, where beer, cokes, and sodas are served adjoins the dining room. The walls of the bar are covered from floor to ceiling with photos of Negro and white celebrities from all over the country, as well as shots of boys from the nearby army camp, who have enjoyed Mrs. Murray's famous chicken dinners.

An amusing oddity of the dining room is the array of autographed clothes pins along the walls. Originally used as napkin holders, they now make an effective, if curious, wall decoration.



Maidenly Mischief

TWO NEGRO NURSEMAIDS were wheeling their infant charges in the park when one asked the other: "Are you going to the dance tomorrow night?"

"I'm afraid not."

"What!" exclaimed the other.

"And you so fond of dancing!"

"I'd love to go," explained the conscientious maid, "but to tell you the truth, I am afraid to leave the baby with its mother."

Cavalcade

TWO NEGRO MAIDS were comparing notes at the end of a week of their new jobs.

"I have a perfectly terrible time at my place," one of them said. "All day it is, yes Ma'am; yes ma'am; yes ma'am."

"And me," said the other. "With me it is all night, just, no sir; no sir; no sir."

The New Anecdota Americana

¶ Jack Benny's Negro Star steers clear of race relations

Rochester, Radio And Race

Condensed from Baltimore Afro-American.

By Michael Carter

EDDIE ANDERSON, Jr., known as Rochester on Jack Benny's Sunday night radio show, talks to more Americans than any other colored man.

Some people are critical of the fact that Eddie Anderson, as Rochester, is a comedian, pure and simple. He commercializes the humor of many situations. He "refuses to propagandize" or use his influence—except for fun.

In his own words, "a performer is a performer first and last. He has no business making propaganda. People want to be entertained, not educated."

He thinks that the things a colored performer does on the stage or radio have no serious bearing on the nature of race relations. He has no strong notions about "what ought to be done on the racial front." Eddie Anderson, colored, is always Rochester, comedian.

Rochester first came to the Benny program to fill a one-night stand on an Easter Sunday eight years ago. He played the role of a Pullman porter and people liked his gravel

voice and his independent banter with "Mister Benny" so well he stayed on as a regular member of the cast.

Before that he had been a dancer, a singer and a comedian.

"I was mainly a dancer, but I always liked comedy. We used to finish off our dance with some comedy and it stuck. My father, Eddie Anderson, Sr., was also a comedian.

"I remember that first Sunday," Rochester said. "I wasn't nervous—I had been a performer for years and if I ever had stage fright, it was so long ago I forgot it.

"After the show I was called back for three other performances. Then I signed for thirty-nine weeks. I became a part of the show and lines were written in for me every week."

Jack Benny gave him the name "Rochester."

After Rochester finished his regular weekly stint—in which he actually works for only a matter of minutes—he becomes Eddie Anderson, private citizen, and rests. Radio work is a terrific strain.

Copyright, Baltimore Afro-American (February 3, 1945)

"Sometimes I do a picture or make a benefit performance, but something is doing all the time even when I try to rest," he says.

The Benny program, like all the others, hires a crew of writers who write each week's script. A comedian's chief job is not to ad lib but to read lines. "You can't safely ad lib on a radio program anyhow," Rochester said.

"Everything is timed to a split second. I rehearse once on Saturday. On Sunday we run through the script a couple of times and work in the sound effect. I don't memorize my lines—no radio performer does—I simply read them."

I asked him if he had ever had lines which were radically objectionable. "No, Mr. Benny would not permit that. There's a lot of feeling about that stuff. People are touchy."

It is perhaps because of people's "touchiness" that Rochester abandoned taking part in "Uncle Remus," a Walt Disney production which has been called humiliating by some.

"I think Uncle Remus is one of our most cherished folk tales. There is nothing ugly about it." He has no personal objections to the role.

As Jack Benny's valet in the Rochester character, he has an off-handed, independent bantering attitude toward his boss. I asked him what would happen if a real valet acted like that. "It might not be so funny," he said, "but I don't por-

tray an insolent character; just funny."

Eddie Anderson feels that "the only way to solve race problems is for us to become producers of things."

He formerly owned a parachute factory, but is no longer associated with it.

He plans another business venture, but declined to discuss its nature. Since he felt that our people should produce, and is opposed to "propaganda" in the theatre, I asked how he felt about producing a picture on colored people.

"No, but I'd like to do a national educational piece on juvenile delinquency," he replied.

Again he stressed the point that an entertainer should "keep out of politics and must always appeal to all the people."

To do otherwise is to "endanger the place you have reached in life," he added.

To explain, he said: "People take our broadcasts seriously. Sometimes they complain that Jack Benny doesn't pay his singers enough or that he shouldn't make some of his performers mow the Benny lawn."

"Some think I'm really his valet. Some of them write that he shouldn't let me take such a bantering attitude."

"Others are surprised when I don't hold his coat or dust him off when we are out together."

For these reasons, and others, Eddie Anderson remains in "charac-

|| Negro and white are welcome
at Murray's Overall-Wearing Ranch

Desert Dude Ranch

Condensed from People's World

By Eva Walt

MURRAY'S Overall-Wearing Dude Ranch is a singular phenomenon in this country and a most delightful one.

For more than eight years Mrs. Lela Murray has owned and operated successfully this unique ranch. She is a Negro—tiny, hardly five feet tall; squarely built and gray-haired; wearing a plaid cotton blouse, jeans, and a huge cowboy hat.

A trained nurse, Mrs. Murray is interested mainly in sick children whom she can nurse back to a full, normal life. Tuberculosis, asthma, sinus and arthritis cases—she does wonders for them.

"Of course, the climate deserves a share of the credit," she admits with a smile. "Our desert sun! Did you know that an ordinary glass dish left in the open for three or four months will turn purple from the violet rays?" Proudly she demonstrates glass ink wells, sugar bowls and milk jars, which have indeed taken on the color of purple lilac.

At dinner you observe Mrs. Murray's method with the children and

you know that there isn't a person in the world to whom you would rather entrust your own, if need be.

"You can't eat, Tony? That's too bad. Well, you don't have to," she says in her kind, friendly manner, "but then you can't go horseback riding either. I'm afraid you won't be strong enough."

Little Tony is surprised at the lack of opposition—if not disappointed, and you may be sure that he will clean his plate the following day and thereafter.

Under Mrs. Murray's supervision, the children take part in sports, such as horseback riding, tennis, hiking, swimming, croquet, basketball, horseshoe-pitching, softball. They all have to do some work around the ranch, and after lunch they nap on a screened-in porch; white beside Negro, 10 little cots in a row.

Many kids who were thought hopeless have gone home strong and healthy and today are sending grateful letters to Mrs. Murray from army posts all over the world.

But don't think that the ranch is exclusively a place for sickly children. Far from it. It is an ideal

Viewed from the narrowest vantage point of the nation's well-being, quite aside from the human and moral considerations, the growth of doctrines of race and group hatreds represents a major economic threat.

America has prospered because it has provided avenues of economic expression to all men who had the urge and the capacity to advance themselves.

Wherever we erect barriers on the grounds of race or religion, or of occupational or professional status, we hamper the fullest expansions of our economic society.

Intolerance is poor economy. Prejudice doesn't pay. Discrimination is destructive.

Freedom of the individual is the most vital condition for creative life in economy as in every other department of human existence.

Such freedom is impossible where men are restricted by reason of race or origin, on the one hand, or on

the other, paralyzed by fear and hatreds of their neighbors.

The withholding of jobs and business opportunities from some people does not make more jobs and business opportunities for others. Such a policy merely tends to drag down the whole economic level.

Perpetuating poverty for some merely guarantees stagnation for all. True economic progress demands that the whole nation move forward at the same time. It demands that all artificial barriers erected by ignorance and intolerance be removed.

To put it in the simplest terms, we are all in business together. Intolerance is a species of boycott and any business or job boycott is a cancer in the economic body of the nation.

These are things that should be made manifest to the American people if we are to counteract pestiferous labors of race and group hate-mongers.



Strictly A 'No' Man

THE DOOR to the County Tax Collector's office swung open and a Negro farmer strode out, pocketing with obvious satisfaction a little slip of paper.

"See you paid your poll tax, Ben," drawled a loiterer on the steps. "You're gonna vote for somebody this year, are you?"

"Not necessarily," was the rejoinder. "I don't pay poll tax to vote for somebody, but to vote against some son-of-a-gun!"

James Sledge, Coronet

ter." Off-radio, he talks in the same gravel voice, but at a lower pitch.

"You can't disillusion the public and stay in their favor," he said.

"Nor can you inject propaganda or take a public position on political and controversial questions." He thinks colored people should not expect him to be a "race man first" and a comedian second.

"I am in this business because I'm a comedian," he concluded.

On stage, Rochester teases about razors, wild trips to Harlem, dice and other stereotypes of character.

On the radio this is toned down by Benny.

"In Los Angeles I lead a quiet, ordinary life. My kid, Billy, 15 goes to Dorsey High School. I have a model railroad which I enjoy. We read and, well just lead lives that anybody would live."

His model railroad has been rented to a motion picture company for use in films.

Eddie Anderson is Rochester and Rochester is a topnotch comedian who could get laughs from reading a "Motherless Child."



A Word To The Wise

A WEALTHY WOMAN employed a new Negro maid. A few days later she found a note written by her former Negro maid to the new one, in which was given a complete accounting of the setup in the house.

The cook, the message said, was inclined to drink. The chauffeur was a lady's man. The housekeeper was a hard customer to get on with. The butler was a pleasant fellow.

After the signature was a postscript: "As for the Mr. and Mrs., they behave as well as they know how."

Ralph Jackson

POTENT PROSE

The colored man must not only have the right to fight for his country, but must be given the right to freedom from shame.

Rev. August Dun

What happens to minorities in our country will in the long run determine the success of democracy.

Will W. Alexander

Any psychiatrist would agree that fear is at the basis of the white supremacy doctrine in the South. The only way the white people in the South will ever prove to themselves and the world that they are free of fear is to give the Negroes real equality and see what happens.

Sen. Joseph H. Ball of Minnesota

The man who fires the bullet doesn't care whether it was made by a Protestant or a Catholic or a Jew, a Negro or a white person, so long as he has that bullet when he needs it.

Rep. Frank Hook of Michigan

Some 700,000 Negroes are serving in the United States Army, and they win as many valor citations, proportionately, as their white comrades. Honor doesn't ask about a hero's color.

New York Times

All of us are brothers in Christ. There will be no Jim Crowism in heaven.

Rev. Richard Gender

The underlying influence in all interracial relations in America is fear.

Richard Wright

Hollywood's not looking for my type. Dis, dat, dese—I can learn to talk that way but not very well.

Todd Duncan, Negro singer

Racial discrimination in any form and in any degree has no justifiable part whatever in our democratic way of life. It is unattractive in any setting but is utterly revolting among a free people.

Justice Frank Murphy

At an altitude of 35,000 ft. with flak bursting around you and Focke-Wulf's snapping at your heels, race prejudice vanishes.

Lt. Felix Kirkpatrick

We do not want the men of another color for our brothers-in-law, but we do want them for our brothers.

Booker T. Washington

Discrimination is bad business, says Chamber of Commerce head

No Profit In Prejudice

By Eric Johnston

RACE HATRED and group intolerance do not jibe with any of the formulas of freedom so dear to the American heart. To the extent they are allowed to flourish, they threaten to change the American Dream into another European nightmare.

Let's not underestimate the threat.

I have been privileged to travel widely in our country and I do not hesitate to offer my personal testimony that race and group tensions are increasing to an alarming degree.

When there's a riot in Detroit or Harlem, it's more comfortable to shrug them off as local incidents. But the truth must be faced.

Widespread though these expressions of group hatred are, it is a hopeful fact that they still afflict only a small minority of the American population. That minority can be curbed and reeducated if conscious and organized efforts are undertaken.

At the very worst, that minority

ERIC JOHNSTON is president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

can be frightened into desisting. Not by legal or physical threats—you can't legislate love of one's neighbor.

The obstreperous hate-mongers and their stupid or frivolous fellow-travelers can be made to understand that it simply isn't smart to rock the American boat in which they, too, are passengers.

If they achieve the calamity of race persecutions, they will drag our beloved America down to the barbarian level of Nazi Germany and we will pay for it in death and suffering and national degeneration, precisely as the Germans are doing today.

The thing that needs emphasizing, day in and day out, is that the spread of intolerance is not primarily a threat to the intended victims but to the whole country. Once the poison enters a nation's bloodstream, the entire population is doomed.

If the day ever comes in this country when tolerance gives way to internal enmities and persecutions and discriminations, it will be the end of American civilization.

mon one, shared by thousands. He doesn't like dentists. Shortly before the Jack Sharkey fight he was persuaded to go and get four teeth fixed. He went for about three days and each time almost had to be blacksnaked to the parlor.

"Can't pay me to go back for any more," he declared. "No sir, no more for me. Let 'em fall out."

Ten years ago, in a Detroit hospital, he had his tonsils out. He was 13 then and a brother went with him. Both were going to have their tonsils out. They took the brother first. Finally they came for Joe and as they walked him through a pair of big swinging doors, he saw a cart come by and on it was his brother, returning from the operation, still under the influence of ether.

It was too much for Joe. He cut loose with a wild yell—"I bet I

woke everybody in the hospital up," he laughed, "cause it was late at night"—he broke from the interne's side and started for the stairs.

"Boy, I really ran," he remembered. "I got clear to the ground floor and almost to the front door before they caught me. And they'd never got me neither if it hadn't been a doctor was coming in the door and he headed me off. So they dragged me back, and, boy, that ether was just like the beer I drank. I could hear people talking but they seemed to be going away from me. Then all of a sudden I didn't remember anything. Like the beer."

Six years later he had to go through it all again because some of the tonsils turned up in his throat. Compared to lightning, dentists and ether, anybody Joe has met in the ring is a pushover.



Charity Begins At Home

THIS ONE originated in our kitchen—an exchange between our colored cook and her small son.

The kid had asked for a quarter to take to school. "A quarter's a lot of money," commented the mother. "What's it for?"

"Teacher says it's to help poor folks."

"Humph! What you think we are if we ain't poor folks. You go tell that teacher I say to take you off the givin' list and put you on the gettin' list."

Clinton Campbell, Quote

¶ Church frowns upon interracial marriages but does not bar them

Mixed Marriages and Catholics

Condensed from Interracial Review.

YOU CANNOT be a Catholic and hold that interracial marriage is, of itself an absolute and supreme evil.

There are 42 million Catholics in Brazil, and corresponding numbers in other Latin-American countries, who not only do not look upon it as an evil, but consider it a very admirable thing.

The Blessed Martin de Porres was the fruit of such a marriage, and the church placed no stigma on him for it.

Since there is nothing evil in itself in a marriage between persons of different races, the Catholic church does not sanction the attitude of those who would elevate the fear of such intermarriage to the point of a total absolute. She does not approve of those who make "white supremacy," or its corollary, fear of "social equality," the universal yardstick of all race relations.

The Catholic Church regards *illicit intercourse* between the races as a grave evil, which, if knowingly and freely committed, merits everlasting punishment: not because it is between two races, but because of the moral wrongness of fornication, and still more, of adultery.

The church regards "mixed marriages"—that is to say, marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics—as so apt to be seriously undesirable that she erects special canonical impediments, in order to dissuade faithful Catholics from engaging in them. There are no such canonical impediments expressed as to interracial marriages.

This does not mean, however, that the Catholic Church does not regard interracial marriages as undesirable because of the *circumstances* which would ordinarily attend them. Because of these circumstances, which are as readily recognized by Negroes as by whites, such marriages ordinarily run contrary to the virtue of prudence.

They impose a strain upon the conjugal fidelity of the married couple, who would be sorely tempted to yield to social pressure. They can impose an equal burden upon the children, unless the parents are people of more than ordinary intelligence, goodness and skill, who are fully equipped to meet such a difficult situation. So—again under ordinary, normal circumstances, such as exist here in the United States—the Catholic church would definitely

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discourage such unions. But the church makes no rigid and absolute rule: each merits its own consideration.

American laxity with regard to divorce, birth control, and lack of parental discipline are already a scandal to Catholic Latin Americans,

as they are scandalized by our racial obsessions. No amount of zeal for white supremacy will succeed in removing such a scandal. If the married state itself and the marriage vows are held sacred, the matter of racial prudence will be taken care of in its proper proportion.



Dear Anybody...

THE ONLY Negro child in an orphan asylum found herself constantly pushed around by the other children and the head of the institution, who seemed intent on having her sent to an all-colored institution.

She looked vainly for a friend among the other children but they all shunned.

The head of the asylum kept watching for some pretext to get her out and one day believed she had succeeded when one of the children reported that the Negro child was carrying on a clandestine correspondence with someone outside the asylum wall. It was reported that the Negro girl hid a note in a tree near the wall.

The asylum head rushed to the spot and found the note. She opened it eagerly and then tears came to her eyes as she read: "To anyone that finds this—I love you." The Negro girl stayed.

Jack Atkins

¶ It took just two bottles
of beer to down the champ

The Wallop That Kayoed Louis

Condensed from Chicago Daily News

By John P. Carmichael

JOE LOUIS doesn't smoke. He never has. He doesn't drink, but he did once. He drank two bootles of beer.

Found 'em in Manager John Roxborough's icebox one night back in 1934 when he first turned pro. The household had gone downtown and Joe was left alone to go to bed at 9 o'clock sharp.

He slipped down to the kitchen for a cold bite before retiring and found half a dozen bottles on the ice. Always Joe had thought he'd like to taste the stuff and here was a grand opportunity. He took two bottles and lugged 'em up to his boudoir.

Joe pried the top off one and was just about to take a nip when a thought assailed him. Suppose, after he got a drink, he wasn't able to get into bed. He had seen guys who drank beer trying to take a lamp post home with 'em. So he set the beer down and stripped.

"I figured if I was in bed, when

JOHN P. CARMICHAEL is sports editor of the Chicago Daily News.

I drank it, at least I'd be there," he laughed, and when stretched upon the coverlets, he finally fastened upon one of the bottles and took a deep draught.

"My eyelids began to wiggle," he said. "I felt kinda funny, but I drank both bottles and then turned out the lights and lay there.

"You know, I could hear the traffic going outside and it kept going farther and farther away and pretty soon I must have gone to sleep because I couldn't hear a thing any more. Roxborough came in the next morning and I still was asleep. He went downtown, did some business and came back and I was sleeping yet. Finally, about 5 o'clock that day I woke up. When I came downstairs he just looked at me and said:

"Man, I never saw anybody who can sleep like you can. If you went to bed at 9 o'clock, you've slept twenty hours.' And he never does know yet what happened to me. But I don't drink after that."

Joe admitted once he was afraid of lightning. The other day he confessed to another fear, a very com-

Copyright, Chicago Daily News (December 13, 1944)

a *Flag But the Coon*, by Heelan and Helf, two white men, and in 1900 by *Coon, Coon, Coon*, by two others, Jefferson and Friedman, and from that time forward *coon* was firmly established in the American vocabulary.

Pickaninny, in the sense of a Negro child, is not an Americanism. It was in use in England so long ago as 1657, whereas the first American example is dated 1800. The English prefer the spelling *piccaninny*; the word, in the past, was variously spelled *piccanini*, *pickoninnie*, *pick-*

'ny, *piccanin* and *picannin*. It appears to be derived from the Cuban Spanish *piquinini*, meaning a small child, and it was taken into English in the British West Indies. It is used in South Africa precisely as we use it, but is commonly spelled *piccanin*. In Australia it designates a child of the aborigines, and has there produced a derivative, *piccaninny-daylight*, signifying dawn. In the Baltimore of my youth *pickaninny* was not used invidiously, but rather affectionately.



Brains Versus Education

AN OLD SOUTHERN colonel of the traditional Dixie school was sitting in leisure on the porch of his plantation home, sipping the usual mint julep associated with colonels.

His Negro gardener stopped working on the front lawn and was gazing intently at the colonel.

Finally the colonel called him and asked him: "What seems to be the matter, Johnson?"

"Well, Colonel, I've been watching you relaxing while I been working and I just got to thinking that us folks without an education sure got to use our brains to make a living."

Lloyd Allen

¶ Negro and white youths hold secret sessions to crack segregation

The New Dixie Underground

Condensed from Pittsburgh Courier

By Ted LeBerthon

THE NAZI-OCCUPIED nations of Europe are not the only scenes today of "underground" movements. Our Southern states have a most interesting "underground" movement, and it is growing every day.

It is a movement whereby white and colored young people of high school and college age are holding secret meetings to abolish segregated education and all other barriers to creating lasting friendships as equals.

Recently I had the pleasure of meeting a young colored girl who is a leader in the movement in a quite large Southern city. Obviously, I cannot and will not reveal her identity.

"Today," she said, "all over the South, young people of both races are pledging themselves to end discrimination, segregation, and other un-American practices. We are an

underground. But we number among us the sons and daughters of Southern legislators, national and State, and of families often representing 'the flower of the Old South.' And the way they have gotten their parents over a barrel is very interesting and sometimes very laughable."

Then she explained that any young person, white or colored, while not permitted to reveal the identity of other persons in the movement, is free to reveal, at his or her own discretion, his or her own membership to his or her own mother or father.

"The parents can't do anything about it," she said. "There have been a few instances of white parents threatening to put their children into reformatories. But the young people are prepared, through Northern connections, to go to court and raise a tremendous amount of publicity. So the parents keep quiet."

"Most of us young people, white and colored, say nothing to our parents, because we feel they're set in their ways. But there are some parents who have told their children,

TED LeBERTON is assistant editor of *Catholic Digest* and a columnist for the *Pittsburgh Courier*. He was formerly a columnist for the *Los Angeles Daily News*.

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"We know you're right, but we dare not say so publicly."

The way the movement started was in itself poignant, all-too-human, yet inevitable.

A girl who attended a high school for whites only met a girl who attended a high school for colored only early in 1942. They were brought together through a typical Southern situation, that of the colored girl's mother working for the white girl's mother.

The white girl had been getting literature from Catholic, Northern Protestant, Socialist, Communist and other sources through the mails for some time and had been eager to discuss interracial justice with a colored girl.

The two girls surreptitiously mulled all the old problems over and the white girl one evening expressed an interesting view.

"Let's form a secret club," she said, "of white and colored high school students pledged to disobey our parents if they find out and tell us we can't belong."

Then this young white girl explained that she'd had the secret club idea a long while, but knew her parents would bitterly oppose any association as an equal with colored students. Once she had futilely tried to convince her mother that the color line was wrong. Cornered in an argument based on Christian principles, the mother finally had fallen back on the old bromide about "things the young

can't understand," and that this was the reason for the Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." The mother added that this meant obeying one's parents in all things.

Unconvinced, the white girl had visited the minister of her church, who told her that in his own heart he believed in complete racial equality, but that his flock wasn't ready for it and would only throw him out if he proclaimed it. But he told the girl that no child need obey any parents whose counsels opposed the teachings of Jesus or the voice of conscience.

Then he mused aloud the quotation from Matthew, 10:37, "He who loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

The girl took the hint. That was the seed of a movement that bids fair to becoming a great tree, thronged by youth of both races in virtually every Southern State.

"Police, juvenile authorities and some newspapers in the South know about it, I'm sure," said the young colored girl I talked with. "But they don't know what to do about it, I guess. They're probably afraid publicity would touch too many important white families. In my city they must know. But they don't even try to break up meetings. The old South is going to be licked in a way it never dreamed of, by its own younger generation. More and more they are getting fed up with their backward parents."

away from the forthright but usually inaccurate *black*.

At present the surviving objection to *Negro*, now capitalized by nearly all American publications, takes two forms. First, there is a campaign against using it whenever a person of color comes into the news, on the ground that calling attention to his race is gratuitous, and usually damaging to the other members of it. Second, there is resentment of the unhappy fact that the word is frequently mispronounced, and tends to slide into the hated *nigger*. In the South it is commonly heard as *nigrab*, and not only from white lips. Indeed, *nigrab* is also used by Northern Negroes, including some of the most eminent.

Worse, even the abhorred *nigger* is in wide use among the colored people themselves, especially on the lower levels. Said Lucius Harper, managing editor of the Chicago Defender in 1939:

"It is a common expression among the ordinary Negroes and is used in conversation between them. It carries no odium or sting when used by themselves, but they object keenly to whites using it because it conveys the spirit of hate, discrimination and prejudice."

Negro is not, of course, an Americanism. It is simply the Spanish and Portuguese word for "black," and was borrowed by the English during the Sixteenth Century. By 1587 a Northern English form, *neger*, had appeared, and it was from

this that both the Irish *naygur* and the English-American *nigger* were derived. The New English Dictionary's first example of *nigger* comes from a poem by Robert Burns, published in 1786.

Coon, though it is now one of the most familiar designations for a Negro, apparently did not come into general use in that sense until the 80's. For many years before 1890 the term had been used in the sense of a loutish white man, and in Henry Clay's day it had designated a member of the Whig party. It came originally, of course, from the name of the animal.

The popularity of the term seems to have got a lift from the vast success of Ernest Hogan's song, *All Coons Look Alike to Me*, in 1896. Hogan, himself a colored man, used it without opprobrious intent, and was amazed and crushed by the resentment it aroused among his people. Says Edward B. Marks in *They All Sang*:

"The refrain became a fighting phrase all over New York. Whistled by a white man it was construed as a personal insult. Rosamond Johnson relates that he once saw two men thrown off a ferry-boat in a row over the tune. Hogan became an object of censure among all the Civil Service intelligentsia, and died haunted by the awful crime he had unwittingly committed against his race."

All Coons Look Alike to Me was followed in 1899 by *Every Race Has*

1930, only a week after the Times had come into camp, he broke out in the Courier with the following:

"It really doesn't matter a tinker's damn whether *Negro* is spelled with a small or large *N*, so far as the Negro's economic, political and cultural status is concerned. The gabble, mostly senseless, to the contrary has vastly amused me; for, if anything, it is worse to spell *Negro* with a large *N* than with a small one, and if I had my way I would discontinue it. . . .

"There is something ridiculous about a so-called *Negro* bellowing against color discrimination and segregation while wearing out his larynx whining for a glorification of his Jim Crow status in society through capitalization of the *N* in *Negro*."

But Mr. Schuyler's iconoclastic position got no support from the general run of American colored folk. Even so generally non-conforming a spokesman of the race as the late Dr. Kelly Miller was moved, in 1937, to argue for *Negro*.

In the first days of slavery, Dr. Miller said, the slaves were called simply *blacks*.

Then came *African*, which "was accepted by the race in the early years, after it first came to self-consciousness," and still survives in the titles of some of its religious organizations, e.g., the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church.

A bit later *darkey* or *darkey* began

to be used, and "at first it carried no invidious implication."

Then came *Africo-American* (1835 or thereabout), but it was too clumsy to be adopted.

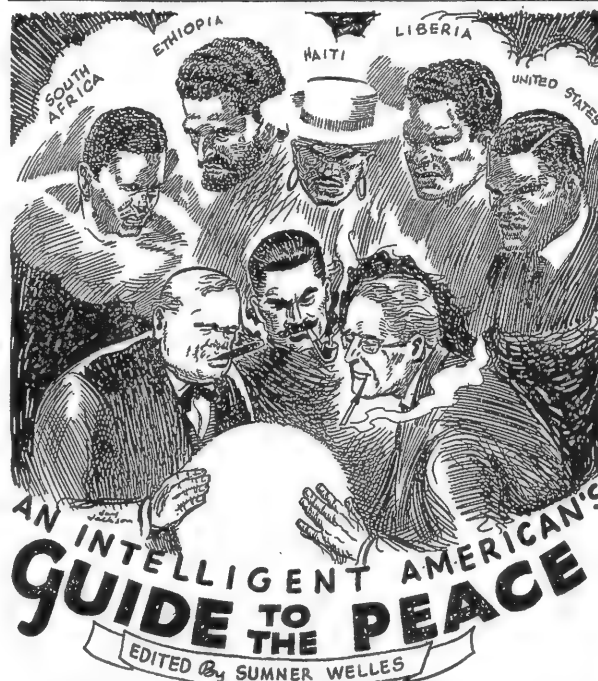
After the Civil War *freedman* was in wide use, but it began to die out before the end of the 70's.

In 1880 *Afro-American* was invented by T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the New York Age, and it still survives, but only in rather formal usage. "Mr. Fortune," said Dr. Miller, "repudiated the word *Negro* because of the historical degradation and humiliation attached to it."

At some undetermined time after 1900 Sir Harry Johnston, the English African explorer and colonial administrator, shortened *Afro-American* to *Aframerican*, but the latter has had but little vogue.

Other Negro publicists have proposed various substitutes for any designation pointing directly to color, among them *race* and *group*. According to Dr. Miller, *racemen* was suggested in 1936 or thereabout by Robert S. Abbott, editor of the Chicago Defender. Dr. Miller himself rejected it as equally applicable to a white man or an Indian and predicted that it would "fall under the weight of its own ineptness." It has, however, survived more or less, and *group* is really flourishing. Many of the Negro newspapers also use such terms as *brown-skinned* and *sepia* to get

BOOK SECTION



Knowledge is democracy's "secret weapon" to keep the peace in coming years, believes the world-renowned former U. S. Undersecretary of State. In a new best seller under his general editorship, Sumner Welles has presented a concise, revealing portrait of 80 lands throughout the world. Here are the stories of the two outstanding Negro nations of the world—Haiti and Liberia—told in frank, fearless fashion. Here are told their stakes in the coming peace.

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An Intelligent American's Guide To The Peace

Edited by Sumner Welles

THE SUREST way to kill unfounded prejudice and suspicion between peoples is through knowledge on the part of each concerning the other.

It has already become platitudinous to say that after the war the development of communications, and particularly the development of civil aviation, will bring every people of the world within forty-eight hours' distance of the people of the United States. The American people, whether they like it or not, will be next-door neighbors of every other member of the community of nations. For that reason alone, if for no other, it is the part of wisdom for us to learn what are the salient characteristics of other peoples and the chief problems with which they will be beset in the post-war years.

It must be frankly admitted that the people of the United States in general have not in past genera-

tions thought well of the peoples of other countries.

It is also true that in the melting pot which is America, large groups of United States citizens have inherited prejudices against other peoples which their forebears brought from the lands of their origin. In all of these cases, while these age-old hatreds may have been justified in the countries where they arose, they have no reason for existence in this New World.

More than all else, the policies of blind isolationism current during the two decades after the First World War have been responsible for stifling a great part of even that normal instinct of interest in the affairs of other peoples which would be natural among a people who have enjoyed that high standard of public education prevalent in the United States throughout its history.

The people of the United States have consequently in past years been too prone to underestimate the virtues of other peoples. They have failed to recognize their special

SUMNER WELLES is the former Undersecretary of State, whose *Time for Decision* was the leading non-fiction best seller of 1944.

What's In The Negro's Name?

Condensed from American Speech

By H. L. Mencken

WHEN the New York Times announced in an editorial on March 7, 1930, that it would capitalize the word *Negro* thereafter, there were loud hosannahs from the Aframerican intelligentsia.

The decision of the Times was inspired by Major Robert Russa Moton, then principal of Tuskegee Institute, but he was by no means the originator of the movement, nor was the Times the first American newspaper to yield.

The true pioneer seems to have been Lester Walton, a colored journalist hailing from St. Louis, who, after a varied career on both Negro and white newspapers, was made minister to Liberia in 1935.

He does not give the name of the first newspaper to be fetched in 1913, but by the time the Times succumbed there were already some

important ones in his corral—among them, the New York World, Herald Tribune and Telegram, the Chicago Herald-Examiner (Hearst), the Christian Science Monitor of Boston, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, and the Brooklyn Eagle. Moreover, he had made some converts in the South, even in the Deep South—for example, the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, the Durham (N. C.) Sun, and the Columbus (Ga.) Ledger.

But the surrender of the Times was hailed as a crucial victory in the long war, and when it was followed three years later by that of the Style Manual of the Government Printing Office, which sets the style for the Congressional Record and is generally followed by other government publications, there was a renewal of the rejoicing.

The one dissentient was George S. Schuyler, columnist since 1924 for the Pittsburgh Courier, contributor to many white magazines, author of *Black-No-More*, and the best Negro journalist, and by long odds, ever heard of. On March 15,

H. L. MENCKEN is synonymous with the literary era of the 20's when he edited the *American Mercury*. He is also an authority on words and has written several books on the subject.

Copyright, American Speech (October, 1944)

members and only six cents in its treasury.

Four years went by before the sun came from behind dark clouds. The enthused group sweated days in factories, docks and warehouses, nights they found cheer in stage work. They put on shows now and then, but generally failed even to excite the residents of the community. Not till Abram Hill brought *Anna Lucasta* to the workshop did they begin to touch the rainbow. Written by Philip Yordan, a gifted but comparative newcomer, the drama actually was never intended for them. In the original the action centered around a scheming Polish-American family and their wayward daughter. The theme, however, was universal. It could fit any family. Save for the transition from white folk to Negro folk, plus a happier ending for Broadway, the drama is being presented as it was composed.

Harry Wagstaff Gribble, who penned the memorable *March Hares*, was handed the play as a directorial prospect. It at once became a labor of love and he, probably, as much as any one else associated with the project, is responsible for the gratifying success it has achieved. Gribble gave it heart, dramatic movement, expert staging.

Hilda Simms, twenty-six-year-old beauty, has lit up the Broadway firmament with the sparkle of a meteor. Never on the professional stage, she brings a lusty, earthy vitality to the

role of the Negro harlot in *Anna Lucasta*. She plays with sincerity, conviction, fire, gives a remarkable demonstration of the actor's art at its zenith.

Miss Simms joined the American Negro Theatre upon her arrival in New York after receiving her B.A. from Hampton Institute, where she enjoyed a teaching fellowship. She did well in Harlem in a small role of *Three's A Family* and was hoping to get a part in *Anna Lucasta*. Harry Wagstaff Gribble, the play's director, picked her for the principal role without a reading.

"Just looking at her convinced me she could bring *Anna* to life," he said later.

The eldest of nine children, Miss Simms hails from Minneapolis, loved the stage in childhood. She was Lady Macbeth in a high school play, acted summers at camps, appeared with the Edith Bush Players, a semi-professional group, in *Kiss The Boys Goodbye*. Later she had a part in *You Can't Take It With You* under Minneapolis Coach Players auspices. She deserted the stage for a time to attend the University of Minnesota, posing as a model for art classes to pay her way.

Her first New York job was with the O.W.I. as a script writer for special broadcasts to the West Indies. Acting is her chosen career now, hopes some day to bring the classic plays to her people all over the nation.

problems and to appreciate their social and cultural achievements. They have been too ready to view "foreigners" with general antipathy and with inbred suspicion of their motives.

It is a lamentable fact that to the vast majority of the people of the United States the whole problem of foreign relations has been something infinitely remote. It has appeared to be something shrouded in mystery. It has been a matter which they have for generations been willing to relegate to a handful of men designated for that function by their government.

Fortunately today, more than at any other time in the past, there exists a keener realization on the part of the citizenry of this country of the basic truth that the great question of whether this country can in the future remain at peace, or must once more find itself involved in war, will be settled by the foreign

policy which government now adopts.

But there is, as yet, far too little appreciation of the fact that the daily life of every individual within the United States will be correspondingly affected thereby.

There is not yet apparently any full grasp of the inescapable corollary that not only will the lives of the youth of America be saved or sacrificed as the result of the decisions which the people of this country now make, but also that the standard of living, the economic opportunity, and the happiness of every one of us will be shaped accordingly.

This book has been published in the belief that it will facilitate the endeavor of the average citizen to obtain at this critical moment some of the basic and factual information which he will require in order to understand the major problems which this country now faces. This information is presented in no partisan spirit. It is wholly objective.

Haiti

The Land and the People

HAITI is a fabulous name to most Americans, bringing thoughts of Henri Christophe's fortress-castle on the rocky mountain-top and of Voodoo drums among the hills.

Although some of our notions are really mythical—as the one that

most Haitians follow Voodoo in the cinema sense—there is nothing unreal about the romantic history of the Black Republic: her origin as a French sugar-plantation colony, the greatest slave state of her time; her gallant uprising, under the Negro hero Toussaint l'Ouverture, to be the first independent Negro nation

in the New World; her long succession of violent and picturesque tyrannies, of which Henri Christophe's was perhaps the most violent and picturesque; her contemporary emergence as a nation with developing civic consciousness.

Haiti is the one American country whose government is of, for, and by the black race. Her independence dates from 1804 (the first republic established in Latin America).

With her intellectual ruling class, Haiti is regarded with special affection by the two million Negroes of the British West Indies, the thirteen million in the U. S. A., and aware Negro populations throughout the world.

As an active member of the Pan-American Union, Haitian delegates at inter-American Conferences are heard with special interest, and they also attracted interest in the assemblies of the League of Nations by their oratory and forthright commentaries on imperialism.

With an area of 10,000 square miles (about the size of Maryland), Haiti occupies the western third of the large West Indies island of Hispaniola, in the Greater Antilles east of Cuba. A mountainous country, it rises to an altitude of 8,000 feet. The serried mountain mass is broken by four large plains and several smaller ones. In the center lies the celebrated Cul de Sac (Blind Alley), a sea-level valley, in which the capital, Port-au-Prince, is located.

Along the coast are several excellent harbors.

Over 95 per cent of the people are pure Negroes, 5 per cent are mulattoes with French blood. The upper class, the elite, are socially sharply divided from the mass of the population. Such whites as are now in Haiti at all are there as tourists, engineers, priests (many from Brittany, and now, increasingly from the U.S.A.), or employees of commercial houses, banks, or governments.

The French influence, for generations so strong that the governing class (which comes from the French-African mulattoes) looked to France for education, trade, and financial connections, and even cable communications, has latterly been giving way to the influence of the U.S.A., although French remains the official language and the people still speak a creole patois based on French.

But Haitian popular culture is African rather than either European or American. Even Haitian Catholicism is, in remote regions, modified by African patterns.

The population numbers nearly 3,000,000 (over 90 per cent rural); at the time of the French—and Haitian—Revolution, it numbered only 530,000. The present density, over 290 to the square mile is four times that of the neighboring Dominican Republic. The population would be robust if better hygienic conditions prevailed; as it is, ma-

¶ Rescued from obscurity, all-Negro drama becomes Broadway's foremost sensation

Harlem Meteor

Condensed from Stage Pictorial

IT WAS a hot June night when the Broadway critics were roused from their seasonal somnolence to journey by subway to the basement of a Harlem public library to attend the opening of a show with an all-Negro company. They went grudgingly, left ecstatic, amply rewarded. The play was *Anna Lucasta*.

The town was startled next morning by the enthusiasm of the reviews. Sensing a piece of property that might well fit into the Broadway scheme, commercial managers hot-footed to Harlem to look in on this prize theatrical package. They shook their heads sadly.

"It's all right up in Harlem," was the general consensus, "but Broadway will not go for a drama with a Negro cast."

The end result was that for about a month a big hit languished in Harlem without takers, a hit, it is reported, that will pay a \$75,000 return for every \$5,000 invested! The far-seeing man who lifted *Anna Lucasta* from obscurity was John Wildberg, lawyer and courageous entrepreneur, who had a hand in fashioning both *Porgy and Bess* and

One Touch of Venus. He recognized the honesty of the writing, the integrity of the characters, the electric quality known as good theatre.

The play, of course, is one of the saltiest successes of the year. More important, it has been the means of permanently establishing the American Negro Theatre on a full-time basis through a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. Behind all this is the story of a dream fulfilled, a story with overtones of struggles, disappointments, poverty.

The visionary was Frederick O'Neal, a young St. Louis actor, who devoted his days to the secretaryship of the Negro Businessmen's League, his nights to the Aldridge Players, an acting group he founded in 1927. St. Louis was too small for his dreams. He aspired to create a nationwide string of Negro community theatres and therefore moved to New York. Here he filled in at odd jobs, found the going tough, eventually met Abram Hill, a graduate of the Federal Theatre. Thereafter they plodded the long road together and organized an acting group that consisted of but six

It is most difficult to imagine war being good for anybody or anything, but this war has clearly demonstrated that employee prejudices against bringing in Negro workers can be broken down by association and mutual understanding—and that the Negro as an individual can take his part in production on the basis of efficiency.

Management must produce efficiently to compete, and inefficient white workers are no more desirable than inefficient colored workers. I like the spirit of the colored workers who were hired as machine operators by one of the first companies to use Negroes in that capacity in Indiana. Only one of the ten hired proved unsatisfactory. His production was sub-standard and he gave little indication of improving his output.

Not management, but his nine fellow-Negro machine operators ob-

jected to this man because his inefficiency was pulling down their record as a group. Despite management's reluctance to remove this one worker, the group obtained his transfer to other work. They refused to have their own work slowed by his lack of performance.

These men were determined to refute the averages which show the Negro a less efficient producer than the white man. They proved their worth, that they had the ability and the capacity to do machine work as efficiently as other men. This is the key to the Negro's achievement of job opportunity in the postwar world.

The war has expanded his opportunity to prove his ability and capacity, and his vast contribution to the war effort is a matter of record. He goes into the postwar with an excellent achievement score card.

Her Bach's No Bust

HAZEL SCOTT, the busy pianist at Cafe Society Uptown, has attracted much attention because of her swinging of the classics, and recently she fascinated Arthur Rubinstein. He was still in a daze when talking to a friend about her.

"I knew you'd like her boogie-woogie," said the friend, "but a great pianist like yourself—well, I didn't imagine you'd be so impressed with her Bach."

"Her Bach!" exclaimed Rubinstein. "It isn't her Bach, it's her front."

Earl Wilson, New York Post

laria, hookworm, yaws, and tuberculosis are still too prevalent.

Haiti is a Roman Catholic country. Although in remote areas some beliefs and practices of ancestral African Vodun (a folk religion, discouraged by law) have survived in combination with the Christian elements, most Haitians accept and practice a normal Catholicism.

Education is tuition-free and theoretically compulsory, but out of 600,000 children of school age, only 54,000 boys and 33,000 girls attend school—a proportion not likely to speed reduction of the 85 per cent illiteracy rate. Most of these schools are quite defective. English is now an obligatory subject. Among so scantily educated a people, the polished Haitian literature (until recently dominated by French modes) cannot find the audience it deserves.

A radical change in educational directives would help advance agriculture and industry. The elite, if they turned to engineering, agronomy, forestry, medicine, geology, could rapidly increase the popular welfare. As it is, only literate property owners, that is, the richest tenth of the population, can vote, and government is highly centralized.

The Nation's Economy

NOT MUCH of Haiti's territory is arable and a large part of the arable land is poor.

Haitian farmers work with the most primitive tools, and the country's once-great irrigation works

now lie neglected. Farm wages are low (about \$2 a week), but since farm produce is added to the wage, the rural Haitian is not undernourished as to quantity, though he is often malnourished. All in all, though the country is on a mere subsistence basis, most Haitians are not so poor as West Indians generally, except in terms of cash income—\$20 annually per person.

Haiti's leading cash crop is coffee, one of the finest varieties known. Among her other important products are sisal, sugar, cotton, bananas, rubber, cocoa, rum, tobacco, and honey (a superlative variety). Banana production, a new and thriving industry, is dispersed among many individual owners, but marketing is centralized in the Standard Fruit Company. Rubber production has been recently stimulated by a loan of \$9,600,000 from the U.S.A.

Haitian urban workers are badly paid and very poor. At present most of them work at sugar refining, rum distillation, tobacco manufacture, and fruit canning. The Haitian American Development Corporation employs some 75,000.

Haiti's extensive mineral resources, as well as her potential water-power, have not yet been developed.

The monetary unit is the gourde, worth about 20 cents; American currency is also used. Although money in circulation has doubled during World War II, the figure is only

\$1.25 per person, and in the rural districts the people still live by barter. The annual per capita tax rate is approximately \$2; but customs supply about 90 per cent of the revenue and hence internal taxation is only 20 cents a person.

Haiti is not a heavy trader. Before the war, her imports amounted to \$2.50 per capita, exports to \$2.30. About 40 per cent of her exports went to France, 22 per cent to Great Britain, and only 12 per cent to the U. S. A. Now 80 per cent of Haiti's exports go to the U. S. A., who also supplies 77 per cent of the imports. (The pre-war average of imports from the U.S.A. was 47 per cent and 17 per cent was supplied by Japan.)

The per capita rate of both exports and imports has risen (to \$3.50 and \$3.30 respectively). Although Haiti's best permanent customers are gone for the moment, the country has not lost by the war.

History: 1914-1944

IN 1915, President Sudre Darguénave of Haiti signed a treaty with the U. S. A. under which the latter country was to appoint a financial adviser and a general receiver for customs. In 1916 President Wilson, fearful of the situation in Haiti, sent American marines to the country and declared a technical state of military occupation.

The following year Haiti agreed

to consult the United States legation before submitting any new laws to her Congress; and the American legation was also empowered to veto any proposed expenditures. These unwarranted measures were assailed not only in Haiti but throughout Latin America.

Considerable friction developed between the American representatives and the Haitians. The U.S.A. sought to remove the old provisions precluding foreigners from owning land in Haiti—a traditional Haitian policy of assuring the Negro republic's independence of white domination. In addition, the American occupying authorities, in pursuing their laudable public works and road building program, enforced the *corvée* (or compulsory labor) without paying adequate compensation to the Haitian workers. The people broke out in revolt in the north, but they were suppressed by the American marines.

In 1922, General John H. Russell of the U. S. Marine Corps, the newly appointed High Commissioner for Haiti, initiated a more flexible and generous policy. In the same year, a compliant President, Borno, was inaugurated in Haiti. The Americans floated a loan; they sponsored dispensaries, clinics, and other health services; and they improved irrigation and extended roads into remote areas of the republic.

But the Haitian elite (*militaire* upper classes) resented these Amer-

¶ Big business leader sees
peacetime prospects bright for Negro

Is There A Postwar Job For The Negro?

Condensed from Chicago Defender

By Ira Mosher

THE WAR has given the Negro a new and firmer foundation upon which to build his postwar future.

American fighting men and American working men have had the benefit of closer association with the Negro since this war started, and as far as I can learn they have a greater respect for these fellow citizens than ever before. Discriminatory barriers have been leveled at unprecedented speed during the last three years.

I am sure that the Negro's full potential usefulness in this war has not yet been reached either on the battlefield or, on the production front, and much educational work is still needed—on both sides—to conquer the prejudices which hinder his maximum use.

IRA MOSHER is president of the National Association of Manufacturers and heads the Russell-Harrington Cutlery Co. of Southbridge, Mass.

Industrial management is not playing ostrich and ignoring the Negro in its postwar planning. The colored worker will emerge from this war with impressive footholds in skilled and semi-skilled production jobs. He has proved that there is little justification for classifying a job according to race.

Top industrial management has taken a more tolerant and constructive attitude toward the employment of the Negro than almost any other segment of society.

Actually, today's bars to the hiring and upgrading of the Negro in industry in the past has been due largely to the discriminatory attitude of other employes and the labor unions rather than by arbitrary management policy. Management has been more or less in the middle—threatened with strikes and boycotts for attempting to bring Negroes into the factory, and charged with discrimination for not doing it.

Copyright, Chicago Defender (February 3, 1945)

burn or rape—no, they exhibited such a humanity and tolerance as had not been known before.

I would be proud—so damned proud—because today, laying aside their wrongs, their hurts, their miseries, my people have joined fully and whole-heartedly in this war to liberate all people, putting the cause of humanity before petty causes, dying on foreign soil, so that men may be free.

I would be proud because in this recent political crisis, my people un-

derstood so well what was at stake, laid aside old taboos, and acted with maturity and decision.

Of all these things and a hundred more, I would be proud. I would walk with my head high. I would reflect that nothing worthwhile has ever been won easily, and I would join my energies and my forces with the forces of all men, whatever color, who work and fight for freedom, dignity, and the rights of man.



Accentuate The Negative

DURING THE ETHIOPIAN war, a grizzled follower of Haile Selassie was captured by the Italians in a fierce mountain battle. Brought before an Italian officer, the Abyssinian was questioned for military information but refused to talk. Finally the officer impatiently threw his hands in the air and with a tone of contempt asked why the Ethiopian was fighting.

The Ethiopian said his family was poor and that he was fighting for bread.

Haughtily the Italian looked down on the prisoner and said: "We—we are fighting for honor!"

"Well," said the Ethiopian warrior, "everyone fights for what he has not got."

Jay Frederick

ican activities. They conducted a nationalist campaign against material improvement, because, as they charged, these were being imposed from without. At the same time, the elite failed to offer any program of their own for improving the lot of their poorer fellow-citizens.

In 1930 Stenio Vincent became President. President Hoover made preparations for recalling American marines, and with the advent of President Roosevelt's "Good Neighbor" policy, they were withdrawn in 1934. Haitian customs revenues were still pledged to secure interest on the American loan, but American control was made nominal.

Haiti adopted new constitutions in 1933 and 1935, both of which provided for a more centralized system of government. In addition, the functions formerly undertaken by the army were assigned to the Garde d'Haiti (or constabulary) which had been organized by the Americans. This move gave promise of a more stable future, since the army had been a source of disorder and tyranny until the arrival of the Americans in 1916.

In 1937 an event occurred which threatened the peace of the republic. Many thousands of Haitian migratory workers were massacred on the soil of the Dominican Republic. Relations between the two republics became acute, but peace was maintained by outside mediation. The Dominican Republic was finally persuaded to pay a substantial indem-

nity to the government of Haiti.

Elie Lescot was elected President in 1941. Haiti's attitude toward the U. S. A. was now entirely altered; she was confident that the larger country respected her complete independence. The new spirit of cooperation took concrete economic and political form. She concluded economic agreements with the U. S. A. in 1942 and 1943, and the respective legations of the two countries were elevated to embassy status.

Stakes in the Peace

HAITI'S main problem is overpopulation. Given sufficient territory and modern techniques, her ample labor supply could make her a wealthy state. Perhaps the present population could raise its economic level within a decade or two, but not materially unless its rate of increase declines. In order to obviate this classic Malthusian problem, the U. S. A. is assisting in the development of large plantation economies. But here political tradition—that is, dread of white domination—still stands as an obstacle, although a more cooperative attitude now prevails.

No easy solution can be indicated for the problems of Haiti. Birth control is a chimerical remedy, in view of the prevailing education and social orientation of the people.

The development of manufactures based on local production, as with the sugar controls in Cuba, is only one solution. Indeed, any improvement in the Haitian people's condition may, regrettably, prove to be temporary unless an agriculture and industry can be developed sufficiently to absorb the steady increase of her population.

Fortunately, apart from a tiny, though volatile, minority, the Haitian people love peace. They have had enough historical drama to serve ten other countries, and it seems to have satisfied them. Freed from external preoccupations, they can turn to long-term planning and carefully worked out media for better employment and adequate wages.

Liberia

The Land and the People

THE NEGRO republic of Liberia has a special interest for Americans. It was founded by American idealists who, in 1817, thought that Negro slaves should be bought from their masters and then settled in West Africa, and that by this means slavery would gradually disappear in the U. S. A.

The few freed slaves were settled on the Guinea coast and the town established there was named Monrovia after James Monroe, then the American president. Monrovia, her capital, is today a town of 10,000.

Recently Liberia signed a treaty with the U. S. A. for the duration of the war, and President Roosevelt declared that the welfare and defense of the land are vital to American interests. Since Liberia faces the bulge of Brazil across the nar-

rowest stretch of the South Atlantic, the country has extraordinary potential strategic importance.

With a coast line of some 350 miles in one of the wettest parts of the world, Liberia stands southeast of the British colony of Sierra Leone (also established as a slave refuge), west of the French colony of the Ivory Coast, and south of French Guinea.

An area of about 43,000 square miles, she extends inland 200 miles; but the effective territory really controlled by the government amounts to considerably less. Most of the land lies at less than 1,000 feet above sea level; all of it, within the equatorial rain forest belt.

About 2,500,000 people live in Liberia. Those on the coast—12,000 of American descent, centering in Monrovia (offspring of those for whom the enterprise was begun), and about 60,000 native Negroes

IF I WERE A NEGRO

¶ Negro people created civilization when Europe was a lonely forest

Proud To Be Black

Written Expressly for Negro Digest

By Howard Fast

IF I WERE a Negro, I would be proud; yes, I would be so damned proud!

I would be proud because my people created civilizations when Europe was a forest; I would be proud because my people—and my people alone in all human history—made a single step from slavery to democracy; in Haiti, that was.

I would be proud because if forbearance and tolerance are qualities of civilization, then my people can be called one of the most civilized on earth.

I would be proud because under a mantle of persecution, ignorance, and abuse such as covered no other people in modern times, my people

peacefully and legally made their way into the sunlight, giving to America an artist like Robeson, a scientist like Carver, a leader like Douglass, a writer like Hughes, and a thousand more besides.

I would be proud as a black American, because I would remember that in every American struggle for democracy or national liberation, my people were in the forefront, among the first to declare themselves, among the first to fight, among the first to die.

I would be proud because during the Civil War, liberty was not given to my people; they fought for it, 200,000 strong; they poured out a river of blood and earned their liberty. And I would also be proud because during that time, when the women and children of the South were defenseless before their slaves, my people did not kill the helpless; they did not murder; they did not

HOWARD FAST is one of America's topflight novelists, author of the recent sensational best seller *Freedom Road*. His other works include *Citizen Tom Paine*, *The Unvanquished*, and *Conceived in Liberty*.

Negro guards. Then he slowly turned his head away and talked in German to the American officer.

I won't get out of the car, he was saying, until those Negro guards are removed. He folded his arms and sank deeper into his greatcoat and sat staring straight ahead.

The American, who was only a Captain, after all, seemed nonplussed. We who were looking on held our breaths. We felt he was going to comply with the monstrous request. But we should have known better.

The Captain stuck his head back into the car and talked in German.

This is the American Army, General, he was saying. These Negroes are American soldiers and you are a prisoner. I will not have them withdrawn.

But the German General said nothing, looked straight ahead with his hard, staring eyes, the eyes of a dead man.

A slow flush began to tint the American Captain's face. Listen, General, he was saying, I'm afraid you don't understand the American Army. We've got all kinds in America—so we have all kinds in our Army.

You and your kind are being licked by all kinds of people you like to kick around. By the Negroes from the South and the Jews from

New York and the Poles from Pittsburgh and the Italians from Chicago and the Chinese from San Francisco.

They are the people who are beating you, General; all the people of the world brought together in one army, in one uniform, from one country that recognizes all people as one people. By these Negro soldiers standing right here in front of you.

Listen, General, the Captain said, and his voice even in a strange language seemed harder and more cutting, maybe you don't understand what you're up against. You're licked, General, see? What I mean is, you can't just sit there and say what's what any more, understand? You're a prisoner. Your army is washed up. Your whole Nazi set-up is washed up. Now, get up and get out of that seat.

Slowly, as if with superhuman effort, the greatcoat containing the dead man with the dead eyes moved out of the depths of the American car. . . . As he marched past one of the Negro M P's he turned his dead eyes toward the Negro. The Negro stared back with cold eyes that blinked but did not waver.

The General dropped his eyelids for a brief fleeting second. Then he turned and walked on and plunged his hands in his pockets with a sudden gesture.

He almost seemed to be thinking.



who participate in their culture—are the dominant population.

Their government has gradually gained some authority over the northern tribes and the numerous pagan Kroos. There are also some six other fairly numerous native peoples, many of them Mohammedans. The Negroes of the interior retain their native arts and sculpture, much admired by experts, and illustrative of the African influences which have recently impressed art circles of the West.

The electors of the Liberian republic must be Negroes and property holders; thus governmental power really lies in the hands of a small coastal group of descendants of American slaves, who have established a tutelage over part of the population. The "True Whig" party that runs the country has often been described as an oligarchy; but recent economic developments may eventually extend democratization.

The Nation's Economy

THOUGH productive, the soil had been neglected until recently. Its leading products have been coffee, palm oil, palm kernels, and cocoa; but both the extraordinary plant possibilities and the rich forest resources offer far more than the people have yet known how to utilize. The undoubted mineral resources remain untouched, except for a small gold production.

A transformation occurred during

the war. A 1926 concession of a million acres of rubber lands to the Firestone Company of Ohio has now been cultivated up to 77,000 acres, yielding 18,000,000 pounds of dry rubber.

An astonishing upswing has resulted. Whereas in peacetime Liberia, exporting but \$570,000 worth of goods (coffee, palm oil and kernels, cocoa, and fibers for mats) and importing \$1,100,000 worth (mainly cotton goods, spirits, and tobacco), floundered in chronic financial difficulties, imports had trebled by 1941 and exports had multiplied by eight (to \$5,000,000). The "permanent" deficit had become a surplus.

Estimated exports for 1942 stood at more than \$7,300,000. Rubber has been the magic wand behind these startling transformations, and the U. S. A. has become virtually the sole nation figuring in Liberian trade. But communications remain a problem: though there are coastal roads, practically none penetrate the interior, where head-porters are still needed to carry packs through the forest. No railway exists and no good harbor.

History: 1914-1944

LIBERIA entered World War I in 1917, soon after the U. S. A., and was a signatory of the Treaty of Versailles. Her delegate to the Peace Conference, Mr. C. D. B. King, was

elected President in 1920 and served three terms until 1932, when Edwin Barclay succeeded him. Both Presidents represented the True Whig Party. Barclay was reelected in 1936 for eight years.

In 1926 the government granted the Firestone Rubber Company of America a concession of 1,000,000 acres for 99 years; and a financial loan for the country was arranged.

In 1942 the United States stationed American troops in Liberia, where they aided in the construction of roads and airfields. On his return from the Casablanca Conference (January 1943), President Roosevelt visited Monrovia, capital of Liberia, and the Liberian President Barclay subsequently visited Washington, D. C.

The True Whig candidate, William V. Tubman, succeeded Barclay as President after the 1944 elections, the entire Senate and House belonging to the same party.

Stakes in the Peace

LIBERIA must ever be a cultural obligation of the U. S. A., whose citizens conceived of her existence, fostered her origins, and have since sought to enrich and advance her.

The "True Whigs" on the coast clearly lack the means to develop the hinterland or to raise the educational and production levels of millions of natives in the hinterland. Outside of the Firestone concessions

and recent war-inspired activities, capital investment in Liberia compares most unfavorably with that in European colonies nearby.

Hence, the provision of at least as much investment as obtains in the nearby Gold Coast, for example, is a prerequisite of development. The opening up of the interior and the improvement in health and general welfare of the natives will benefit the groups of American culture on the coast, who have exercised a historic, but rather sterile domination.

So long as the development of Liberia permits increasing democratic participation in government and genuine national independence, foreign investment can be only beneficial. The attempts of both the British and French since 1918 to gain political and economic control of the republic have not been successful.

On the other hand, the years of World War II have witnessed a quickening interest in Liberia on the part of Americans. And there are indications that the little country will be the scene of constructive American investment in the future. Doubtless, such foreign capital as will be made available to Liberia will be primarily American, although the U. S. A. has never made any official move that might be even remotely construed as sponsorship, except for the statement that Liberian security is of vital concern to the U. S. A.

NEGRO DIGEST

A Magazine Of Negro Comment

VOL. III

MARCH

NO. 5

¶ A German 'superman' gets a lesson in democracy from a Yank

When General Meets G.I.

Condensed from San Francisco Chronicle

By Lt. Herb Caen

WE WERE waiting at the dusty landing strip in France for the captured German General to arrive. We were all a little excited, for a General is a General, whether he be American or Russian, or German or Hottentot. And a captured General is something very special indeed.

The officer who had been detailed to meet him peered nervously up the road. Negro M P's in a soiled approximation of Class A uniforms,

HERB CAEN is the former popular gossip columnist of the San Francisco Chronicle, now a lieutenant in the U. S. Army.

stood rigidly at attention. Finally somebody yelled "Here they come!" An American staff car roared up. We got our first glimpse of the General, his head deep sunk in the folds of a huge overcoat he looked something like a grey turtle. He wore the exaggerated Graustarkian cap of the Nazis; the braid on his uniform was bright and shiny. You knew, somehow, that the General must have kept himself far away from the fighting to look so clean and well groomed.

The General turned his head slightly and looked out at the reception committee. His cold beady eyes rested for a few seconds on the

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DIGEST QUIZ

Topographic Topics

WORLD WAR II has made an atlas as important in a household as a cook book. Negro soldiers and sailors have travelled to the far corners of the earth and won glory and decorations. But they are also gaining a knowledge of the world.

Each of the names below represents some place on the map that is associated with Negro peoples. Count ten for each correct answer and figure yourself fair with 60, good with 70 and tops in topography if you hit 90. (See answers on inside back cover.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. The Rand
Liberia rubber region
South Africa gold area
Congo diamond district | 5. The Cameroons
French West Indies islands
Dutch colony in East Indies
Former German colony in Africa |
| 2. The Bottomlands
Mississippi valley
Congo flatlands
Ethiopia plateau | 6. The Transvaal
South Africa section
Dutch Guinea wilderness
Borneo mountain |
| 3. The Antilles
Islands off Africa
West Indies
Ethiopia Mountain | 7. Vieux Carre
Haitian mountain
New Orleans French quarter
French West Africa desert |
| 4. Sugar Hill
Mississippi town
African mountain
Harlem district | 8. Mound Bayou
Congo River island
Southern town
French West Africa city |



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The articles in Negro Digest are selected on the basis of general interest and information and do not necessarily express the opinions of the editors.

Coming in the April Issue

THESE OUTSTANDING FEATURES

DOES INTERRACIAL MARRIAGE SUCCEED?

By Mr. and Mrs. William Grant Still

The world-famous American Negro composer and his white wife, Verna Arvey Still, write a provocative reply to this hotly-debated question. This is the first in a series on this subject by leading Negroes and whites who have crossed the color line at the altar.

IF I WERE A NEGRO

By Channing Pollock

The noted author, dramatist and lecturer urges Negroes to demonstrate equality, rather than demand it in a controversial article in this popular NEGRO DIGEST series.

MY MOST HUMILIATING JIM CROW EXPERIENCE

By Harry McAlpin

The only Negro correspondent at the White House press conference tells how the color line works in democracy's world capital and how a Negro father explains racial discrimination to his growing daughter.

ROUND TABLE

"DOES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FEAR TOO MANY NEGRO CONVERTS?"

YES Harold Fey, field editor of the Christian Century

NO John LaFarge, editor of America



Quiz Answers

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. South Africa gold area | 5. Former German colony |
| 2. Mississippi Valley | 6. South Africa section |
| 3. West Indies | 7. New Orleans French quarter |
| 4. Harlem district | 8. Southern town |



Negro Digest Announces

\$200 PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

*"Should Negro Students Attend Mixed
Or Negro Colleges?"*

Open To All Registered College Students
Both Negro And White

CONTEST RULES

1. Two prizes of \$100 each will be awarded for the best essay on each side of the question.
2. Manuscripts must be limited to 750 words.
3. The deadline for manuscripts is April 15, 1945.
4. No contestant may submit more than one entry.
5. All essays must be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of paper only and should have the name only of the contestant in the right hand corner. Manuscripts should be accompanied by a separate sheet listing name, address, college, class and race of contestant. The essay when submitted to the judges will not include this information so that race will not determine the winner.
6. Winning essays will be published in the Round Table section in the June issue of Negro Digest. Submission of an essay implies agreement to such publication, if chosen a winner. No essays can be returned to sender.
7. All manuscripts should be sent to: College Essay Contest, Negro Digest, 5619 South State Street, Chicago 21, Illinois.
8. The decision of the judges will be final.

JUDGES

Edwin R. Embree, President of Julius Rosenwald Fund
John Temple Graves, Editor of Birmingham Age-Herald
James E. Shepard, President of North Carolina College For Negroes
Charles S. Johnson, Social Science Dean of Fisk University
Howard W. Odum, University of North Carolina
Langston Hughes, noted poet and author

NEGRO DIGEST

A Magazine Of Negro Comment

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25c

3rd Year of
Publication

MARCH 1945

RECORDED

New York, N. Y.,

October 8, 1946.

The Negro Digest Publishing Co.,

5125 S. Calumet Ave.,

Chicago, Ill.

You publish two negro books monthly.

~~Copy~~ - slick - high class.

Negro Digest - very good - pocket size.

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100-171654-111

1 OCT 17 1946

59 OCT 30 1946

367

EX-48

Negro Digest

5125 SOUTH CALUMET AVENUE • CHICAGO 15, ILLINOIS • phone OAKLAND 4282

Mr. Tolson _____
Mr. E. A. Tamm _____
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Mr. Ladd _____
Mr. Nichols _____
Mr. Rosen _____
Mr. Tracy _____
Mr. Egan _____
Mr. Gurnea _____
Mr. Harbo _____
Mr. Mohr _____
Mr. Pennington _____
Mr. Quinn Tamm _____
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Miss Gandy _____

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Dear Friend:

Your name has come to us as a forward-thinking reader who feels that
for America to be "free," Americans must be well-informed!

So we want to tell you about NEGRO DIGEST — the magazine which keeps
so many others like you so well-informed as to the thoughts, deeds and the
hopes of 15,000,000 colored Americans.

NEGRO DIGEST is a convenient, economical monthly magazine of conden-
sations taken from an international list of newspapers and magazines.
And each exciting issue contains a condensation of at least one currently
best-selling book.

NEGRO DIGEST also publishes original articles and stories on timely
topics written by recognized leaders in their various fields.

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tion of School Librarians picks NEGRO DIGEST on her "must" list for the
high school and college libraries of the nation, saying:

"NEGRO DIGEST should be read by all races for its
heartening picture of progress in understanding."

And [] also selects NEGRO DIGEST among the first One Hundred
out of more than 5,800 magazines published in the United States.

Annual subscription rates are \$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years,
or three full years of NEGRO DIGEST for the money-saving rate of only \$7.00.

Printed to fit your pocket and priced to fit your pocketbook, NEGRO
DIGEST really is The Complete Magazine.

But we'll enter your introductory subscription to NEGRO DIGEST at
a specially reduced rate of \$2.50 -- two issues absolutely free!

Of course, this offer can be made for a limited time only. So we are
enclosing a special subscription order blank and envelope which requires
no postage stamp for your convenience in taking advantage of this offer.

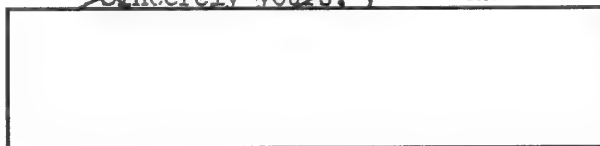
Use them to send us your subscription order for NEGRO DIGEST today.

Sincerely yours,

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dib

52 MAR 4 1948



5-9

FROM

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

Negro Digest Publishing Company

Publishers of Negro Digest and Ebony Magazines

5125 SOUTH CALUMET AVENUE

CHICAGO 15, ILLINOIS

ENCLOSURE

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NEGRO DIGEST

A Negro Digest Publishing Company Magazine
5125 CALUMET AVENUE

CHICAGO 15, ILLINOIS

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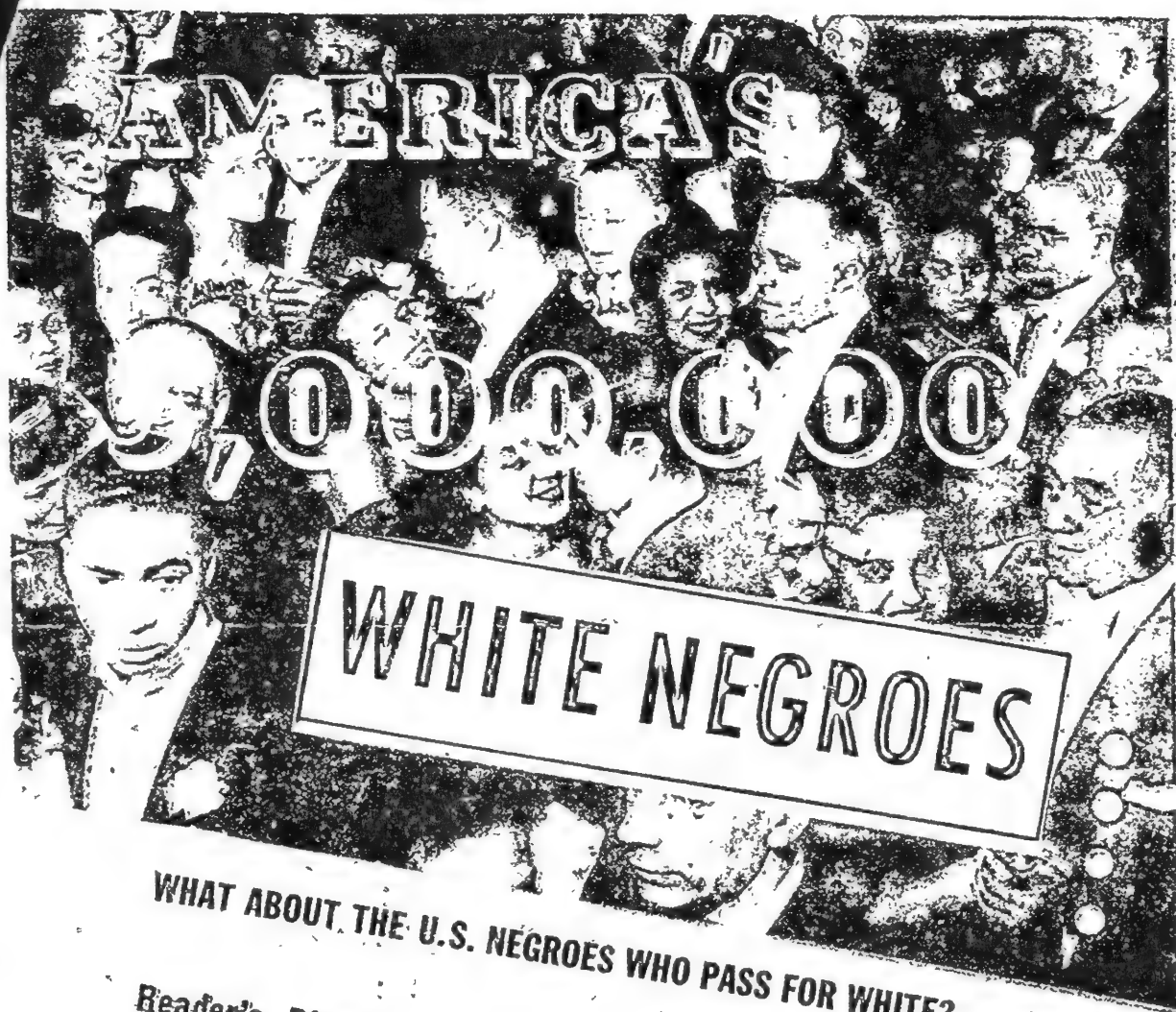
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WHAT ABOUT THE U.S. NEGROES WHO PASS FOR WHITE?

Reader's Digest, Colliers, Time, Today's Woman, True Confessions . . . ALL these widely-read magazines have asked this embarrassing question! EBONY alone has the knowledge, the facts and the courage to answer it—

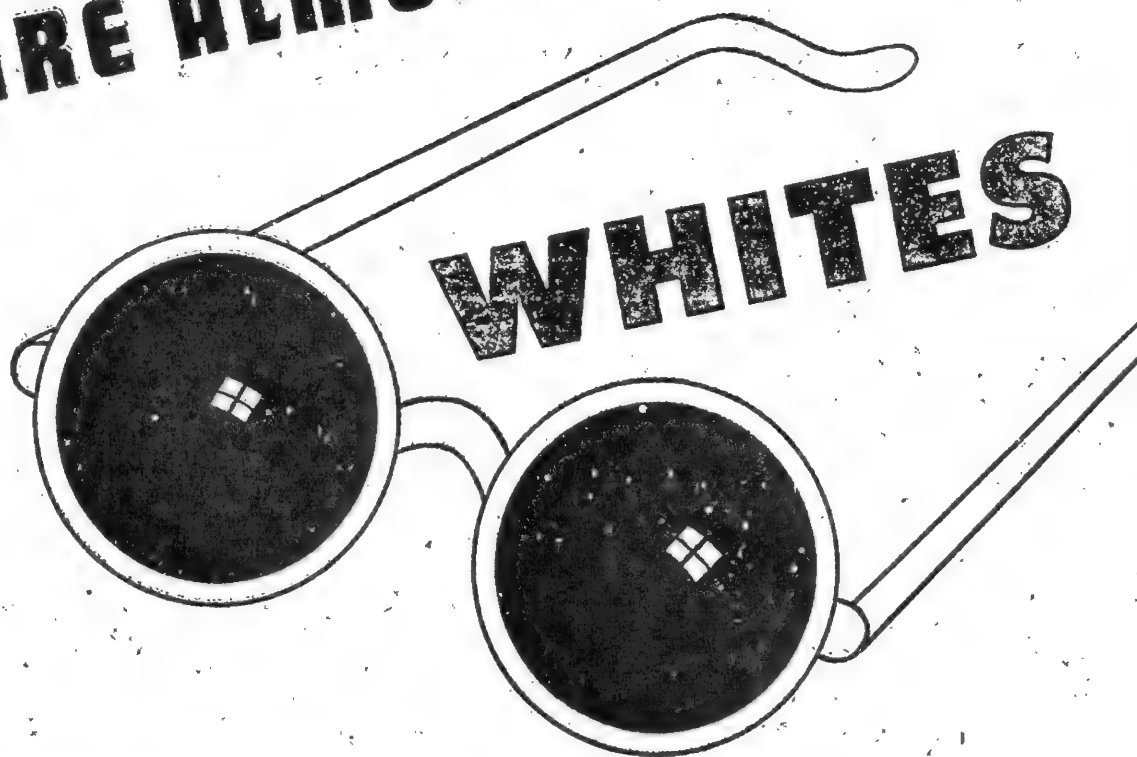
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ARE ALMOST AS BAD AS



IS THE NEGRO HIS OWN WORST ENEMY?

"You can't elbow your way to full equality!" says this noted author. Read how some Negroes thoughtlessly sabotage their own fight for REAL freedom. And read what YOU can do about it.

One of more than 25 interesting, entertaining features including
IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR THE SOUTH? that you'll enjoy in March

extra....

**"I Hate Southern
Cooking"**

Negro Digest

February 12, 1948

[Redacted]
Negro Digest Publishing Company
5125 South Calumet Avenue
Chicago 15, Illinois

Dear **[Redacted]**

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 R10/11/11

RECORDED
100-716544-13

Your letter of February 4, 1948, with enclosure, has been received and I appreciate your interest in my making a contribution for use in Negro Digest's "Future of Negro Youth" series. I do hope I will be able to do this, but the extreme pressure of my official schedule precludes my committing myself definitely on this matter. Every effort will be made, however, to prepare a suitable contribution and send it to you within the very near future.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

RECEIVED-DIRECTOR
FBI
U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
FEB 12 9 56 AM '48

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
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Mr. Gurnea
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COMMUNICATIONS SECTION
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U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

62 MAR 18 1948

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Negro Digest Publishing Company

Publishers of Negro Digest and Ebony Magazines

5125 S. CALUMET AVE.

CHICAGO 15, ILL.

February 4, 1948

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Chief
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

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DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RTH/MDT

Mr. Tolson	✓
Mr. E. A. Tamm	✓
Mr. Clegg	✓
Mr. Glavin	✓
Mr. Ladd	✓
Mr. Nichols	✓
Mr. Rosen	✓
Mr. Tracy	✓
Mr. Egan	✓
Mr. Gurnea	✓
Mr. Harbo	✓
Mr. Mohr	✓
Mr. Pennington	✓
Mr. Quinn Tamm	✓
Mr. Nease	✓
Miss Gandy	✓

My dear Mr. Hoover:

Enclosed with this letter is a prospectus for NEGRO DIGEST's "Future Of Negro Youth" Series which we cordially invite you to join as a contributor.

This project is being sponsored by us in an effort to survey the job future for the Negro of high school and college age today in view of the experiences of outstanding Negroes who have succeeded in their respective fields. We are sparing no effort to include all fields of endeavor.

We feel certain you will agree that the Negro youth of today should seriously consider a career in law enforcement and would benefit greatly by your first-hand advice based on your own experience in this field.

Won't you inform us at once that you, too, will contribute an article for our series?

Your article should be of approximately 1500 words. To serve the best purpose of the project as a whole it could:

- give a brief account of your background and youth;
- give a short resume of your education, how it was financed;
- list the qualifications a candidate for your field should possess;
- and end with your views on the future for Negro youth in this field.

May we hear from you at your earliest convenience confirming your willingness to make this contribution to NEGRO DIGEST's "Future Of Negro Youth" Series?

Since this project will be a handbook of the job future as well as of essential, promising job fields not usually considered by young men and women of college age, your contribution will be of inestimable value to young Negroes for many years to come.

With thanks for your interest and cooperation,

I think we should do this. Ebony is high grade and has been a unit to F.B.I. I am S. We would also like very much to have any suggestions you wish to offer, especially with regard to subjects or contributors not included in our list.

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

100-71654-13

MAR 16 1948

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NEGRO DIGEST

"FUTURE OF NEGRO YOUTH" SERIES SEPTEMBER, 1948-JUNE, 1949

PROSPECTUS

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED

HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJS/ma

Object: To survey in interesting article form the job and career future for qualified Negroes in all fields of endeavor.

Each article to be written by a recognized expert in this field, giving the author's own experiences and observations along with his view of opportunities this field offers Negro youth and the best way to achieve success in this field.

Presentation: Signed articles in NEGRO DIGEST beginning with the October, 1948 issue (published in September) and appearing each month thereafter through the July, 1949 issue (published in June) and thereby corresponding with the academic year, 1948-49.

Designed to aid high school and college students in choosing their careers (in addition to presenting fields of endeavor not previously considered by them) along with a balance sheet of the opportunities these fields offer Negroes. These articles will also act as aids to vocational advisors in colleges and high schools.

Sponsors: The high schools and colleges of America, Negro and white, will be invited to participate, using the articles which appear in the series as required outside reading for classroom discussion.

In conjunction with the regular articles and features in each monthly issue of NEGRO DIGEST, the survey articles will represent a timely, factual, up-to-date study of Negro affairs and future outlook. Copies of each issue of NEGRO DIGEST will be made available for classroom use at the cost price of sixteen cents (16¢) to students in all classes in participating schools and colleges, a free desk copy supplied for instructor's use in all classes subscribing for five or more copies each month.

Keynoter: Dr. Charles S. Johnson, President, Fisk University

100-71654-13

ENCLOSURE

PARTIAL LIST OF SUBJECTS, JOB FIELDS TO BE STUDIED,
AND CONTRIBUTORS INVITED TO PARTICIPATE

ACCOUNTING -- Charles A. Beckett, J. B. Blayton, Theodore Jones, G. Stevens Marchman. ACTUARIAL SCIENCE -- Asa T. Spaulding. ADVERTISING -- William G. Black, Joe LaCour. AERONAUTICS -- Col. B. O. Davis, Jr. ANTHROPOLOGY -- Dr. Allison Davis. ARCHITECTURE -- Paul Williams. ART -- E. Simms Campbell. BACTERIOLOGY -- Dr. Hildrus Poindexter. BANKING -- J. E. Walker. BEAUTY CULTURE -- Marjorie Joyner, Sarah Spencer. BIOLOGY -- Edward M.S. Chandler. CHEMISTRY -- Lloyd Hall, Percy Julian. CINEMA -- Lena Horne, Canada Lee. CIRCULATION TECHNIQUES -- C. M. Ellis. CREATIVE WRITING -- W.E.B. DuBois, Frank Yerby. DANCE -- Kathrine Dunham. DERMATOLOGY -- Dr. T. K. Lawless, Dr. Ralph Scull, Dr. Harold Thatcher. DIETETICS -- Freda DeKnight. DIPLOMACY -- Ralph Bunche. GOVERNMENT -- William H. Hastie, William Pickens. HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT -- Clyde Reynolds. INSURANCE -- T. K. Gibson, Sr., C.C. Spaulding. JOURNALISM -- Bill Nunn, P. L. Prattis, George S. Schuyler, P. B. Young. LABOR -- A. P. Randolph, Willard S. Townsend, Robert C. Weaver. LAW -- T. K. Gibson, Jr., Charles H. Houston, William R. Ming, Jr., Euclid L. Taylor. LAW ENFORCEMENT -- J. Edgar Hoover. LIBRARY SCIENCE -- Arna Bontemps, Mrs. Maurice Gleason, Vivian Harsh, Lawrence D. Reddick. MATHEMATICS -- J. Ernest Wilkins, Jr. MEDICINE -- Dr. W. Montague Cobb. MILLINERY -- Mildred Blount. MORTUARY SCIENCE -- Robert Cole. MUSIC -- William Grant Still. NURSING -- Estell Riddle, Mable K. Staupers. PEDIATRICS -- Dr. Ronald Jefferson. PERSONNEL MANAGEMENT & SELECTION -- J. Bernard Bradshaw, Mame Higgins, George McCray. POLITICS -- William Dawson, Oscar DePriest, Roscoe Simmons, C. C. Wimbush. PSYCHIATRY -- Dr. Walter Adams, Charles Prudhome. PSYCHOLOGY -- Dr. Albert S. Beckham. PUBLIC RELATIONS -- Perry Lieber, Mae Kidd Street. PUBLISHING -- Carl Murphy, Frank Young. RADIO -- Jerome Morgan. SALESMANSHIP -- James A. Jackson, C. Udell Turpin. SCULPTURE -- Richmond Barthe. SKILLED TRADES -- Clifford Campbell. SOCIAL WORK -- Lester B. Granger. SOCIOLOGY -- E. Franklin Frazier, Walter White. SURGERY -- Dr. U. G. Dailey, Dr. Charles Drew, Dr. Roscoe Giles. THEOLOGY -- Benjamin E. Mays. THERAPIST -- Magnolia Bates, Thelma Brown, Ruby Peffner. TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT -- Stanley Berge.

All articles which appear in the "FUTURE OF NEGRO YOUTH" SERIES will be made available in reprints to all groups and organizations (upon request) for the cost of postage and handling.

Upon completion of the series in NEGRO DIGEST, the articles will be published in permanent book form, one each of which will be presented free to the library of each participating high school and college and each signed contributor.

End Result: To give high school and college students (both white and Negro) a factual survey of the job and career opportunities available to them, plus the additional information of the experiences of those Negroes who have attained outstanding success in each field. And to provide the library of each of the nation's high schools and colleges with a bound volume of this information for its permanent collection.

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS INVITED TO JOIN


Dwight D. Eisenhower, Marshall Field, Henry Ford, Lester B. Granger, Paul Hoffman, Charles Luckman, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Walter White.

- and -

PRESIDENTS OF ALL NEGRO COLLEGES

March 8, 1948

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJA/19


Negro Digest Publishing Company
5125 South Calumet Avenue
Chicago 15, Illinois
100-71654-14
Dear Mr. Pressley:

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b7C

RECORDED

In response to your letters of
February 4 and 17, 1948, I am sending herewith
an article entitled, "Law Enforcement as a
Career," which you may use for publication in
the Negro Digest.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

Enclosure

HDS:ig/SL

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Mr. Egan
Mr. Gurnea
Mr. Harbo
Mr. Mohr
Mr. Pennington
Mr. Quinn Tamm
Tele. Room
Mr. Nease
Miss Gandy

COMMUNICATIONS SECTION
MAILED 3
★ MAR 10 1948 P.M.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

62 MAR 18 1948

March 8, 1948

LAW ENFORCEMENT AS A CAREER

By
John Edgar Hoover, Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice

Law enforcement needs young men and women who are well trained and qualified. This field of public service offers many opportunities to those seeking a career in public service. It is one that is intensely interesting but it holds no future unless one is prepared to work hard and undergo personal sacrifices. It is a pleasure for me to recount my career.

I was born and reared in Washington, D. C., and received my basic education in the public schools. My personal inclination was toward the ministry but finances kept me from following such a career. Being obliged to contribute to the support of my home upon graduation from high school I obtained a clerkship at the Library of Congress and enrolled in night school at George Washington University to study law. I graduated from George Washington University Law School with an LL.B. degree in 1916 and subsequently obtained an LL.M. from this university.

The Department of Justice appointed me as an attorney in 1917 and two years later a Special Assistant to the Attorney General. In 1921 I was transferred to the Bureau of Investigation and the then Attorney General, the late Chief Justice Harlan Stone, designated me as the Director in 1924.

Mr. Tolson _____
Mr. E. A. Tamm _____
Mr. Clegg _____
Mr. Glavin _____
Mr. Ladd _____
Mr. Nichols _____
Mr. Rosen _____
Mr. Tracy _____
Mr. Egan _____
Mr. Gurnea _____
Mr. Harbo _____
Mr. Mohr _____
Mr. Pennington _____
Mr. Quinn Tamm _____
Tele. Room _____
Mr. Nease _____
Miss Gandy _____

HDS:SL

100-71654-14

ENCLOSURE

A career in law enforcement was a second choice with me but only in a technical sense. Once in law enforcement, I realized that this field offered limitless opportunity to one whose ultimate objective was to serve others.

In 1921 law enforcement in the United States was a haphazard business. Personnel standards were low, equipment was obsolete and inadequate, methods were archaic, suitable training programs were nonexistent and continuous in-service training for people in the profession was unheard of.

The public generally had little respect for law enforcement officers. But worse of all was the attitude of many law enforcement officers themselves: cynicism and disregard for fundamental values were prevalent.

Realizing that honest, efficient law enforcement is an urgent necessity in a social order based upon law, I felt that the profession of law enforcement offered a first rate challenge to my ambitions. Hence, at an early age, I enthusiastically dedicated myself to a career in law enforcement resolved to utilize whatever talents and energies I possessed in the cause of raising law enforcement to the level of the most respected professions.

That enthusiasm still persists and I have never

regretted that choice made more than a quarter of a century

Mr. Tolson _____
Mr. E. A. Tamm _____
Mr. Clegg _____
Mr. Glavin _____
Mr. Ladd _____
Mr. Nichols _____
Mr. Rosen _____
Mr. Tracy _____
Mr. Egan _____
Mr. Gurnea _____
Mr. Harbo _____
Mr. Mohr _____
Mr. Pennington _____
Mr. Quinn Tamm _____
Tele. Room _____
Mr. Nease _____
Miss Gandy _____

The status of law enforcement has improved immeasurably since the 1920's. All of us who have been in the profession during these years of development have enjoyed a feeling of attainment. We have traveled a long way toward the objective we originally set for ourselves; yet, none of us can say complacently that we have arrived. The achievements of law enforcement in the past two decades, like the achievements of science, have simply opened up broader and greater fields for future development.

In 1921 the challenge and the opportunities of a career in law enforcement were exciting. Today, the profession offers even more exciting possibilities of growth.

Yet, before recommending law enforcement as a career for any youth, I would ask him to examine himself carefully to decide what he wants out of life. If he is seeking either fame or fortune, he should not turn to law enforcement. Few achieve fame in law enforcement. Fewer still grow rich. The field offers but limited opportunities to those whose sole or primary objective is wide renown or great wealth. None, however, offers a more

exhilarating challenge to the young men who want a career of service. Law enforcement is a rewarding occupation for anyone whose principal ambition is to lead a useful life.

The qualifications of candidates in the field of law enforcement have changed radically in the past two decades. The people of my generation can remember when brawn seemed to be the exclusive consideration in the hiring of law enforcement officers. Native intelligence counted very little and formal education not at all. Good health, physical hardihood and personal bravery are still important for law enforcement officers; but education and intellect have risen to their proper place as the most essential qualifications.

In some of the larger law enforcement agencies a college degree has become a minimum educational requirement. A degree from an accredited law school or accounting school has been a basic requirement for Special Agent candidates in the FBI since 1924.

Even in departments where a college degree is not a formal requirement, those who have a broad liberal arts education - everything else being equal - have a better than average chance to rise to positions of leadership.

Adaptability is a most essential quality for the successful law enforcement officer. In the normal routine of his work he is likely to meet and deal with people on all levels of society and in all walks of life. If he is to handle

himself well in these public contacts, he must be able to put himself at ease in any environment or situation. The more formal education a man has, the more likely it is that he will develop this quality of adaptability.

Mental alertness is tremendously important for the successful law enforcement officer. In no other occupation does a man more frequently find himself at the center of sudden developments where it is necessary for him to make rapid evaluations and quick decisions. Fundamentally, mental alertness is an inborn characteristic which cannot be acquired; but it can be sharpened and developed in the course of instruction offered in our public schools and colleges.

Similarly, a law enforcement officer should have a keen insight into the motivations of human conduct. Any kind of training which helps one to understand why people behave like human beings is of great value.

Legal training is also excellent preparation for a career in law enforcement. A special knowledge of the law is obviously helpful to one whose duty it is to enforce the law. It teaches one to distinguish facts from fancies, and facts are essential elements in the dispensation of justice. An officer with legal training, moreover - and most importantly, - recognizes the rights and privileges of others and knows the serious consequences of any abridgment of civil liberties.

Many Negroes have distinguished themselves in law enforcement. Illustrative is the record of Jimmy Young, Negro employee of the FBI in New York City. In 1939 Young and another civic-minded leader, on their private initiative and in their spare time, contacted civic organizations in Yonkers, New York, and solicited support for a youth center in the Nepperhan community where there was a crying need for facilities to provide constructive, leisure-time activities for youth. The two leaders established the Nepperhan Community Center which, in 1943, became a member agency of the Yonkers Community Chest. The Center -- now boasting a 3-story building and providing recreational activities for more than 400 boys and girls -- is still growing, and Jimmy Young is still supervising its growth.

Oliver A. Cowan, Negro patrolman in the Metropolitan Police Department, Washington, D. C., has also done valuable and widely acclaimed work with youth. A few years ago Cowan, working in a bad section of Washington, caught four young boys in the act of breaking street lights. Instead of taking them to the police station, he talked to them like a big brother and won their confidence. With that experience was born the idea for a Junior Police and Citizens' Corps, which now has more than 10,000 members and is operated by the Juvenile Bureau of the Metropolitan Police Department, under Mr. Cowan's direct supervision. This Junior Police organization has been acclaimed by police and other public officials for its important contribution in the fight against juvenile delinquency.

The long career of James E. Amos, one of the many Negro Special Agents of the FBI, has been widely publicized. The son of a policeman in Washington, D. C., Amos began his career of public service as a personal aide to President Theodore Roosevelt shortly after Roosevelt's inauguration. Teddy Roosevelt frequently referred to Amos as "my head man." Amos came into the Department of Justice in 1921 and has served as a Special Agent in the FBI all over the nation, working on dozens of the Bureau's biggest criminal and espionage cases.

The Negro has proven his worth as a law enforcement officer. He has made invaluable contributions to the profession and has an essential place in the future of this great field of public service.

Negro Digest Publishing Company

Publishers of Negro Digest and Ebony Magazines

5125 S. CALUMET AVE.
CHICAGO 15, ILL.

February 17, 1948

Mr. Tolson.....
Mr. E. A. Tamm.....
Mr. Clegg.....
Mr. Glavin.....
Mr. Ladd.....
Mr. Nichols.....
Mr. Rosen.....
Mr. Tracy.....
Mr. Egan.....
Mr. Gurnea.....
Mr. Harbo.....
Mr. Mohr.....
Mr. Pennington.....
Mr. Quinn Tamm.....
Mr. Nease.....
Miss Gandy.....

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover
Office of the Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
U.S. Department of Justice
Washington 25, D.C.

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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 [signature]

My dear Mr. Hoover:

We were delighted to receive your very welcome letter accepting our invitation to contribute an article to NEGRO DIGEST's "Future Of Negro Youth" series.

As you will understand, we would like to have all articles on hand well in advance so as to make the best possible presentation of each article -- as well as of the series as a whole. Fully realizing the pressure of your regular duties we are more than glad to arrange our schedule to fit with your convenience.

With sincere appreciation for your courtesy and cooperation,

Cordially yours,



JUP/lh

ack 3-4-48
3-2-48
[signature]

RECORDED
&
INDEXED

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100-77654-140

37 MAR 13 1948

4- [signature]
File

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b7C

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI

FROM : SAC, SAN FRANCISCO

SUBJECT: "NEGRO DIGEST"
"OUR WORLD"
"THE REPORTER"
MAGAZINES

DATE: September 18, 1951

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJA/102

Reurlet 9/11/51 in regard to the above-captioned publications.

The records of the California Committee on Un-American Activities are maintained by the Counsel for the Committee, [redacted] at Visalia, California, who is known to the Los Angeles office.

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b7c

For the information of the Los Angeles office, the Veterans' Administration, Washington, D.C., has requested the Bureau to determine if the above-captioned magazines are identical to those cited on page 225 in the 1948 report of the California Committee on Un-American Activities. No investigation is to be conducted but it has been requested that a check be made of the records of the California Committee to ascertain if the magazines listed by that committee are identical with the following:

"Negro Digest" magazine, Johnson Publishing Company, 1820 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois. JOHN H. JOHNSON, publisher and editor, BEN BURNS, Executive Editor, ERA BELL THOMPSON, Managing Editor.

"Our World" magazine, Our World Publishing Company Inc., 35 West 43rd Street, New York, New York. JOHN P. DAVIS, Publisher, DAVID A. HEPBURN, Executive Editor.

"The Reporter" magazine, Fortnightly Publishing Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, New York. MAX ESCOLI, Editor and Publisher, PHILIP HORTON, Assistant Editor, ROBERT S. GERDY, Managing Editor, AL NEWMAN, Assistant Managing Editor, WILLIAM KNAPP, Assistant Managing Editor.

The Los Angeles office is requested to ascertain if the desired information is available and, if so, furnish it to the Bureau.

WHK:mme
65-77

cc: (Los Angeles)

RECORDED - 66

INDEXED - 66

100-71654-15
SEP 24 1951
10

63 NOV 16 1951

COMMUNICATIONS INDUSTRY
EMPLOYED BY
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100-352331-26
100-364570-8

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN

EX-15

FIVE

SAC, San Francisco

September 11, 1951

Director, FBI

"Negro Digest"
 "Our World"
 "The Reporter"
 Magazines

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
 DATE 6-18-10 BY SP-6 RAB/m

The Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C. had requested the Bureau to determine if the captioned magazines, which will be identified also, are identical to those cited on page 225 in the 1948 Report of the California Committee on Un-American Activities. No investigation is to be conducted by you; however, you are requested to cause a check to be made of the records of the California Committee to ascertain if the magazines listed by that Committee are identical with the following:

"Negro Digest" Magazine

Johnson Publishing Company
 1020 North Michigan Avenue
 Chicago 10, Illinois
 John H. Johnson, Publisher and Editor
 Ben Burns, Executive Editor
 Eva Ball Thomson, Managing Editor

"Our World" Magazine

Our World Publishing Company, Inc.
 25 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.
 John P. Lewis, Publisher
 David A. Hephurn, Executive Editor

"The Reporter" Magazine

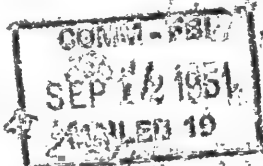
Fortnightly Publishing Company
 120 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.
 Max Acceli, Editor and Publisher
 Philip Horton, Assistant Editor
 Robert S. Gerdy, Managing Editor
 Al Herman, Assistant Managing Editor
 William Brown, Assistant Managing Editor

cc-Internal Security

BJC:amc

INDEXED - 129

RECORDED - 129



SEP 14 1951

OCT 3 1951

FBI

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN 100-71654-16

RECEIVED
SEP 19 1951

b6
b7C

Date: September 14, 1951

To: Administrator of Veterans Affairs
Veterans Administration
Washington, D. C.

APPROPRIATE AGENCIES
AND FIELD OFFICES
ADVISED BY ROUTING
SLIP(S) OF NR/S
rem
6/19/52

RECORDED - 46

100-74654-17
Attention:

DATE

From: John Edgar Hoover, Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation

Subject: "The Negro Digest"
"The Negro World"
"The Reporter"
Magazines

CLASSIFIED BY SP-5 RSB/jka
ON 6-18-80

Reference is made to your letter dated August 15, 1951, wherein you requested that this Bureau advise whether certain magazines which you enclosed with your letter were identical to those cited by the California Committee on Un-American Activities on page 226 of their 1949 report. The magazines you enclosed were "Negro Digest", "The Negro World" and "The Reporter". The magazines which you furnished are being enclosed with this letter. You also requested that a check be made of the files of this Bureau for subversive information relating to these magazines.

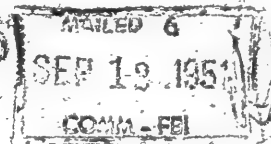
A review of the 1949 report of the California Committee on Un-American Activities reveals that many publications were listed as publications the Committee had found "to be Communist infiltrated and controlled, and so strongly influenced as to be in the Stalin-Soviet pattern." Among those listed were "Negro Digest", "The Negro World" and "The Reporter". After "The Reporter" there appeared in parentheses "National Council of American Soviet Friendship." No other identification was given to enable this Bureau to determine whether the magazines you enclosed are identical with the ones listed by the California Committee.

For your information a check is presently being made to determine if the enclosed magazines are identical to those cited by the California Committee, and you will be advised of the results of the check.

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Tolson _____
Ladd _____
Clegg _____
Glavin _____
Nichols _____
Rosen _____
Tracy _____
Harbo _____
Alden _____
Belmont _____
Laughlin _____
Mohr _____
Tele. Room _____
Nease _____
Gandy _____

BJC:dmc



U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

MAILED BY
STOL PER
1/2/52

In addition a review of the files of this Bureau fails to reveal that any investigation has been conducted by the FBI concerning the magazines you enclosed with your letter of August 18, 1951. However the files of this Bureau reflect that information was received in October, 1948, from reliable confidential informants to the effect that the magazine "Our World" is strictly a racial magazine and is not to be regarded as a Communist dominated publication.

The publisher of "Our World" John P. Davis, is reported to have been at one time a leading member of the Communist Party and he also was formerly the Executive Secretary of the National Negro Congress which has been cited by the Attorney General as an organization coming within the purview of Executive Order 9835. Other sources, considered reliable, have reported that in the past few years Davis has become anti-Communist and has featured a number of articles in his magazine "Our World" which were anti-Communist in nature. (100-39058)

For additional information relating to the magazine "Our World" you may desire to consult the records of the Military Intelligence at Washington, D. C.

You are advised that in view of the lack of identifying background data in your letter concerning the other individuals associated with these magazines, no search of their names has been made through the files of this Bureau.

The above is furnished for your confidential use only and is not to be disseminated outside your agency. This is the result of an FBI file check only and is not to be considered as a clearance or nonclearance of the magazines involved.

(Files of the Bureau reveal that the magazine "Negro Digest" is published monthly in Chicago by the Negro Digest Publishing Company which also publishes "Ebony" magazine. The files reflect that the Director prepared an article for the October, 1948 issue of "Negro Digest" and also that "Ebony" has been favorable to the Bureau in the past. (100-71654) Bureau files reveal that a report from Military Intelligence at Washington, D. C. dated 3-28-47 referred to "Our World" magazine as a Communist front publication for Negroes. Bureau informants have described it as strictly a racial magazine. Further in 1948 the New York Office reviewed approximately 15 issues of the magazine and stated that no apparent evidence of Communist propaganda was found in these issues. Bufiles also reflect cordial relations with "Our World", a picture magazine similar to "Look" magazine, which is of primary

Tolson _____
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Rosen _____
Tracy _____
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Nease _____
Gandy _____

interest to Negroes. In the past the Bureau has cooperated with the staff of "Our World" in preparing an article on the FBI. (100-352331). Records of the Bureau failed to reveal information which could be identified with the magazine "The Reporter".)

Tolson _____
Ladd _____
Clegg _____
Glavin _____
Nichols _____
Rosen _____
Tracy _____
Harbo _____
Alden _____
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Laughlin _____
Mohr _____
Tele. Room _____
Nease _____
Gandy _____



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.
August 15, 1951

YOUR FILE REFERENCE:

IN REPLY REFER TO: DI

CONFIDENTIAL

Honorable J. Edgar Hoover
Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Department of Justice
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Mr. Hoover:

The Veterans Administration Library Service has had orders from Station Libraries for NEGRO DIGEST, OUR WORLD, and The REPORTER, which magazines bear names of publications listed in House Document No. 137, "Guide to Subversive Organizations and Publications, Revised", dated May 14, 1951. Current copies of these magazines are attached. It is requested, if possible, that you advise whether these are the publications which were referred to on Page 225 in the 1948 Report of the California Committee on Un-American Activities, cited on Pages 142, 145, and 148 of House Document No. 137.

It is also requested that a name check be made of subversive files for the following list and that we be advised of pertinent information disclosed.

NEGRO DIGEST MAGAZINE

Johnson Publishing Company
1820 South Michigan Avenue
Chicago 16, Illinois
John H. Johnson, Publisher and Editor
Ben Burns, Executive Editor
Era Bell Thompson, Managing Editor

OUR WORLD MAGAZINE

Our World Publishing Company, Inc.
35 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.
John P. Davis, Publisher
David A. Hepburn, Executive Editor

RECORDED - 46

SEP 11 1951

HANDLED BY
STOP DESINDEXED - 46

EX-105

An inquiry by or concerning an ex-service man or woman should, if possible, give veteran's name and file number, whether C, XC, K, N, V, or H. If such file number is unknown, service or serial number should be given.

Conf. Ltr. to Hon. J. Edgar Hoover
frm. Director, I&I, dtd. 8-15-51

The REPORTER MAGAZINE
Fortnightly Publishing Company
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Max Ascoli, Editor and Publisher
Philip Horton, Assistant Editor
Robert S. Gerdy, Managing Editor
Al Newman, Assistant Managing Editor
William Knapp, Assistant Managing Editor



b6
b7C

Inspection-Investigation Service

Encls:

NEGRO DIGEST, September 1951 issue
OUR WORLD, September 1951 issue
The REPORTER, August 21, 1951 issue

*Returned to
Veterans Administration
with letter of
9-11-51*

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI
 FROM : SAC, LOS ANGELES
 SUBJECT: "NEGRO DIGEST," "OUR WORLD,"
 "THE REPORTER" MAGAZINES
 SECURITY MATTER - C

DATE: 10/2/51

Reference is made to Bureau letter to San Francisco dated September 11, 1951, and San Francisco letter to Los Angeles dated September 18, 1951.

For the information of the Washington Field Office, the Veterans Administration, Washington, D.C., has requested the Bureau to determine if the above captioned magazines are identical to those cited on Page 225 in the 1948 report of the California Committee on Un-American Activities. No investigation is to be conducted but it has been requested that a check be made of the records of the California Committee to ascertain if the magazines above listed are identical: "Negro Digest" magazine, Johnson Publishing Company, 1820 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois. JOHN H. JOHNSON, Publisher and Editor, BEN BYRNS, Executive Editor, ERA BELL THOMPSON, Managing Editor. "Our World" magazine, Our World Publishing Company, Inc., 35 West 43rd Street, New York, New York. JOHN P. DAVIS, Publisher, DAVID A. HEPBURN, Executive Editor. "The Reporter" magazine, Fortnightly Publishing Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, New York. MAX ESCOLI, Editor and Publisher, PHILIP HORTON, Assistant Editor, ROBERT S. GERDY, Managing Editor, AL NEWMAN, Assistant Managing Editor, WILLIAM KNAPP, Assistant Managing Editor.

Records of the Committee on Un-American Activities of the State of California are maintained at Room 502, Brix Building, Fresno, California.

[redacted] reviewed their files and they contained no further identification of the above captioned magazines than as set out on Page 225 in the 1948 report of the Committee.

[redacted] contacted [redacted] Committee Counsel, who advised that the source for the list of cited magazines

WEA:bar
 100-39654
 cc: Washington Field

EX - 28

RECORDED - 62

INDEXED - 62

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
 DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 [signature]

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UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN 100-364570-11

78504
LA 100-39654

in the 1948 report Pages 224 and 225, is House Appendix Number 9, compiled by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, United States House of Representatives. There is no copy of this Appendix at the California Committee on Un-American Activities.

The Washington Field Office is requested to review the Appendix Number 9 at the House Committee to determine if the magazines "Negro Digest," "Our World," and "The Reporter" as set out in that Appendix are identical to the above described three magazines. The results of this investigation should be furnished to the Bureau.

RUC

Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : Director, FBI

DATE: October 13, 1951

FROM : SAC, WFO

SUBJECT: "NEGRO DIGEST"; "OUR WORLD"
"THE REPORTER" MAGAZINES
SECURITY MATTER - CALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RFL/m

Re Los Angeles letter to Bureau dated October 2, 1951.

A review of House Appendix Number Nine at the House Committee on Un-American Activities fails to reflect any reference to captioned magazines.

However, a review of the Fifth Report of the California Committee on Un-American Activities, 1949, reflects the following information concerning "Negro Digest", "Our World" and "The Reporter".

Page 547 of the 1949 California Report reflects the following concerning "Negro Digest": "NEGRO DIGEST, published weekly in Chicago, Illinois, is published and edited by JOHN H. JOHNSON; contributing editors include HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER, LANGSTON HUGHES, CAREY McWILLIAMS and Mrs. PAUL ROBESON".

The September 1945 issue of NEGRO DIGEST, volume III, number 11, on file at the HCUA lists JOHN H. JOHNSON as publisher and managing editor and BEN BYRNS, associate editor. The magazine is published monthly at 5619 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Page 547 of the 1949 California Report reflects the following concerning OUR WORLD: "OUR WORLD is published monthly by JOHN P. DAVIS in New York; contributors are EDWARD S. LEWIS, ALPHAEUS HUNTON, YVONNE GODFREY and FRANK STANLEY".

Page 546 in the 1949 California Report reflects the following concerning THE REPORTER: "THE REPORTER is a bi-weekly publication, is published by the National Council of American Soviet Friendship, Inc., New York, New York. The editor is WILLIAM H. MELISH."

From a review of the above material it would appear that the NEGRO DIGEST and OUR WORLD magazines described above are identical with the magazines of the same name described in relet. It further appears that the REPORTER described above is not identical with the REPORTER described in relet.

John H. Johnson, Publisher, Editor, and
RUC (EMPL. CARD) EMPLOYED BY "Negro Digest"

GMP:jdl
100-24793

COMMUNICATIONS INDUSTRY
(EMPL. CARD) EMPLOYED BY "Negro Digest"

Henrietta Buckmaster, Langston Hughes, Carey McWilliams, and Paul Robeson

NOV 20 1951

RECORDED - 13700-71654-19
INDEXED - 137

EX-115

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 11/18/91 BY 9803 RAL/PRS

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN 100-24793-828

COMMUNICATIONS INDUSTRY
EMPLOYED BY
(EMPL. CARD)

November 19, 1951

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJK/142

"NEGRO DIGEST,"
"OUR WORLD,"
"THE REPORTER" - Magazines

Reference was made to the communication from the Bureau to you dated September 11, 1951, wherein you were advised that a check was being made to determine if the magazines listed above were identical to those cited by the California Committee on Un-American Activities on page 225 of their 1948 report.

A check of the records of the California Committee on Un-American Activities, specifically, their 1948 report failed to reveal any further identification concerning the captioned magazines other than that set forth on page 225 of the 1948 report of that committee.

However, a review of the Fifth Report of the California Committee on Un-American Activities, 1949, reflects the following information concerning "Negro Digest", "Our World" and "The Reporter".

Page 547 of the 1949 California Report reflects the following concerning "Negro Digest": "'Negro Digest', published weekly in Chicago, Illinois, is published and edited by John H. Johnson; contributing editors include Henrietta Buckmaster, Langston Hughes, Carey McWilliams and Mrs. Paul Robeson".

The September, 1945, issue of "Negro Digest", Volume III, No. 11, on file at the H.C.U.A. lists John H. Johnson as publisher and managing editor and Ben Byrns, associate editor. The magazine is published monthly at 5619 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Page 547 of the 1949 California Report reflects the following concerning "Our World": "'Our World' is published monthly by John P. Davis in New York; contributors are Edward S. Lewis, Alphaeus Hunton, Yvonne Godfrey and Frank Stanley".

Original to Veterans Administration
(100-71654 Ser. 19)
BJC:ras

INDEXED: 15
RECORDED: 15

100-71654-20
NOV 20 1951
19

FBI
DEC 3

Tolson _____
Ladd _____
Clegg _____
Glavin _____
Nichols _____
Rosen _____
Tracy _____
Harbo _____
Alden _____
Belmont _____
Laughlin _____
Mohr _____
Tele. Room _____
Nease _____
Gandy _____

Page 546 of the 1949 California Report reflects the following concerning "The Reporter": "The Reporter' is a bi-weekly publication, published by the National Council of American Soviet Friendship, Inc., New York, New York. The editor is William H. Melish." (100-71654 Ser. 19)

The above is furnished for your confidential use only and is not to be distributed outside your agency. This is the result of an FBI file check only and is not to be considered as a clearance or nonclearance of the individual involved.

In referenced letter of September 11, 1951, it was pointed out that Veterans Administration had asked this Bureau to determine if the captioned magazines listed on page 225 of the 1948 California Report on Un-American Activities were similar to certain magazines which they had submitted to the Bureau. Veterans Administration was advised on September 11, 1951, that a check would have to be made with the California Committee to find out if they had any additional information concerning the magazines they listed on page 225 in order to furnish to Veterans Administration. The above memorandum reflects the results of this check.

February 27, 1968

① "NEGRO DIGEST"

No investigation pertinent to your inquiry has been conducted by the FBI concerning the captioned publication. However, a review of the Fifth Report of the California Committee on Un-American Activities, 1949, reveals the following information concerning "Negro Digest."

- Summary
Page 547 of the 1949 California Report reveals that ~~"Negro Digest,"~~ published weekly in Chicago, Illinois, is published and edited by John H. Johnson; contributing editors include Henrietta Buckmaster, Langston Hughes, Carey McWilliams and Mrs. Paul Robeson."

The September, 1945, issue of "Negro Digest," Volume III, No. II, on file at the United States House Committee on Un-American Activities, lists John H. Johnson as publisher and managing editor; Ben Byrns, associate editor; and was indicated as being published monthly at 5619 South State Street, Chicago. (100-71654-20)

Original and 1 - ☐
Request received - 2/23/68

ALF:clochs
(4)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5
JWB
Jo

EX 110 REC 55 10 FEB 28 1968

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI, and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency. This reply is result of check of FBI investigative files. To check arrest records, request must be submitted to FBI Identification Division. Fingerprints are necessary for positive check.

66 MAR 1 1968

Federal Bureau of Investigation
Records Branch

, 19__

☐ Name Searching Unit - Room 6527☐ Service Unit - Room 6524☐ Forward to File Review☐ Attention☒ Return to ~~Supervisor~~ ~~Room~~ ~~Ext.~~

Type of References Requested:

☐ Regular Request (Analytical Search)☒ All References (Subversive & Nonsubversive),☐ Subversive References Only☐ Nonsubversive References Only☐ Main References Only☒ *14 utd Jan 1957*

Type of Search Requested:

☐ Restricted to Locality of _____☐ Exact Name Only (On the Nose)☐ Buildup ☐ VariationsSubject *Negro Digest*

Birthdate & Place _____

Address _____

Localities _____

R# _____ Date *2/23* Searcher Initials *Op*

Prod. _____

FILE NUMBER SERIAL

*100 - 71654**161 - 3579 - 77**24**100 - 368055 - 74 p19**100 - 6865 - 41**105 - 175656 - 1**97 - 4803 - 64 p21**121 - 29659 - 9**100 - 15252 - 41 ep 394**547*

SAC, Chicago

Director, FBI (100-415762)

**PUBLICATIONS - HANDLING OF BY
RESEARCH-SATELLITE SECTION**

"Negro Digest" (Bufile 100-71654) is a monthly magazine published at 1820 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60616, by the Johnson Publishing Company, Inc.; subscription price is \$5 per year.

You are authorized to arrange discreetly for a one-year subscription to "Negro Digest" for the use of the Bureau. Issues of the magazine should be forwarded on a regular, current basis marked to the attention of the Research-Satellite Section, Domestic Intelligence Division.

Instructions in the Manual of Rules and Regulations, Part II, Section G, H, 4, page 5a, should be followed in handling subscription.

Bureau should be advised 30 days prior to 1970 expiration of subscription to allow time to consider renewal.

- 1 - Racial Intelligence (Route through for review)
- 1 - [redacted] 5221, IB
- ① - 100-71654 ("Negro Digest")

AMB:jls
(11)

NOTE:

Subscription requested by Section Chief G.C. Moore and SA T.J. Deakin, RIS, Domestic Intelligence Division. "Negro Digest" is a national magazine of Negro news which often contains articles germane to black nationalists and/or black extremists. Regular review will insure that the Racial Intelligence Section is informed on pertinent material. After routing, magazine will be filed in the Publications Files, IB.

- 1 - [redacted] P. Callahan
- 1 - [redacted]
- 1 - Mr. Garner

8/22/69

- 1 - [redacted]
- 1 - Publications Subscriptions
Control Folder

b6
b7C

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJA/llm

b6
b7C

ORIGINAL FILED IN

100-415762-450

51 SEP 3 1969

NOT RECORDED

160 AUG 26 1969

SAC, Chicago

1 - [REDACTED]

8/19/70

b6
b7C

Director, FBI (100-415762)

**PUBLICATIONS HANDLED BY
RESEARCH SECTION**

You are authorized to renew discreetly a one-year subscription to "Black World" for use of the Bureau. Continue to mark all issues of the magazine to the attention of the Research Section, Domestic Intelligence Division.

Advise Bureau 30 days prior to 1971 expiration to allow time to consider renewal.

- 1 - Racial Intelligence Section (Route through for review)
- 1 - [REDACTED] (6221 IB)
- ① - 100-71654 ("Black World")

b6
b7C

AMB:d1b
(7)

NOTE:

Renewal requested by Section Chief G. C. Moore, RIS, DID. "Black World" (formerly "Negro Digest") is a national Negro news magazine which often contains articles germane to black nationalists and/or black extremists. Regular review will insure that the RIS is informed on pertinent matters. Yearly subscription \$5 for monthly.

ORIGINAL FILED IN

DUPLICATE YELLOW

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 [signature]

55 AUG 26 1970
152

NOT RECORDED
172 AUG 20 1970

W
SAC, Chicago (66-3705)

8/17/71

Director, FBI (100-415702)

1 -

**PUBLICATIONS HANDLED BY
RESEARCH SECTION**

You are authorized to renew discreetly a one-year subscription to "Black World" for use of Bureau. Continue to mark issues of magazine to attention of the Research Section, Domestic Intelligence Division.

b6
b7C

Advise Bureau 30 days prior to 1972 expiration to allow time to consider renewal.

1 - Racial Intelligence Section (Route through for review) (Moore)

1 - 6221 IB

① - 100-71654 ("Black World")

AMB:v1b
(7)

NOTE:

Renewal requested by Section Chief G. C. Moore, RIS, Domestic Intelligence Division. "Black World" needed to furnish background regarding Bureau investigation of Extremist Matters. Cost is \$5 a year for the monthly.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RJA/mr

100 - 71654 -

NOT RECORDED
180 AUG 18 1971

DUPLICATE YELLOW

493
55 AUG 23 1971

ORIGINAL FILED IN 100-415702-1

SAC, Chicago

8/10/72

Acting Director, FBI (100-415762)

PUBLICATIONS HANDLED BY
RESEARCH SECTION

You are authorized to renew discreetly a one-year subscription to "Black World" for use of Bureau. Continue to forward issues on a current, regular basis marked to attention of the Research Section, Domestic Intelligence Division.

Advise Bureau 30 days prior to 1973 expiration to allow time to consider renewal.

1 - Extremist Intelligence Section (Route through for review)
(G. C. Moore)

1 - [redacted] (6221 IB)
① - 100-71654 ("Black World")

b6
b7c

AMB:ems
(7)

NOTE:

Renewal requested by Inspector G. C. Moore, Extremist Intelligence Section, Domestic Intelligence Division. "Black World" is needed for review for background purposes. Annual cost is \$5.00 for the monthly.

100 - 71654 -

DUPLICATE YELLOW

NOT RECORDED
49 AUG 10 1972

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 RCB/KAC

61 AUG 17 1972

ORIGINAL FILED IN 100-415762-11

SAC, Chicago

8/20/73

Director, FBI (100-415762)

PUBLICATIONS HANDLED
BY IS-3 SECTION

You are authorized to renew discreetly a one-year subscription to "Black World" for use of Bureau. Forward issues on a current, regular basis marked to attention of the IS-3 Section, Intelligence Division.

Advise Bureau 30 days prior to 1974 expiration to allow time to consider renewal.

1 - IS-1 Section (Route through for review) (G. C. Moore)

1 - [REDACTED] 6221 IB

1 - 100-71654 ("Black World")

b6
b7C

EB:bjr
(7)

NOTE:

Renewal requested by Inspector G. C. Moore, IS-1 Section, Intelligence Division. "Black World" is needed for review for background purposes. Annual cost is \$5 for the monthly.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5
RG/lin

DUPLICATE YELLOW

9 AUG 24 1973

100-71654-
NOT RECORDED
149 AUG 21 1973

ORIGINAL FILED IN

SAC, Chicago

7/19/74

Director, FBI (100-415762)

1 - [REDACTED]

b6
b7C

**PUBLICATIONS HANDLED
BY IS - 3 SECTION**

ju
You are authorized to renew discreetly a one-year subscription to "Black World" for use of Bureau. Forward issues on a current, regular basis marked to attention of the IS-3 Section, Intelligence Division.

Advise Bureau 30 days prior to 1975 expiration to allow time to consider renewal.

1 - IS-1 Section (Route through for review)

b6
b7C

1 - [REDACTED] (6221 IB)

1 - 100-71654 ("Black World")

EB:aso (7)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5
RTH/KA

NOTE:

Renewal requested by Inspector G. C. Moore, IS-1 Section, Intelligence Division. "Black World" is needed for review for background purposes. Annual cost is \$5 for the monthly.

DUPLICATE YELLOW

100-415762
NOT RECORDED
149 JUL 24 1974

149
56 JUL 26 1974

ORIGINAL FILED IN 100-415762-1349

SAC, Chicago

1 - [redacted]

b6
b7C

7/15/75

Director, FBI (100-415762)

PUBLICATIONS HANDLED
BY IS-3 SECTION

Bureau desires that you not renew subscription to "Black World."

1 - IS-1 Section (Route through for review)

1 - [redacted] (6221 IB)

(1) - 100-71654 ("Black World")

b6
b7C

EB:vb
(7)

NOTE:

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5
RSH/1/m

SA [redacted] IS-1 Section, Intelligence Division, determined that
renewal to above publication not necessary. Bureau saves \$5 annually.

ORIGINAL FILED IN

100-71654
NOT RECORDED
192 JUL 21 1975

122 DUPLICATE YELLOW